

VISIONS

Iconoclastic writings that sparked the Sixties revolution, by the author of *Flashbacks* and *The Psychedelic Experience*

Timothy Leary, PhD

The Politics of ECSTASY



THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY

by Timothy Leary, Ph.D.

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The Politics of Ecstasy

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(cover) Photograph of Timothy Leary which appeared in *SOL* magazine at the time of his interview in 1967 (see "Soul Session"--chap. 14).

to Abbie Hoffman

Previous editions of
THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY

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EDITOR'S NOTE

by Michael Horowitz

The Politics of Ecstasy was originally published in 1968—that turbulent year that registered the assassinations of King and Kennedy, the escalation of the carnage in Vietnam and the anti-war protests in American cities, violent confrontations between police and students in Paris, Prague and Chicago, the demise of the Haight-Ashbury and the radicalization of hippies, the rise of the Youth International Party, and the beginning of the Nixon regime.

The same year saw the publication of Timothy Leary's first books from mainstream publishers: *High Priest* and *The Politics of Ecstasy*. In 1968 Leary and his family moved from Millbrook, New York to Laguna Beach, California. He was planning to challenge Ronald Reagan in the next gubernatorial campaign, but six months before Election Day, 1970, he found himself in prison on drug charges facing thirty years' incarceration for miniscule amounts of marijuana. In sentencing Leary and denying bail while he appealed the charges, an Orange County judge indicated the real reason for the absurdly long sentence by holding aloft in his courtroom copies of publications containing articles published in this book.

The Politics of Ecstasy is a collection of some of Leary's most significant essays and lectures on psychedelic drug experience and the social and political changes that rang in its wake. About three-quarters of the chapters had previously been published in magazines, journals and underground newspapers, sometimes with variant title and text; the remainder were written expressly for the book. The present edition is augmented with graphics from the print media of that lively era.

Illustrations appearing in this edition of **THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY**

(numbers refer to page facing illustration)

- (cover) The author photographed by *SOL* magazine at the time of his interview in 1967 (see "Soul Session"—chap.14).
- (pviii) Dust jacket of first edition of *The Politics of Ecstasy*.
- (p13) "The Seven Tongues of God" appeared under the title "The Religious Experience: Its Production and Interpretation" in *The Psychedelic Reader* (1965).
- (p64) "The Politics of Consciousness Expansion" (reprinted here as "The Fifth Freedom—the Right to Get High") first appeared in *The Harvard Review* (1963).
- (p65) "The Politics and Ethics of Ecstasy" speech at New York's Town Hall was published in *Cavalier* (July 1966).
- (p70) Front cover of Art Klep's satire on three leaders of the Psychedelic Movement (1964).
- (p71) "Psychedelic Sessions" Flyer announcing Leary and Metzner's Psychedelic Sessions (1965-66).
- (p102) *The Psychedelic Experience*, a guide based on the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, was published in 1967.
- (p103) "The Magical Mystery Tour" appeared in an anthology of writings about the Beatles published in 1968.
- (p168) "America Hates Her Crazies." Front page of the *East Village Other* (April 1-15, 1966).
- (p169) "Turn Off, Tune Out, Drop In." Front page of *Berkeley Barb* (Sept. 1-7, 1969).
- (p176) Leary was a co-editor and frequent contributor to *The Psychedelic Review*.
- (p177) "Do You Want to Have a Party." Advertisement in *Berkeley Barb* (July 11, 1969).
- (p222) Cover of the first privately printed edition of *Start Your Own Religion* (1967).
- (p223) "Death of the Mind." Advertisement for a "psychedelic celebration" in the *San Francisco Oracle* (Dec. 1966).
- (p290) The Leary-Littwin LSD debate was transcribed in the M.I.T. journal *Innisfree* (1967).
- (p291) "Turn On/ Tune In/ Drop Out." Front page of *The East Village Other* May 15-June 1, 1966.
- (p318) A public discussion of alternative lifestyles amongst Alan Watts, Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder and Leary was sponsored by the *San Francisco Oracle* (1967).
- (p319) "God and Timothy Leary." Cover of *Ave Maria* featuring Leary interview (1966).

Introduction

by Tom Robbins

If, on the face of it, the phrase, "politics of ecstasy," seems an oxymoron on the order of "wildlife management," please remember that in the Sixties virtually all political activism was connected, directly or indirectly, to the ingestion of psychedelic drugs and therefore was shaped by, if not centered in, ecstatic states of being.

In addition, there were the politics that plagued our ecstatic enterprises, themselves, no matter how we twisted and squirmed to escape it. Many a commune, demonstration or love-in wrecked on the twin shoals of property and control. Then, too, there were the political fires kindled by the friction of latter-day ecstasy cults rubbing up against the stiff hide of the old iguana-brained Establishment.

It is an understatement to write that Timothy Leary was privy to this stormy marriage of the mundane and the rapturous. Simultaneously observer and participant, Dr. Leary analyzed events around him even as he helped make them happen. Boundlessly energetic, keenly insightful, he was uniquely qualified to work both sides of Heisenberg Street. Imagine him studiously taking notes even as he skated on one foot along the vibrating rim of an indole ring.

For those whose image of Dr. Leary has been formed by shallow and often malicious reports in the press, *The Politics of Ecstasy* provides a more accurate picture of the brave neuronaut whom I believe to be the Galileo of our age, albeit a Galileo possessed of considerable Irish blarney (which makes him all the more agreeable). Of more importance, perhaps, is the light this book casts upon the century's outlaw decade at a time when Sixties revisionism is epidemic.

Whether out of ignorance or cowardice, far too many historians writing about the period are avoiding any discussion of those mind-altering substances without which the Sixties, as we know them, would never have occurred. Dr. Leary, as might be expected, leaves no turn unstoned.

Ultimately, the Sixties may be viewed as a staging area for the next leap forward in human evolution. We have left them behind only as panicky climbers might flee their base camp for a temporary descent back into the dark and decadent valley of their origins. While millions may have retreated into materialism and fundamentalism, however, Timothy Leary has continued up the mountain, his ropes coiled like a helix, his gaze on hyperspace.

For those of us who lag behind, his as-it-happened observations of where we've been are as crucial as they are entertaining. And they are entertaining, indeed, indeed.



Dr. Timothy Leary and his wife, Rosemary, at Laguna Beach, California.

PUTNAM

Dust jacket of first edition of *The Politics of Ecstasy*.

POLITICS OF ECSTASY: THE YOUTH REVOLUTIONS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

by Timothy Leary

ECSTASY: The experience of attaining freedom from limitations, either self-imposed or external; a state of exalted delight in which normal understanding is felt to be surpassed. From the Greek "ex-stasis". By definition, ecstasy is a ongoing on/off process. It requires a continual sequence of "dropping out." On those occasions when many individuals share the ecstatic experience at the same time, they create a brief-lived "counter-culture."

SYNONYMS: Euphoria, high, rush, delight, bliss, elation, enchantment, joy, nirvana, rapture.

STASIS: Standing, a standstill

Please allow me to reintroduce this book called, so prophetically, *The Politics Of Ecstasy*. I can modestly praise this magnificent, audacious, oxy-moronic, oxy-generic title because it was given to me by Abbie Hoffman, to whom I re-dedicate this book.

I am writing this on November 9, 1989 the day after the Berlin Wall came crumbling down, marking another wonderful chapter in the history of the post-political Youth Revolutions of the last two decades.

You saw the faces of the young East Germans who, for the first time in their lives, were experiencing freedom. You saw the faces of the young West Germans who danced on the top of The Wall gleaming with exultation as they watched their Eastern relatives turn-on to the hit, tune-in to the rush of freedom, and drop-out of the past.

You saw it on the faces of the people at the Pro-Choice demonstrations around the U.S. four days later.

What do you call that state of consciousness? I would call it ecstasy.

Hey, I know this experience when I see it. For the last 30 years I have been watching intoxicated insight explode on peoples' faces. You haven't forgotten, have you? Surely as you watched The Wall come down you remember when it first happened to you. At Woodstock. Or at a Grateful Dead concert. The Elation. The Rapture. The Comic relief. I could feel shimmers of freedom rippling up my spine. And I bet you did too.

This night The Wall came down, like my brothers and sisters in Berlin, I popped some bubbly and got mildly intoxicated, stoned, high. And it is in this state of mind that I write these celebratory lines.

We have been swept up in a cultural whirlwind revolution which has country by country, continent by continent, liberated much of the world in the last three decades. This social movement is as profound as the spread of feudal-monotheism (which took over 10,000 generations), as pervasive as the growth of industrialism (which from 1456-1960 involved 2500 generations).

And we have lived through this even more dramatic change in our lifetime!

Our revolution is creating a new, post-political society based on Ecstasy, i.e. the experience of Individual Freedom. This movement is the "rapture" anticipated for the year 2000. It is the culmination of the mystical, transcendental, spooky, hallucinatory dreams which we have envisioned in our highest psychedelic (mind-opened) states.

What do we call this new movement? Humanism? Libertarianism? The Golden Age of the Individual Gods?

Well, who cares what we call it. Let's loosen up. Let's *glasnost* each other. Can't we get a bit semantically loose at this moment of realization?

Oh yes, I remember. The message of this movement is FREEDOM! The medium of this movement is electronic information. Marshall McLuhan wouldn't have been surprised.

This anthem was broadcast electronically when Martin Luther King "dreamed" out loud, chanting : "Free at last. Free at last. Thank God Almighty (sic), free at last." Look at the faces of those assembled in that political orgy in Washington D. C., August 28, 1963. They are in ecstasy. Transported.

This chant was repeated at the First Human Be-In in San Francisco 1967. It was sung in Paris 1968, at Woodstock 1969, London 1970, Amsterdam 1971, Madrid-Barcelona 1976.

Bob Dylan sang it: We ain't gonna work on Breznev's Farm no more. They sang it at anti-war demonstrations. Hell No! We won't go! Abbie Hoffman called it *Revolution for the Hell of It*. Abbie

claimed to be a Marxist — a follower of Groucho, not Karl. Rebellion with a smile.

In the 1980's this goofy, hooligan, disreputable, punko, subversive youth message was flashed around the globe in electronic broadcasts. It was shouted by students facing tanks in the streets in Seoul, in Moscow, in Prague, in Budapest, in Leipzig, in Warsaw. Etc.

The goals of this new Ecstatic neo-society are to support, nurture, teach, protect individual freedom and personal growth. There is one and only function of neo-government in the Post-Political Age. To protect individual freedom from threats by individuals or groups who attempt to limit personal freedom.

This movement has been made possible by cybernetic-electronic technology. Mind-expanding drugs and mind-linking quantum appliances.

This individual-freedom movement is new to human history because it is not based on geography, politics, class, or religion. It has to do not with changes in the political structure, nor in who controls the police, but in the individual mind. It involves "thinking for yourself." It concerns intelligence, personal access to information, an anti-ideological reliance on common sense, mental proficiency, consciousness raising, street-smarts, good-natured sexual sophistication, intelligent consumerism, personal communication skills.

The rapid spread of this ecstatic spirit is due to the recent availability of brain-change neurotransmitters and electronic communication appliances accessible to individuals. When these psychedelic foods activate the brain and when these electronic devices start gushing electronic information, people's minds begin opening.

The psychedelic-cybernetic revolution is happening all over the world. In the 1970s the new outsiders emerged in western Europe and by 1988 the sandhill European states were renouncing war and coming together in Common Sense Community. The walls just keep crumbling down.

The signs are always the same. Young minds exposed to neurological freedom and the free spray of electronic information suddenly blossom like flowers in the spring. In June 1989 in Tien An Men Square the world witnessed another dramatic encounter between the young ex-stasis and the old stasis. The Chinese students just replayed Woodstock. The geriatric Chinese dictators replayed Kent State.

This explosion of consciousness-information- communication turned the Cold War into an Old War, a generational conflict between those born before 1945 and those born after Hiroshima-Nagasaki who are creating, across national boundaries, a new species—post-atomic, post-industrial, post-political. The first psychedelic-cybernetic generation in human history, individuals who prize intelligence and facts and personal

freedom. These are young people who grew up with electronic appliances, personal telephones, home radios, television and personal computers as primary aids for thinking and communicating. From birth they have been trained by television to be reality-consumers. To have freedom of choice.

On June 5, 1989, a 19-year-old Wang Weilin stood defiantly looking into the barrel of an enormous gun mounted on a tank in Tien An Men Square. He was unarmed. Look at the picture and you see that in his left hand he holds, not a gun or a bomb but his school bookbag and in his right hand, his lunch bag. His act was a cybernetic gesture. He and his friends knew that his picture, flashed around the world on TV screens and magazine covers, would be permanently imprinted on the minds of millions. A symbol of ex-stasis: the icon of the individual dissenting youth skillfully using the electronic media to confront a powerful tyranny. Just saying "no" to the old ways.

Power, Mao said, comes from the barrel of a gun. That may have been true in the past. But this week the very notion of political "power" seems anachronistic, kinky, hateful, evil. The idea that any group should want to grab domination, control, authority, supremacy, jurisdiction over others is a primitive perversity—more loathsome than cannibalism. A return to personal or economic slavery.

The issue now is personal power, i.e. freedom. And now we see that freedom depends upon who controls the technology that reaches your brain—telephone, the editing facility, the drugs, of course, and the TV screen.

This sudden emergence of Pro-Choice on a mass scale is new.

In TRIBAL societies the role of the individual is to be a submissive, obedient child. The tribal elders do the thinking. And survival pressures do not afford them the luxury of freedom.

In FEUDAL societies the individual is a serf or vassal, peasant, serf, chattel, peon, slave. The nobles & priests do the thinking. And they are trained by tradition to abhor and anathematize open-mindedness and thinking for yourself.

In INDUSTRIAL society the individual is a worker-manager. In later stages, the individual is a worker-consumer.

In all of these static, primitive societies the thinking is done by organizations who control the guns. The power of Open Minded Individuals to make and remake decisions about their own lives, to fabricate, concoct, invent, prevaricate their own lies is severely limited.

The INFORMATION society, which we are now developing, is post-political, and does not operate on the basis of obedience and conformity to dogma. It is based upon individual thinking, and scientific know-how, quick exchange of facts around feed-back networks, high-tech ingenuity and practical, front-line creativity.

The society of the future no longer grudgingly tolerates a few open-minded innovators. The Info-Society is totally dependent upon a large pool of them, communicating with each other across state lines and national boundaries.

When we send electrified thoughts this way, inviting fast feedback, we are creating a new global psyber-society which requires a higher level of electronic know-how and psychological sophistication. This psyber-communication process is accelerating so rapidly that to compete on the world information market in the 21st century, nations, companies, even families (!) must be composed of quick-thinking, open-minded, change-oriented, innovative individuals who are adepts in communicating via the new cyber-electronic technologies.

These free men and free women are simply much smarter than the Old Guard. They inhale new information the way they breath oxygen. They stimulate each other to continually upgrade and reformat their minds. People who use psyber-technology to make fast decisions on their jobs are not going to go home and passively let aging, close-minded politicians or devil-obsessed, religious demagogues make decisions about their lives.

The emergence of this new open-minded caste in different countries around the world is the central historical issue of the last 40 years. *The Politics of Ecstasy* is re-appearing as a million people are crossing the border from past to future with rapturous smiles. They are members of the consciousness revolution, won without violence, won with a smile.

Back in 1967, we called this process of personal freedom the Ecstatic Experience. Today we call the free-agent who thinks for him/herself "cybernetic" from the Greek word pilot. The word psychedelic means ecstatic or mind-opening. Psybernetic refers to psychedelic experience expressed in electronic form. The Japanese word, "ronin" is also used to describe the highly skilled, self-confident free-agent who has renounced vassal, liege service to a Lord.

In the 1950s in America there appeared such a group of free people who created a counter-culture which was to change history. They were called The Beat Generation. Their spokesperson was the poet Allen Ginsberg. Their philosopher hero was William Burroughs. They were anarchist artists and writers. They hung out with avant garde painters and jazz musicians. They stood, of course, for the ecstatic vision and for individual freedom in revolt against all bureaucratic, close-minded systems. They saw themselves as citizens of the world. They met with Russian poets to denounce the Cold War. They practiced oriental yoga. They experimented, as artists have for centuries, with mind-opening foods, drugs, sexual freedom. Most important, with their minds turning like satellite dishes to other cultures, they had a historical sense of what they were doing. They saw themselves as heirs to the long tradition of

intellectual and artistic individualism that goes beyond national boundaries.

What made the Beats more effective than any dissident artist group in human history was electronic technology. Their ideas and their images were broadcast at the speed of light around the world. Just as soap companies were using TV and radio to market their products, so did the Beats use the electronic media to advertise their ideas. Ironically enough, more students in China and the Third World know the name Allen Ginsberg today than any other American writer. Allen was the king of the Czechoslovakian Students May Day parade in Prague, of all places, in 1964. The next day, after the party officials realized what Allen had in mind for Czech youth, they promptly deported him.

Talk about Politics of Ecstasy!

The current liberation movements in Eastern Europe are indebted deeply to the Beats of the 1950s.

The original Love-In Be-In (San Francisco, January 1967) was the dawning of the Psychedelic-Cybernetic Age. Or "glasnost," as we call it now.

This first Love-In Be-In was not organized in the traditional way. The word got out via the Underground Press and progressive, free-form radio stations. When Jerry Rubin jumped on stage and tried to run a political scam, no one listened. Three months later the Pop Festival in Monterey, California harnessed the new youthful psychedelic spirit to electrically amplified music.

Ecstatic Youth plus electronics.

The first edition of *The Politics of Ecstasy* appeared in 1968.

The first wave of post-Hiroshima electronic children had recently reached the age of 21. *Politics of Ecstasy* was a dramatic departure from the previous texts we sober Harvard psychometricians had written about the consciousness-expanding foods and drugs. *The Psychedelic Experience* and *Psychedelic Prayers* and *The Psychedelic Reader* were scholarly texts based on ancient shamanic tradition and designed to guide mature, thoughtful seekers.

The Politics of Ecstasy was written for the enormous new wave of young people, the first generation of the television age, who were used to "turning-on-tuning-in" electronic appliances. It was written to provide a supportive "set" for the millions of psychedelic users who were learning how to live free. Much of it was written in a state of rapturous delusion. A book with this reckless title could be nothing less, could it?

I used the term "politics" to focus on the cultural-social implications of the psychedelic experience. This was considered by the conventional wisdom to be naive. Politics of ecstasy?

By 1969 the power of the youth movement and the counter-culture press and underground radio drew 500,000 to Woodstock, New York and

later to the Anti-War demonstrations.

Do you remember the symbol of the short-lived Ecstatic Movement? The TV shot of a young man putting a flower in the gun barrel of the soldier who was threatening him. The kids in China remember. Wang Weilin (or his girl-friend, the film major) sure remembered.

Psychedelic Youth plus Electronic Communication.

There is a Pulitzer, maybe even a Nobel Prize awaiting the first pundit, the first party leader, the first think-tank expert who comes right out and says it in public: Partisan politics is over! This is the post-political age. Everyone has caught on to the bottom-line fact: the only function of a political party is to line its own pockets and keep itself in office at the expense of the common good.

It so happens that I happened to say this in 1968. In the book you hold in your hand. In my naivete and innocence, I even suggested a new Declaration of Independence.

I did actually try to put the post-politics of ecstasy into practice. I announced my candidacy for governor of California in 1969. My opponent was a second-rate movie actor who was later to win a doctorate in Political Science from the Herbert Hoover University. Or something like that.

When asked what I would do if I were to become governor I replied: "As little as possible. Managing a state is like managing a baseball team. The function of the coach is to motivate, tutor, counsel, to promote team work. And, above all, to stay out of the limelight and let the performers be the stars."

Jeez! No wonder Reagan threw me in jail without bail. Once again I was ahead of my time. Promoting glasnost and decentralization and regionalism and local option twenty dangerous years before Glorious Gorbys.

In the societies of the past the notion of a "politics of ecstasis" was oxymoronic. How could there be a society of singular individuals who keep dropping out of the central, normal social structure?

Granted, that in most tribal societies a few persons were permitted to live out the shamanic path of exalted mysticism. And on certain festival occasions they led the tribe in ceremonies of trance, possession, and rapturous delight. Usually in devotion to the reigning god.

In Feudal and Industrial cultures the ecstatic experience was cruelly alienated from organized religions. The shamanic role was relegated to outcasts like Bohemians, artists, comics, prostitutes, screenwriters, entertainers. This small dissident re-sourceful minority was allowed to circulate innovative, iconoclastic creative fabrications.

It was the Ecstatic Beats of the 1950s, the Blissed Out Students of the 1960s, the Anarchist Yippies of the 1970s and the Psyberpunks of the 1980s who have been fabricating the Information Culture of the 1990s.

Now please do not expect me to come up with specific recommendations for the post-political future. The new formats will emerge, as they usually do, from the streets, the campuses, the comedy cafes.

In the psybernetic 21st century power will come, not from the barrel of a gun, but from the minds of free individuals using camera lens, computer screens, and electronic networks.

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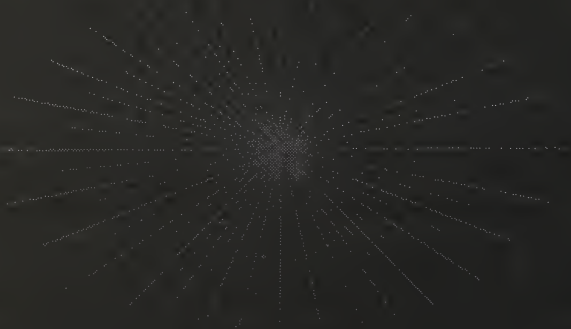
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THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY

The Psychedelic Reader



Can This Drug Enlarge Man's Mind? •
The Hallucinogenic Fungi of Mexico
Provoked Life: An Essay on the Anthro-
polology of the Ego • The Individual as Man/
World • Botanical Sources of The
New World Narcotics •
Herman Hesse: Poet of the Interior Journey •
Psychometabolism • Dosage Levels
of Psychedelic Compounds • The Religious
Experience: Its Production and Interpretation •
Psychedelics and the Law •
The Treatment of Frigidity with LSD and Ritalin
LSD and Psychotherapy: A Biography

"The Seven Tongues of God" appeared under the title
"The Religious Experience: Its Production and
Interpretation" in *The Psychedelic Reader* (1965).

*The Seven Tongues of God**

The Turn-On

Once upon a time, many years ago, on a sunny afternoon in the garden of a Cuernavaca villa, I ate seven of the so-called sacred mushrooms which had been given to me by a scientist from the University of Mexico. During the next five hours, I was whirled through an experience which could be described in many extravagant metaphors but which was, above all and without question, the deepest religious experience of my life.

Statements about personal reactions, however passionate, are always relative to the speaker's history and may have little general significance. Next come the questions "Why?" and "So what?"

There are many predisposing factors—intellectual, emotional, spiritual, social—which cause one person to be ready for a dramatic mind-opening experience and which lead another to shrink back from new levels of awareness. The discovery that the human brain possesses an infinity of potentialities and can operate at unexpected space-time dimensions left me feeling exhilarated, awed, and quite convinced that I had awakened

* Lecture delivered at a meeting of Lutheran psychologists and other interested professionals, sponsored by the Board of Theological Education, Lutheran Church in America, in conjunction with the Seventy-first Annual Convention of the American Psychological Association, Bellevue Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, August 30, 1963; later published in *Psychedellic Review*, No. 3, 1964.

from a long ontological sleep. This sudden flash awakening is called "turning on."

Tuning In

A profound transcendent experience should leave in its wake a changed man and a changed life. Since my illumination of August 1960, I have devoted most of my energies to trying to understand the relevatory potentialities of the human nervous system and to making these insights available to others.

I have repeated this biochemical and (to me) sacramental ritual several hundred times, and almost every time I have been awed by religious revelations as shattering as the first experience. During this period I have been lucky enough to collaborate in this work with several hundred scientists and scholars who joined our various research projects. In our centers at Harvard, in Mexico, and at Millbrook we have arranged transcendent experiences for several thousand persons from all walks of life, including more than 200 full-time religious professionals, about half of whom profess the Christian or Jewish faiths and about half of whom belong to Eastern religions.

Included in this roster are several divinity college deans, divinity college presidents, university chaplains, executives of religious foundations, prominent religious editors, and several distinguished religious philosophers. In our research files and in certain denominational offices there is building up a large and quite remarkable collection of reports which will be published when the political atmosphere becomes more tolerant. At this point it is conservative to state that over 75 percent of these subjects report intense mystico-religious responses, and considerably more than 50 percent claim that they have had the deepest spiritual experience of their life.

The interest generated by the research at Harvard led to the formation in 1962 of an informal group of ministers, theologians and religious psychologists who met once a month. In addition to arranging for spiritually oriented psychedelic sessions and discussing prepared papers, this group provided the

guides for the dramatic "Good Friday" study and was the original planning nucleus of the organizations which assumed sponsorship of our research in consciousness expansion: IFIF (the International Federation for Internal Freedom), 1963, the Castalia Foundation, 1963-66, and the League for Spiritual Discovery, 1966. The generating impulse and the original leadership of our work and play came from a seminar in religious experience, and this fact may be related to the alarm which we have aroused in some secular and psychiatric circles.

The Good Friday Miracle

The "Good Friday" study, which has been sensationalized recently in the press as "The Miracle of Marsh Chapel," deserves further elaboration not only as an example of a serious, controlled experiment involving over 30 courageous volunteers but also as a systematic demonstration of the religious aspects of the psychedelic revelatory experience. This study was the Ph.D. dissertation research of Walter Pahnke, at that time a graduate student in the philosophy of religion at Harvard University. Pahnke, who is, incidentally, both an M.D. and a bachelor of divinity, set out to determine whether the transcendent experience reported during psychedelic sessions was similar to the mystical experience reported by saints and famous religious mystics.

The subjects in this study were 20 divinity students selected from a group of volunteers. The subjects were divided into 5 groups of 4 persons, and each group met before the session for orientation and preparation. To each group were assigned 2 guides with considerable psychedelic experience. The 10 guides were professors and advanced graduate students from Boston-area colleges.

The experiment took place in a small, private chapel at Boston University, beginning about one hour before noon on Good Friday. The dean of the chapel, Howard Thurman, who was to conduct a 3-hour devotional service upstairs in the main

hall of the church, visited the subjects a few minutes before the start of the service at noon and gave a brief inspirational talk.

Two of the subjects in each group and one of the two guides were given a moderately stiff dosage (i.e., 30 mg.) of psilocybin, the chemical synthesis of the active ingredient in the "sacred mushroom" of Mexico. The remaining two subjects and the second guide received a placebo which produced noticeable somatic side effects but which was not psychedelic. The study was triple blind: neither the subjects, guides, nor experimenter knew who received psilocybin.

A detailed description of this fascinating study can be found in Pahnke's thesis, available from the Harvard Library.¹ I can say, in summary, that the results clearly support the hypothesis that, with adequate preparation and in an environment which is supportive and religiously meaningful, subjects who have taken the psychedelic drug report mystical experiences significantly more than placebo controls.

Our studies, naturalistic and experimental, thus demonstrate that if the expectation, preparation, and setting are spiritual, an intense mystical or revelatory experience can be expected in from 40 to 90 percent of subjects ingesting psychedelic drugs. These results *may be* attributed to the bias of our research group, which has taken the "far out" and rather dangerous position that there are experiential-spiritual as well as secular-behavioral potentialities of the nervous system. While we share and follow the epistemology of scientific psychology (objective records), our basic ontological assumptions are closer to Jung than to Freud, closer to the mystics than to the theologians, closer to Einstein and Bohr than to Newton. In order to check on this bias, let us cast a comparative glance at the work of other research groups in this field who begin from more conventional ontological bases.

LSD Can Produce a Religious High

Oscar Janiger, a psychiatrist, and William McGlothlin, a psychologist, have reported the reactions of 194 psychedelic subjects. Of these, 73 took LSD as part of a psychotherapy program,

and 121 were volunteers. The religious "set" would not be expected to dominate the expectations of these subjects. The results, which are abstracted from a paper published in the *Psychedelic Review*,² are as follows:

ITEM	PERCENT
	Janiger-McGlothlin (nonreligious setting) N = 194
Increased interest in morals, ethics:	35
Increased interest in other universal concepts (meaning of life) :	48
Change in sense of values	48
LSD should be used for	
becoming aware of oneself:	75
getting new meaning to life:	58
getting people to understand each other:	42
An experience of lasting benefit:	58

Two other studies, one by Ditman *et al.*, another by Savage *et al.*, used the same questionnaire, allowing for interexperiment comparison. Both Ditman and Savage are psychiatrists, but the clinical environment of the latter's study is definitely more religious (subjects are shown religious articles during the session, etc.). Summarizing the religious items of their questionnaires:

ITEM	PERCENT	
	Ditman (supportive environment) N = 74	Savage (supportive environment & some religious stimuli) N = 96
Feel it [LSD] was the greatest thing that ever happened to me:	49	85
A religious experience:	32	83
A greater awareness of God or a higher power, or an ultimate reality:	40	90

Here, then, we have five scientific studies by qualified investigators—the four naturalistic studies by Leary *et al.*,³ Savage *et al.*,⁴ Ditman *et al.*,⁵ and Janiger-McGlothlin,⁶ and the triple-blind study in the Harvard dissertation mentioned earlier—yielding data which indicate that (1) if the setting is supportive but not spiritual, between 40 to 75 percent of psychedelic subjects will report intense and life-changing religious experiences

and that (2) if the set and setting are supportive and spiritual, then from 40 to 90 percent of the experiences will be revelatory and mystico-religious.

It is hard to see how these results can be disregarded by those who are concerned with spiritual growth and religious development. These data are even more interesting because the experiments took place at a time (1962) when mysticism, individual religious ecstasy (as opposed to religious behavior), was highly suspect and when the classic, direct, nonverbal means of revelation and consciousness expansion such as meditation, yoga, fasting, monastic withdrawal and sacramental foods and drugs were surrounded by an aura of fear, clandestine secrecy, active social sanction, and even imprisonment.⁷ The two hundred professional workers in religious vocations who partook of psychedelic substances (noted earlier) were responsible, respected, thoughtful, and moral individuals who were grimly aware of the controversial nature of the procedure and aware that their reputations and their jobs might be undermined (and, as a matter of fact, have been and are today being threatened for some of them). *Still* the results read: 75 percent spiritual revelation. It may well be that the most intense religious experience, like the finest metal, requires fire, the "heat" of police constabulatory opposition, to produce the keenest edge. When the day comes—as it surely will—that sacramental biochemicals like LSD will be as routinely and tamely used as organ music and incense to assist in the attainment of religious experience, it may well be that the ego-shattering effect of the drug will be diminished. Such may be one aspect of the paradoxical nature of religious experience.

What Is the Religious Experience?

The Religious Experience

You are undoubtedly wondering about the meaning of this phrase, which has been used so freely in the preceding paragraphs. May I offer a definition?

The religious experience is the ecstatic, incontrovertibly certain, subjective discovery of answers to seven basic spiritual questions. There can be, of course, absolute subjective certainty in regard to secular questions: Is this the girl I love? Is Fidel Castro a wicked man? Are the Yankees the best baseball team? But issues which do not involve the seven basic questions belong to secular games, and such convictions and faiths, however deeply held, can be distinguished from the religious. Liturgical practices, rituals, dogmas, theological speculations, can be and too often are secular, i.e., completely divorced from the spiritual experience.

What are these 7 basic spiritual questions?

1. *The Ultimate Power Question*

What is the basic energy underlying the universe—the ultimate power that moves the galaxies and nucleus of the atom? Where and how did it all begin? What is the cosmic plan? Cosmology.

2. *The Life Question*

What is life? Where and how did it begin? How is it evolving? Where is it going? Genesis, biology, evolution, genetics.

3. *The Human Being Question*

Who is man? Whence did he come? What is his structure and function? Anatomy and physiology.

4. *The Awareness Question*

How does man sense, experience, know? Epistemology, neurology.

5. *The Ego Question*

Who am I? What is my spiritual, psychological, social place in the plan? What should I do about it? Social psychology.

6. *The Emotional Question*

What should I feel about it? Psychiatry. Personality psychology.

7. *The Ultimate Escape Question*

How do I get out of it? Anesthesiology (amateur or professional). Eschatology.

While one may disagree with the wording, I think most thoughtful people—philosophers or not—can agree on something like this list of basic issues. Do not most of the great religious statements—Eastern or monotheistic—speak directly to these questions?

Now one important fact about these questions is that they are continually being answered and reanswered, not only by all the religions of the world but also by the data of the natural sciences. Read these questions again from the standpoint of the goals of (1) astronomy-physics, (2) biochemistry, genetics, paleontology, and evolutionary theory, (3) anatomy and physiology, (4) neurology, (5) sociology, psychology, (6) psychiatry, (7) eschatological theology and anesthesiology.

We are all aware of the unhappy fact that both science and religion are too often diverted toward secular-game goals. Various pressures demand that laboratory and church forget these basic questions and instead provide distractions, illusory protection, narcotic comfort. Most of us dread confrontation with the answers to these basic questions, whether the answers come from objective science or religion. But if “pure” science and religion address themselves to the same basic questions, what is the distinction between the two disciplines? Science is the systematic attempt to record and measure the energy process and the sequence of energy transformations we call life. The goal is to answer the basic questions in terms of objective, observed, public data. Religion is the systematic attempt to provide answers *to the same questions* subjectively, in terms of direct, incontrovertible, personal experience.

Science is a social system which evolves roles, rules, rituals, values, language, space-time locations to further the quest for these goals, to answer these questions objectively, externally. Religion is a social system which has evolved its roles, rules, rituals, values, language, space-time locations to further the pursuit of the same goals, to answer these questions subjectively through the revelatory experience. A science which fails to address itself to these spiritual goals, which accepts other purposes (however popular), becomes secular, political, and tends to

oppose new data. A religion which fails to provide direct experiential answers to these spiritual questions (which fails to produce the ecstatic high) becomes secular, political, and tends to oppose the individual revelatory confrontation. The Oxford orientalist R. C. Zaehner, whose formalism is not always matched by his tolerance, has remarked that experience, when divorced from dogma, often leads to absurd and wholly irrational excesses.⁸ Like any statement of polarity, the opposite is equally true: dogma, when divorced from experience, often leads to absurd and wholly rational excesses. Those of us who have been devoting our lives to the study of consciousness have been able to collect considerable sociological data about the tendency of the rational mind to spin out its own interpretations. But I shall have more to say about the political situation in later chapters.

Religion and Science Provide Similar Answers to the Same Basic Questions

At this point I should like to advance the hypothesis that *those aspects of the psychedelic experience which subjects report to be ineffable and ecstatically religious involve a direct awareness of the energy processes which physicists and biochemists and physiologists and neurologists and psychologists and psychiatrists measure.*

We are treading here on very tricky ground. When we read the reports of LSD subjects, we are doubly limited. First, *they* can only speak in the vocabulary they know, and for the most part they do not possess the lexicon and training of energy scientists. Second, *we researchers* find only what we are prepared to look for, and too often we think in crude psychological-jargon concepts: moods, emotions, value judgments, diagnostic categories, social pejoratives, religious clichés.

Since 1962 I have talked to thousands of LSD trippers, mystics, saddhus, occultists, saints, inquiring if their hallucinations, visions, revelations, ecstasies, orgasms, hits, flashes, space-outs, and freak-outs can be translated into the language not just

of religion, psychiatry and psychology but also of the physical and biological sciences.

1. The Ultimate-Power Question

A. *The scientific answers* to this question change constantly—Newtonian laws, quantum indeterminacy, atomic structure, nuclear structure. Today the *basic energy* is located within the nucleus. Inside the atom

a transparent sphere of emptiness, thinly populated with electrons, the substance of the atom has shrunk to a core of unbelievable smallness: enlarged 1000 million times, an atom would be about the size of a football, but its nucleus would still be hardly visible—a mere speck of dust at the center. Yet that nucleus radiates a powerful electric field which holds and controls the electrons around it.⁹

Incredible power and complexity operating at speeds and spatial dimensions which our conceptual minds cannot register. Infinitely small, yet pulsating outward through enormous networks of electrical forces—atom, molecule, cell, planet, star: all forms dancing to the nuclear tune.

The *cosmic design* is this network of energy whirling through space-time. More than 15,000 million years ago the oldest known stars began to form. Whirling disks of gas molecules (driven, of course, by that tiny, spinning, nuclear force)—condensing clouds, further condensations—the tangled web of spinning magnetic fields clustering into stellar forms, and each stellar cluster hooked up in a magnetic dance with its planetary cluster and with every other star in the galaxy, and each galaxy whirling in synchronized relationship to the other galaxies.

One thousand million galaxies. From 100 million to 100,000 million stars in a galaxy—that is to say, 100,000 million planetary systems per galaxy, and each planetary system slowly wheeling through the stellar cycle that allows for a brief time the possibility of life as we know it.

Five thousand million years ago, a slow-spinning dwarf star

we call the sun is the center of a field of swirling planetary material. The planet earth is created. In 5,000 million years the sun's supply of hydrogen will be burned up; the planets will be engulfed by a final solar explosion. Then the ashen remnants of our planetary system will spin silently through the dark infinity of space. And then is the dance over? Hardly. Our tiny solar light, which is one of 100,000 million suns in our galaxy, will scarcely be missed. And our galaxy is one of 1,000 million galaxies spinning out and up at rates which exceed the speed of light—each galaxy eventually burning up, to be replaced by new galaxies to preserve the dance equilibrium.

Here in the always changing data of nuclear physics and astronomy is the current scientific answer to the first basic question—material enough indeed for an awesome cosmology.

B. *Psychedelic reports* often contain phrases which seem to describe similar phenomena, subjectively experienced.

- (a) I passed in and out of a state several times where I was so relaxed that I felt open to a total flow, over and around and through my body (more than my body). . . . All objects were dripping, streaming, with white-hot light or electricity which flowed in the air. It was as though we were watching the world, just having come into being, cool off, its substance and form still molten and barely beginning to harden.
- (b) Body being destroyed after it became so heavy as to be unbearable. Mind wandering, ambulating throughout an ecstatically lit, indescribable landscape. How can there be so much light—layers and layers of light, light upon light? All is illumination.
- (c) I became more and more conscious of vibrations—of the vibrations in my body, the harp strings giving forth their individual tones. Gradually I felt myself becoming one with the cosmic vibration. . . . In this dimension there were no forms, no deities or personalities—just bliss.
- (d) The dominant impression was that of entering into the very marrow of existence. . . . It was as if each of the billion atoms of experience which under normal circum-

stances are summarized and averaged into crude, indiscriminate, wholesale impressions was now being seen and savored for itself. The other clear sense was that of cosmic relativity. Perhaps all experience never gets summarized in any inclusive overview. Perhaps all there is, is this everlasting congeries of an infinite number of discrete points of view, each summarizing the whole from its perspective.

- (e) I could see the whole history and evolution along which man has come. I was moving into the future and saw the old cycle of peace and war, good times and bad times, starting to repeat, and I said, "The same old thing again. Oh, God! It has changed, though, it is different," and I thought of the rise of man from animal to spiritual being. But I was still moving into the future, and I saw the whole planet destroyed and all history, evolution, and human efforts being wiped out in this one ultimate destructive act of God.

Subjects speak of participating in and merging with pure (i.e., content-free) energy, white light; of witnessing the breakdown of macroscopic objects into vibratory patterns, visual nets, the collapse of external structure into wave patterns, the awareness that everything is a dance of particles, sensing the smallness and fragility of our system, visions of the void, of world-ending explosions, of the cyclical nature of creation and dissolution, etc. Now I need not apologize for the flimsy inadequacy of these words. We just don't have a better experiential vocabulary. If God were to permit you a brief voyage into the divine process, let you whirl for a second into the atomic nucleus or spin you out on a light-year trip through the galaxies, how on earth would you describe what you saw when you got back, breathless, to your office? This metaphor may sound farfetched or irrelevant, but just ask someone who has taken a heavy dose of LSD.

2. The Life Question

A. *The Scientific Answer:*

Our planetary system began over 5 billion years ago and has around 5 billion years to go. Life as we know it dates back 2

billion years. In other words, the earth spun for about 60 per cent of its existence without life. The crust slowly cooled and was eroded by incessant water flow. "Fertile mineral mud was deposited . . . now giving . . . for the first time . . . the possibility of harboring life." Thunderbolts in the mud produce amino acids, the basic building blocks of life. Then begins the ceaseless production of protein molecules, incalculable in number, forever combining into new forms. The variety of proteins "exceeds all the drops of water in all the oceans of the world." Then protoplasm. Cell. Within the cell, incredible beauty and order.

When we consider the teeming activity of a modern city it is difficult to realize that in the cells of our bodies infinitely more complicated processes are at work—ceaseless manufacture, acquisition of food, storage, communication and administration. . . . All this takes place in superb harmony, with the cooperation of all the participants of a living system, regulated down to the smallest detail.¹⁰

Life is the striving cycle of repetitious, reproductive energy transformations. Moving, twisting, devouring, changing. The unit of life is the cell. And the blueprint is the genetic code, the two nucleic acids—the long, intertwined, duplicating chains of DNA and the controlling regulation of RNA—"which determine the structure of the living substance."

And where is it going? Exactly like the old Hindu myths of cyclical rotation, the astrophysicists tell us that life is a temporary sequence which occurs at a brief midpoint in the planetary cycle. Terrestrial life began around 3 billion years A.B. ("after the beginning" of our solar cycle) and will run for another 2 billion years or so. At that time the solar furnace will burn so hot that the minor planets (including earth) will boil, bubble and burn out. In other planetary systems the time spans are different, but the cycle is probably the same.

There comes an intermediate stage in the temperature history of a planet which can nourish living forms, and then life merges into the final unifying fire. Data here, indeed, for an awesome cosmology.

The flame of life which moves every living form, including the cell cluster you call your *self*, began, we are told, as a tiny single-celled spark in the lower Precambrian mud, then passed over in steady transformations to more complex forms. We like to speak of higher forms, but let's not ignore or patronize the single-cell game. It's still quite thriving, thank you. Next, your ancestral fire glowed in seaweed, algae, flagellate, sponge, coral (about 1 billion years ago) ; then fish, fern, scorpion, milliped (about 600 million years ago) . Every cell in your body traces back (about 450 million years ago) to the same light life flickering in amphibian (and what a fateful and questionable decision to leave the sea—should we have done it?) . Then forms, multiplying in endless diversity—reptile, insect, bird—until, 1 million years ago, comes the aureole glory of *Australopithecus*.*

The torch of life next passes on to the hand-ax culture (around 600,000 years ago) , to *Pithecanthropus* (can you remember watching for the charge of southern elephants and the saber-tooth tiger?) , then blazing brightly in the radiance of our great-grandfather Neanderthal man (a mere 70,000 years ago) , suddenly flaring up in that cerebral explosion that doubled the cortex of our grandfather Cro-Magnon man (44,000 to 10,000 years ago) , and then radiating into the full flame of recent man, our older stone age, Neolithic brothers, our bronze and iron age selves.

What next? The race, far from being culminated, has just begun:

The development of Pre-hominines *Australopithecus* . . . to the first emergence of the . . . Cromagnons lasted about . . . fifteen thousand human life-spans. . . . In this relatively short period in world history the hominid type submitted to a positively hurricane change of form; indeed he may be looked upon as one of the animal groups whose potentialities of unfolding with the greatest intensity have been realized. It must,

* The fossils of the newly discovered "*Homo Habilis*" from East Africa are estimated to be 1,750,000 years old. (*New York Times*, March 18, April 3 and 4, 1964. Another estimate traces human origins back about 15 million years!—*New York Times*, April 12, 1964.)

however, by no means be expected that this natural flood of development will dry up with *Homo sapiens recens*. Man will be unable to remain man as we know him now, a modern sapiens type. He will in the courses of the next hundreds of millennia presumably change considerably physiologically and physically.¹¹

B. *The Psychedelic Correlates* of these evolutionary and genetic concepts are to be found in the reports of almost every LSD tripper. The experience of being a one-celled creature tenaciously flailing, the singing, humming sound of life exfoliating; you are the DNA code spinning out multicellular aesthetic solutions. You directly and immediately experience invertebrate joy; you feel your backbone forming; gills form. You are a fish with glistening gills, the sound of ancient fetal tides murmuring the rhythm of life. You stretch and wriggle in mammalian muscular strength, loping, powerful, big muscles; you sense hair growing on your body as you leave the warm broth of water and take over the earth.

The psychedelic experience is the Hindu-Buddha reincarnation theory experimentally confirmed in your own nervous system. You re-experience your human forebears, shuttle down the chain of DNA remembrance. It's all there in your cellular diaries. You are all the men and women who fought and fed and met and mated—the ugly, the strong, the sly, the mean, the wise, the beautiful. Our fathers, who art protein in heaven—within; and our round-fleshed holy mothers, hallowed be thy names. Endless chain of warm-blooded, sweating, perfumed-smelling, tenaciously struggling primates, each rising out of darkness to stand for one second in the sunlight and hand on the precious electrical tissue flame of life.

What does all that evolutionary reincarnation business have to do with you or me or LSD or the religious experience? It might, it just might, have a lot to do with very current events. Many, and I am just bold enough to say most, LSD subjects say they experience early forms of racial or subhuman species evo-

lution during their sessions. Now the easiest interpretation is the psychiatric: "Oh, yes, hallucinations. Everyone knows that LSD makes you crazy, and your delusions can take any psychotic form." But wait; not so fast. Is it entirely inconceivable that our cortical cells or the machinery inside the cellular nucleus "remember" back along the unbroken chain of electrical transformations that connects every one of us back to that original thunderbolt in the Precambrian mud? Impossible, you say? Read a genetics text. Read and reflect about the DNA chain of complex protein molecules that took you as a unicelled organism at the moment of your conception and planned every stage of your natural development. Half of that genetic blueprint was handed to you intact by your mother and half by your father, and then slammed together in that incredible welding process we call conception.

"You," your ego, your good old American social self, have been trained to remember certain crucial secular-game landmarks: your senior prom, your wedding day. But is it not possible that others of your 10 billion brain cells "remember" other critical survival crossroads, like conception, intrauterine events, birth? Events for which our language has few or no descriptive terms? Every cell in your body is the current carrier of an energy torch which traces back through millions of generation transformations. Remember that genetic code?

You must recognize by now the difficulty of my task. I am trying to expand your consciousness, break through your macroscopic, secular set, "turn you on," give you a faint feeling of a psychedelic moment, trying to relate two sets of processes for which we have no words—speed-of-light energy-transformation processes and the transcendent vision.

3. The Human Being Question

A. *The Scientific Answer*

What is the human being? Ancient riddle, usually answered from within the homocentric limits of the parochial mind. But consider this question from the perspective of an intelligence

outside the "romantic fallacy" of man's superiority. Study the question from the vantage point of an outer-space visitor, or from that of an ecstatic, objective scientist.

Let us define man as man defines other species, by his anatomy and physiology. Man is an evolutionary form emerging from animal-mammalian-primate stock, characterized by this skeletal structure and these unique hematological, endocrine, organ systems.

Like every living creature, man is a seed carrier, a soul bearer made in one of the forms of God. Man's particular form is a bag of semihairless skin containing a miraculously complex system of life functions which he dimly understands in the language of physiology, functions of which he has no direct experience.

Only a rare, turned-on visionary like Buckminster Fuller can appreciate the universe of the human body, the galactic scope of somatic experience.

"Our individual brains have a quadrillion times a quadrillion atoms in fantastic coordination. . . . I think we are all coming out of the womb of very fundamental ignorance, mental ignorance. We talk in ways that sometimes sound very faithful to our experience but which are many times very imaginary. . . . We think that we know quite a lot and are responsible for a lot of what is going on.

"I say to you, whatever the last meal you ate, you haven't the slightest idea of what you are doing with it. You aren't consciously saying to yourself that 'I have designed and decided now I'm going to have a million hairs, and they're going to be such and such a shape and color.' We don't do any of this; it is all automated. Man is more than ninety-nine percent automated, and he is only a very small fraction conscious. Whereas he tends to suggest that he is really highly responsible for what goes on . . . he is very successful despite his ignorance and vanity.

"I would suggest that all of humanity is about to be born in an entirely new relationship to the universe. . . . We're going to have to have an integrity . . . a good faith with the truth, whatever the truth may be. We are going to have to really pay

attention.” (Buckminster Fuller, interviewed in the San Francisco *Oracle*, Vol. 1, No. 11.)

B. *The Psychedelic Correlates*

The key phrases in this typical flash of humorous genius by Buckminster Fuller are: “faithful to our experience,” “automated . . . only a very small fraction conscious,” “pay attention.”

This is classic psychedelic talk. One of the ecstatic horrors of the LSD experience is the sudden confrontation with your own body, the shattering resurrection of your body. You are capitulated into the matrix of quadrillions of cells and somatic communication systems. Cellular flow. You are swept down the tunnels and canals of your own waterworks. Visions of microscopic processes. Strange, undulating tissue patterns. Pummeled down the fantastic artistry of internal factories, recoiling with fear or shrieking in pleasure at the incessant push, struggle, drive of the biological machinery, clicking, clicking, endlessly, endlessly—at every moment engulfing you.

Your body is the universe. The ancient wisdom of gnostics, hermetics, sufis, Tantric gurus, yogis, occult healers. What is without is within. Your body is the mirror of the macrocosm. The kingdom of heaven is within you. Within your body, body, body. The great psychedelic philosophies of the East—Tantra, Kundalini yoga—see the human body as the sacred temple, the seed center, the exquisitely architected shrine of all creation.

Hoc est corpus meum

And the systematic, disciplined awareness of body function is the basic sacramental method of these religions. Tibetan and Indian Tantra train the student to become faithful to somatic experience, to pay attention to the energies and messages of the body. Breathing, control of circulation, control of involuntary muscles and reflexes, control of digestion, control of genital erection and ejaculation, awareness of the intricate language of

hormone and humor, the psychopharmacology of the body, the cakras.

One cannot understand the rhythms and meanings of the outer world until one has mastered the dialects of the body.

What is man? He is within His body. His body is his universe.

4. The Awareness Question

A. *The Scientific Answer*

Everything that man knows is mediated by the human nervous system. Everything that man knows about the external world and his place, his identity in it, comes through the sense organs.

Neurologists and sensory physiologists have much to tell us about the incredible complexity of the sensory mechanisms. The eye responding to light, the auditory system trembling to the finest variation in air vibrations, the olfactory organs receiving and processing airborne scents, the mouth and tongue honeycombed with taste buds. Touch. Temperature. Pain. Pressure.

I lectured once to a group of priests and nuns about the sensory experience. "I am holding in my hand," I said, "the most sensual book ever written, illustrated, too, with the most sensual pictures you ever saw." I was holding *The Anatomy and Physiology of the Senses*.

All our beliefs and convictions about the existence of an outside world, the only threads we have that connect our lonely solipsism to other forms of life and energy and consciousness "out there" are based on data registered on our sensory radar and processed by our brains.

Each human being is a spaceship. No, each human being is a galaxy spinning lonely in space, and the only contacts we have with other galaxies (light-years away, really) are the flimsy flickerings on our sense organs.

And what an ontological, epistemological leap of faith it is, really, to believe in the existence of each other! You read this page, light hits your eyes, and your brain sees squiggles of black

and white which are words. Do you believe that you are really reading what Timothy Leary wrote? Does this pattern of black and white lines lead you to believe in the existence of a seed-bearing, soul-carrying human being, Timothy Leary, who sat one New Year's Day at a wood-grained desk littered with notes, clippings, books, loose tobacco, coffee cups, ashtrays, looking out a picture window at the silver-gray expanse of the Pacific Ocean, writing these lines?

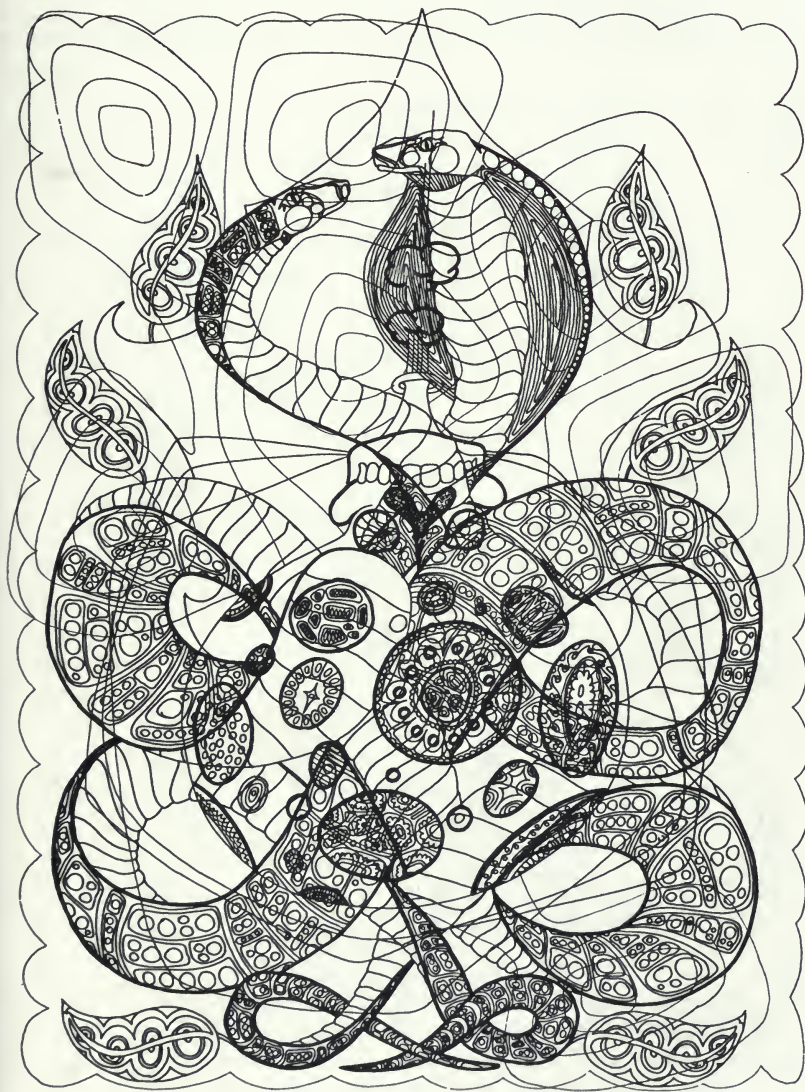
How can you be sure that Bacon wrote Shakespeare? How can you be sure that those lines were not arranged by a computer which (reacting to a Hooper-rating survey) proceeded to scan and sort quadrillions of pages of past computer writing and rearrange these lines designed to feed back exactly that level of ignorance-superstition-word magic that will comfort and please you? Do you accept your ocular data (this book) that Timothy Leary exists? If you could touch me, smell me, feel my warmth, hear my voice or my smoker's cough, would you be more convinced that I exist?

Common sense convinces us and Dr. Johnson that something exists out there.

But the mystery of knowing remains. And the awesome findings of biochemical neurology do not simplify our understanding of how we know, how we become conscious.

The human brain, we are told, is composed of about ten billion nerve cells, any one of which may connect with as many as 25,000 other nerve cells. The number of interconnections which this adds up to would stagger even an astronomer—and astronomers are used to dealing with astronomical numbers. The number is far greater than all the atoms in the universe. This is why physiologists remain unimpressed by computers. A computer sophisticated enough to handle this number of interconnections would have to be big enough to cover the earth.¹²

Into this matrix floods "about 100 million sensations a second from . . . [the] . . . various senses." And somewhere in that



Cellular level of consciousness: the message of DNA. *Terrell P. Watson*



Cellular level of consciousness: the message of DNA. Terrell P. Watson

10-billion-cell galaxy is a tiny solar system of connected neurons which is aware of your social self. Your "ego" is to your brain what the planet earth is to our galaxy with its 100,000 million suns.

B. *The Psychedelic Answer* to the awareness question should now be apparent. There is no answer, only a bleak choice of blind hope or insightful despair.

On the dour side, the attentive, highly conscious person realizes that he is the almost helpless victim of the accidental or deliberate range of light-sound-pressure-chemical energies that impinge on his sensory nerve endings. At one time, when we were trustfully slumbering, a selfish, insane, power-hungry combine of exploitive conspirators suddenly moved in and systematically censored and manipulated what was to hit our eyes, ears, nose, mouth, skin. A well-organized conspiracy to enslave our consciousness. A science fiction horror movie in which our captors decided exactly which energies and sensory stimuli we could encounter. Our 10-billion-cell nervous systems have been monopolized by these ruthless, selfish captors. We walk around on a fake-prop television studio set that our masters have designed—and we play the parts they assign. Using Pavlovian conditioning of reward and punishment, our grim rulers lead us unsuspectingly to do exactly what they wish.

This grim combine which determines the scope and style of our consciousness (for its own benefit) operates through our parents (themselves blind, frightened slaves) and our educational, acculturation institutions.

We have taken leave of our senses. We have been robbed blind. Sensory conditioning has forced us to accept a "reality" which is a comic-tragic farce illusion. We can never rid ourselves of the insanities deeply imprinted during infancy and childhood on our delicate, vulnerable nervous systems. We can never free ourselves completely.

On the bright side, we can obtain a momentary (and even longer) release from the neurological prison. We can come to our senses, turn off the conditioning and experience afresh the hardly bearable ecstasy of direct energy exploding on our nerve

endings. We can become seers, hear-oes, smelling tasters in real touch.

The awakening of the senses is the most basic aspect of the psychedelic experience. The open eye, the naked touch, the intensification and vivification of ear and nose and taste. This is the Zen moment of satori, the nature mystic's high, the sudden centering of consciousness on the sense organ, the real-eye-zation that this is it! I am eye! I am hear! I knose! I am in contact!

The ability to turn on the senses, to escape the conditioned mind, to throb in harmony with the energies radiating on the sense organs, the skillful control of one's senses, has for thousands of years been the mark of a sage, a holy man, a radiant teacher.

Control of the senses is a basic part of every enduring religious method. Control does not mean repression or closing off. Control means the ability to turn off the mind, ignore the enticing clamor of symbolic seduction and open the senses like flowers, accepting like sunshine the gift of those energies which man's senses are designed to receive.

5. The Ego Question

A. *The Scientific Answer*

Who am I?

Basic question, invariably and eagerly and insistently answered by social institutions. Always for their own benefit. Every religious hierarchy can tell you who you are—Catholic, Protestant, Jew or atheist. Right? And every government agrees you are an American or a Russian or a Turk. Let's see your passport!

And the endless, lesser, monolithic social agencies tell you who you are—occupation, recreation, political affiliation, social class, status, branch of service.

Now comes the new secular state religion—psychology, with its up-to-date answers. The great ego-identity quest. The national personality sweepstakes. The image game.

For the American the question, who am I? is answered totally

in terms of artificial social roles. What part do you play in which TV show? And are you good or bad? How is your Hooper rating? Are you popular? Shallow, transient, secular evasion of the physical and metaphysical identity.

Who am I? The perspective on this question comes only when you step off the TV stage set defined by mass-media-social-psychology-adjustment-normality. I exist at every level of energy and every level of consciousness. Who am I? I'm you.

At the atomic level I am a galaxy of nuclear-powered atoms spinning through changing patterns. I am the universe, the center and guardian temple of all energy. I am God of Light. Who am I? I'm you.

At the cellular level I am the entire chain of life. I am the key rung of the DNA ladder, center of the evolutionary process, the current guardian of the seed, the now-eye of the 2-billion-year-old uncoiling serpent. I am God of Life. I'm you.

At the somatic level I am my body—the most intricate, intelligent, complex form of energy structure. The network of my organs and tissues is the last word in cosmic miniaturization, celestial packaging. I am the Resurrection of the Body. I'm you.

At the sensory level I am the divine receiving station, the sacred communications satellite, a two-legged, trembling-tissue, Jodrell Bank radar telescope, dancing, grumbling, sniffing Geiger counter. I am the Darwinian wiretap, a billion sensory microphones picking up vibrations from planetary energy systems. I am the all-time, worldwide retinal ABC, eardrum RCA, International Smell and Tell, the consolidated General Foods taste laboratory. I am God of Common Sense. I'm you.

But there's an added feature. Each generation, I, the timeless God, atom bearer, seed carrier, return in a new, improved, Detroit-model electrical-eye, horseless, carry-all body pushed onto a new social stage set. I am an American. I was an Irish farmer. I was a Celtic minstrel. I was this one and that one. Each time carried onstage blinking, puking, bawling, bewildered by the bizarre novelty of each new drama, untutored in the language of the new script (did she say her name was Mommie?), unaware of the plot, each time having forgotten my

atomic, cellular, somatic, sensory divinity, each time painfully being pushed and hauled into some ludicrous, histrionic consistency known today as my personality, known yesterday as karma.

Thus, I am the undeniably psychological unit. A mind, a box of conditioned Pavlovian reflexes, a social robot, here adjusted, there maladjusted, sometimes good (approved of) sometimes bad (censored). The center of my psychological mandala, the mainspring of my personality, is social conditioning. Reward and punishment. What will the neighbors think? is the beginning and end of modern psychology.

Now, who am I? I'm you. I'm Timothy What's His Name. I am what the *Reader's Digest* likes and dislikes.

This commitment of ego consciousness to the social game is inevitable and cannot be eliminated despite the poignant appeals to drop out. We cannot drop out of society. We can only drop out of social roles and dramas which are unloving, contracting and which distract us from the discovery of our atomic, cellular, somatic and sensory divinity. Spiritual appeals to transcend the ego are vain. Like any other level of consciousness of energy, ego is. Karma is. All we can do is center ego consciousness and see it in proper relationship to the other "I's." The "social ego" is abysmally trivial when compared to the "atomic I," the "DNA I," but that's the glorious humor of the cosmic hide-and-seek. That "social ego" can possess such eccentric, foolish power to camouflage the other divinities that lie beneath our skin.

So let us pray: Almighty Ego, set I free! Almighty Ego, let my I's see!

B. *The Psychedelic Correlates*

Modern psychology, like modern man, does not like to face the sparse, wrinkled-skin facts about human transience. The personality chess game is blown up to compelling importance. How am I doing? Modern education, advertising, indeed the whole culture, is hooked up in a full-time hard-sell campaign to reassure the average person that he is a good Joe, a helluva guy.

Then he takes LSD.

Sensory chaos, somatic inundation, cellular revelation. The plastic-doll nature of social reality and social ego is glaringly obvious. In a word, ego discovers that ego is a fraudulent actor in a fake show. Rubber stamp and tinsel.

Ego discovers that I is atomic, cellular, sensory, somatic and soon to pass on. Ego gets frightened. Panicked. Ego cries for help. Get me a psychiatrist! Help! Get me back to the nice, comforting TV stage.

The impact of LSD is exactly this brutal answer to the question, who is ego? The LSD revelation is the clear perspective. The LSD panic is the terror that ego is lost forever. The LSD ecstasy is the joyful discovery that ego, with its pitiful shams and strivings, is only a fraction of my identity.

6. The Emotional Question

A. *The Scientific Answer*

What should I move toward? What direction my motion? What should I feel? The emotional and feeling questions.

Here science fails miserably to give us answers because there is little objective data, and the accepted theories of emotional behavior—the psychiatric—are naïve, inadequate, pompously trivial. The best-known theory of emotions, the Freudian, is a hodgepodge of platitude, banality and rabbinical piety.

All that Freud said is that modern man and society are completely dishonest. Society lies to the individual and forces him to lie to himself. Freud called this process of self-deception the unconscious. The unconscious is the hidden. Freud (the lie detector who lied) conscientiously listed the various ways in which man prevaricates and then developed a system of humiliating cross-examination and spirit-breaking brainwashing which forces the rare “successful” patient to give up his favorite pack of lies (which he chose as being the best solution to an impossible situation) and grovelingly to accept the psychoanalyst’s system of dishonesty. Have you ever noticed how unbearably “dead” and juiceless psychoanalysts and their patients are? The only cheerful fact about psychoanalysis is that most patients don’t get cured and are stubborn enough to preserve their own

amateur and original lie in favor of the psychoanalyst's conforming lie.

If anyone has any lingering doubt about the superstitious and barbarian state of psychiatry and psychoanalysis, reflect on this fact. Today, fifty years after Freud, the average mental hospital in the United States is a Kafkaesque, Orwellian, prison camp more terrifying than Dachau because the captors claim to be healers. Two hundred years ago our treatment of the village idiot and nutty old Aunt Agatha was gently utopian compared to the intolerant savagery of the best mental hospital.

So where do we find the scientific answer to the emotional question? Can you really bear to know?

Emotions are the lowest form of consciousness. Emotional actions are the most contracted, narrowing, dangerous form of behavior.

The romantic poetry and fiction of the last 200 years has quite blinded us to the fact that emotions are an active and harmful form of stupor.

Any peasant can tell you that. Beware of emotions. Any child can tell you that. Watch out for the emotional person. He is a lurching lunatic.

Emotions are caused by biochemical secretions in the body to serve during the state of acute emergency. An emotional person is a blind, crazed maniac. Emotions are addictive and narcotic and stupeficient.

Do not trust anyone who comes on emotional.

What are the emotions?

In a book entitled *Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality*, written when I was a psychologist, I presented classifications of emotions and detailed descriptions of their moderate and extreme manifestations. Emotions are all based on fear. Like an alcoholic or a junkie, the frightened person reaches for his favorite escape into action.

Commanding, competing, punishing, aggressing, rebelling, complaining, abasing, submitting, placating, agreeing, fawning, flattering, giving.

The emotional person cannot think; he cannot perform any

effective game action (except in acts of physical aggression and strength). The emotional person is turned off sensually. His body is a churning robot; he has lost all connection with cellular wisdom or atomic revelation. The person in an emotional state is an inflexible robot gone berserk.

What psychologists call love is emotional greed and self-enhancing gluttony based on fear.

B. *The Psychedelic Correlate*

The only state in which we can learn, harmonize, grow, merge, join, understand is the absence of emotion. This is called bliss or ecstasy, attained through centering the emotions.

Moods such as sorrow and joy accompany emotions. Like a junkie who has just scored or an alcoholic with a bottle in hand, the emotional person feels good when he has scored emotionally, i.e., beaten someone up or been beaten up. Won a competitive victory. Gorged himself on person grabbing.

Conscious love is not an emotion; it is serene merging with yourself, with other people, with other forms of energy. Love cannot exist in an emotional state.

Only the person who has been psychotic or had a deep psychedelic trip can understand what emotions do to the human being.

The great kick of the mystic experience, the exultant, ecstatic hit, is the sudden relief from emotional pressure.

Did you imagine that there could be emotions in heaven? Emotions are closely tied to ego games. Check your emotions at the door to paradise.

Why, then, are emotions built into the human repertoire if they are so painful, demanding and blinding? There is a basic survival purpose. Emotions are the emergency alarms. The organism at the point of death terror goes into a paroxysm of frantic activity. Like a fish flipping blindly out of water. Like a crazed, cornered animal.

There are rare times when emotions are appropriate and relevant. The reflex biochemical spurt. Flight or fight. There are times when emotional bluffs, like the hair rising on a dog's

neck, are appropriate. But the sensible animal avoids situations which elicit fear and the accompanying emotion. Your wise animal prefers to relax or to play—using his senses, tuned into his delicious body-organ music, closing his eyes to drift back in cellular memory. Dogs and cats are high all the time—except when bad luck demands emotional measures.

The emotional human being is an evolutionary drug addict continuously and recklessly shooting himself up with adrenalin and other dark ferments. The way to turn off the emotions is to turn on the senses, turn on to your body, turn on to your cellular reincarnation circus, turn on to the electric glow within and engage only in turn-on ego games.

7. The Ultimate Escape Question

A. *The Scientific Answer*

The question is: How does it end?

The answer is: It doesn't.

Ask any scientist (no matter which level of energy he studies), and he'll tell you. It keeps going. At the same beat. On. Off. On. Off.

Atomic. Galaxies flash on and then off.

Cellular. Species flare out and retract.

Somatic. The heart beats and stops. Beats and stops. The lungs inhale and exhale.

Sensory. Light comes in waves of particles hurtling against retinal beaches. High tide, see. Low tide, no see. The neural message dot-dashes along the nerve fibers. Light-dark. Light-dark. Sound waves pile up on the auditory membrane and fall back. Sound-silence. Sound-silence.

There is no form of energy which does not come in the same rhythm. Yin. Yang. In. Out. The galaxy itself and every structure within it is a binary business, an oscillating dance. Start. Stop.

The physicist, the biologist, the physiologist, the neurologist, knows all about the end of the cycle at the level of energy he studies. Every scientist knows that death is exactly symmetrical

to birth at every level of energy. Even the sociologists and historians who study the human game structure know that social institutions start and stop.

There is only one level of consciousness that cannot accept the universal on-off switch, and that is the ego. The astronomer can gaze with equanimity at nova explosions and forecast the death of the solar system, but when it comes to his own ego chessboard, there is the illusion of enduring solidity. Ego is unable to learn from the past or to predict the obvious events of the future because of its deep dread of confronting mortality. Ego focuses consciousness on the few immediately neighboring pieces of the game board because ego knows that one glance across the game board or beyond it puts the whole thing in perspective. Where it began and how it will end. Start stop. Off on.

The Buddha's loving parents tried to make sure their son would not consider the four chess pieces that lead off the game board—sickness, age, death, and the magician-guru.

Oriental philosophy points out that every form is an illusion. Maya. Everything at every level of energy is a shuttling series of vibrations as apparently solid as the whirring metal disk made by rotating fan blades. Ego resists this notion and touches the immediate solidity of phenomena. We dislike slowing the motion picture down because the film flickers. Annoying reminder that we view not unbroken continuity but an off-on ribbon of still pictures.

Life is an illusion. There one second, gone the next. Now you see it, now you don't.

Death is equally illusory. Suicide a farce. The desire to escape is exactly as pointless as the desire to hang onto life. How can you clutch onto or escape from a relentless click-clack process that continues despite the mind's interpretation? And despite our "feelings" about it?

But the illusory game goes on. Ego sweats to maintain a tenacious grasp on the ungraspable. And then, in moments of emotional despair, decides to hide, to quit. Hell is the conviction that the game won't stop. Eternal game playing. No exit.

Hell is the idea that the game switch won't turn off. Suicide is the deluded attempt to escape from hell.

Hell is a mistake in judgment. A bum trip idea. The ego's stranglehold on the film projector. Ego is caught in a repetitious loop. Over and over and over. Suicide is the escape from ego. Only ego contemplates escape. Can you imagine an animal killing itself in egocentric pique?

Ego attempts to turn itself off through anesthesia. Unconsciousness. Fast suicide or slow narcosis. Alcohol dulls the mind game and produces emotional stupor. Too much alcohol provides the anesthetic escape. Barbiturates and tranquilizers and sleeping pills are escape tickets bought by the frantic eschatological anesthesiologist.

Have you ever talked to an articulate junkie? The appeal of heroin is the void. The warm, soft cocoon of nothingness. Surcease. Easeful death. The vacuum gamble. The game of the junkie is to nod out. To pass over the line into unconsciousness. The last thought of the junkie as he slips away is, have I gone too far this time? Overdose? *Au revoir* or good-bye?

B. *The Psychedelic Correlate*

The deep psychedelic experience is a death-rebirth flip. You turn on to the ancient rhythm, and you become its beat. All right, now! Are you ready? The whole thing is about to click off.

The successful mystic is he who goes with it. Lets it happen. Hello. Good-bye. Hello. Good-bye. Oh, my God! You again!

The bad trip, the LSD panic, is the terrorized reluctance to go with it. Frantic grabbing for the intangible switch. Ego cries, keep it on!

The glory of the psychedelic moment is the victory over life and death won by seeing the oscillating dance of energy and yielding to it.

The age-old appeal of the psychedelic experience is its solution to the problem of escape. The visionary revelation answers the escape question. There is no death. Ecstatic, mirthful relief.

There is nothing to avoid, nothing to escape, nothing to fear. There is just off-on, in-out, start-stop, light-dark, flash-delay.

Death, void, oblivion, is the split-second pause. I accept the on. I accept the off.

It is of interest that the heroin addict and the illuminated Buddha end up at the same place. The void. The junkie is a deeply religious person. The alcoholic is, too. Thus our physicians and psychiatrists have no luck in "curing" addicts. If you see an addict as a social misfit, a civic nuisance who must be rehabilitated, you completely miss the point.

To cure the junkie and the alcoholic, you must humbly admit that he is a more deeply spiritual person than you, and you accept the cosmic validity of his search to transcend the game, and you help him see that blackout drugs are just bad methodology because you just can't keep holding the "off" switch and that the way to reach the void is through psychedelic rather than anesthetic experience.

Drugs Are the Religion of the People—The Only Hope Is Dope

In the preceding pages I have suggested that man can become conscious of each level of energy defined by scientists.

Metaphysics is subjective physics, the psychology of atomic-electronic activity. Metabiology is cellular psychology. Metaphysiology is somatic psychology. The systematic study of internal body states. Metaneurology is sensory physiology, the systematic, introspective study of sense organs. Metapsychology is the study of conditioning by the nervous system that has been conditioned. Your ego unravels its own genesis. Metapsychiatry is the systematic production and control of endocrine states within your own body. Meta-anesthesiology is the systematic production and control of states of unconsciousness within your own body.

Everyone must become his own Einstein, his own Darwin, his own Claude Bernard, his own Penfield, his own Pavlov, his own Freud, his own anesthesiologist.

From the theological standpoint, everyone must discover the seven faces of God within his own body.

This task, which at first glance may seem fantastically utopian, is actually very easy to initiate because there now exist instruments which can move consciousness to any desired level. The laboratory equipment for experimental theology, for internal science, is of course made of the stuff of consciousness itself, made of the same material as the data to be studied. The instruments of systematic religion are chemicals. Drugs. Dope.

If you are serious about your religion, if you really wish to commit yourself to the spiritual quest, you must learn how to use psychochemicals. Drugs are the religion of the twenty-first century. Pursuing the religious life today without using psychedelic drugs is like studying astronomy with the naked eye because that's how they did it in the first century A.D., and besides, telescopes are unnatural.

There Are Specific Drugs to Turn On Each Level of Consciousness

Modern psychopharmacology is written and practiced by scientists who do not take drugs (and who therefore write textbooks about events they have never experienced). Current psychopharmacology is a superstitious form of black magic sponsored and supported by the federal Food and Drug Administration, a government agency about as enlightened as the Spanish Inquisition. Note that the rapidly growing enforcement branch of the FDA uses instruments unknown to Torquemada—guns, wire-taps—in addition to the classic methods of informers and provocateurs. There is thus enormous ignorance about the science of consciousness alteration and a vigorous punitive campaign to prevent its application.

There are specific drugs now easily available which can turn on each level of consciousness. Since Americans are more familiar with and committed to consciousness-contracting drugs, I shall list the better-known psychochemical instruments in reverse order.

7. *The Anesthetic State* is produced by narcotics, barbiturates, and large doses of alcohol. Anyone can reach the void by self-administration of stupeficients. Most Americans know just how to pass out.

6. *The State of Emotional Stupor* is produced by moderate doses of alcohol. Three martinis do nicely.

5. *The State of Ego Consciousness* is enhanced by pep pills, energizers consumed daily by millions of Americans. Pep pills make you feel good. Make you feel active. They change nothing, but they propel you into game motion. Coffee, tea, and Coca-Cola are mild versions.

4. *The State of Sensory Awareness* is produced by any psychedelic drug—LSD, mescaline, psilocybin, MDA, yajé, hashish, Sernyl, DMT—but the specific, direct trigger for turning on the senses is marijuana.

3. *The State of Somatic Awareness* is attained by any psychedelic drugs stronger than marijuana but the specific triggers for cakra consciousness are hashish and MDA.

2. *The Cellular Level of Consciousness* is attained by any of the stronger psychedelics—peyote, LSD, mescaline, psilocybin.

1. *The Atomic-Electronic Level of Consciousness* is produced by the most powerful psychedelics—LSD, STP, DMT.

Try Your Own Experiment

This listing of seven levels of consciousness is based not on revelation or poetic metaphor but on the structure of modern science. We simply assume that there is a different level of consciousness for each major division of science—which, in turn, is based on the major classes of energy manifestation.

The decision as to which drugs turn on which levels of consciousness is empirical, based on thousands of psychedelic experiences. I have personally taken drugs which trigger off each level of consciousness hundreds of times.

But my findings can be easily checked out. Any reader can initiate experiments of his own with easily available chemicals.

Turn on a tape recorder during your next cocktail party. Notice how rational ego-game playing deteriorates and the emotional level rises in exact proportion to the amount of booze consumed. You have moved consciousness from level 5 to level 6.

Next, turn on your tape recorder during a pot party. Notice how the emotional level drops, serenity increases. Observe the intensified attention to sensory energy. The relaxation of game tension. You have moved consciousness from level 5 to level 4.

If you are a diligent experimental theologian, you may wish to see if you can take the fantastic voyage down your body or down into time, using the appropriate chemical instruments. Psychedelic yoga is not a mysterious, arcane specialty reserved for Ph.D.'s and a scientific elite. Anyone who is curious about the nature of God and reality can perform the experiments. Indeed, millions of Americans have done just this in the last few years.

The Seven Religious Yogas

The psychedelic experience, far from being new, is man's oldest and most classic adventure into meaning. Every religion in world history was founded on the basis of some flipped-out visionary trip.

Religion is the systematic attempt at focusing man's consciousness. Comparative religion should concern itself less with the exoteric and academic differences and more with studying the different levels of consciousness turned on by each religion.

We see that there are seven approaches employed by the great world religions.

Seven dialects of God

1. *Buddhism* attempts to transcend life and cellular manifestations and to strive toward the white light of the void, the unitary atomic-electronic flash beyond form.

2. *Hinduism* is a vegetative jungle of reincarnation imagery. Clearly cellular. Evolutionary. Genetic.

3. *Tantra* (Tibetan, Bengali) focuses on somatic energy (Kundalini) and *cakra* consciousness.

4. *Zen, Hasidic Judaism, Sufism, and early Christianity* used methods for centering sensual energy.

5. *Protestantism and Talmudic Judaism* are the classic ego religions. Logic, hard work and Main Street practicality will get you to heaven.

6. *Middle-class Catholicism and devil-oriented fundamentalist sects* are based on the arousal of emotion—fear.

7. *Suicide and death cults*

Different Sciences Study Different Basic Questions

Each of the seven basic questions faced by man has been studied for thousands of years by thoughtful individuals and by institutions, disciplines and professions. In the last 60 years, physical and biological scientists have pretty well agreed on a systematic and unified perspective of the wide range of energy processes and structures. A remarkably efficient classification of subject matter and a civilized, tolerant division of labor have developed.

Scientists generally agree that there are definable levels of energy and, what is most important for harmonious collaboration, agree on the relations of the different levels of energy. The physicist knows that he studies a different phenomenon than the behavioral psychologist. Electrons are different from recorded emotions. Both the physicist and psychologist recognize that atomic processes are basic to and underlie all physiological and psychological activities. A hierarchy of sciences exists, based not on bureaucratic or political factors but on the nature of the level of energy studied. The physicist studies processes which are billions of times smaller (and larger) than those of the psychologist, processes which are billions of times faster and older than human psychological processes. Electrons were spun off the sun billions of years before man's adrenalin glands propelled him to flight.

Each Level of Energy Requires Its Own Methods and Language

Among human beings (members of a species best known for its competitive belligerence and murderous envy), physical and biological scientists are relatively immune to fraternal homicide. Biologists don't war against physicists. An American biologist might war against members of another species, or another nationality or religion. An American bacteriologist might develop a germ used to destroy Vietnamese people, but he does not war against other biologists about biological issues. Indeed, American and Soviet scientists collaborate even during times of political warfare.

The ability of scientists to communicate, teach each other, help each other in spite of racial and national differences is due to the fact that they share an effective, precise language system.

When Johnson and Ho say, "Peace," they use the word quite differently. When Pope Paul and a Buddhist monk say, "God," who knows what they mean?

When a chemist writes a formula, all chemists know what he means. And all physicists know specifically or vaguely how the chemist's molecular formula relates to atomic processes.

The disciplines of neurology, psychology and psychiatry, however, have not yet reached a scientific state. No satisfactory language system exists in their fields. Neurologists quarrel with psychiatrists about the causes of mental illness. Psychologists cannot tell us how man learns or forgets. Enormous priesthoods have developed in these three fields which jockey for power, funds, prestige but which fail to provide answers or even to define problems.

The entire study of consciousness, the religious experience itself, remains in a state of medieval ignorance and superstition. There is no language for describing states of awareness. Religious scholars and theologians quarrel, not just about moral fads and ritual paraphernalia but, more basically, about the answers to the seven basic questions.

The humanistic sciences—neurology, psychology, psychiatry, psychopharmacology and the study of consciousness (which I call religion)—require a systematic language which will allow men to distinguish which levels of energy and consciousness they deal with.

It is rather unfortunate that Western man developed a language of physics and chemistry and a highly efficient engineering based on physical-chemical experimentation long before he developed understanding and control of his own sense organs and neurological conditioning. Thus we now have a situation where blind, irrational, technical robots (who understand neither their makeup nor the purpose of life) are in control of powerful and dangerous energies.

A conversation with Alan Watts:

Leary: Alan, what is the purpose of life?

Watts: That is the question!

Leary: What do you mean?

Watts: The purpose of life is to ask the question, what is the purpose of life? is to ask the question, what is the purpose of life?

The only purpose of life is the religious quest, the religious question. But you must be careful how you put the question because the level at which you ask is the level at which you will be answered.

I have suggested seven levels of energy and consciousness which are based on the anatomy or structure of the human body and its constituent parts—neurological, somatic, cellular, molecular. The religions of the future must be based on these seven scientific questions. A science of consciousness must be based on those different levels which center on the body and the biochemicals (i.e., drugs) which alter consciousness.

Dramatic changes in our child-rearing and educational practices, politics, communications will occur as man grasps this notion of the levels of consciousness and their alteration.

Table 1 presents a highly simplified summary of the seven levels of consciousness and their implications for science, religion, art and drug taking.

TABLE 1

The seven levels of energy consciousness, the drugs which induce them and the sciences and religions which study each level.

Level of Energy Consciousness	Directing Intelligence Communication Center	Communication Structure	Science	Drug to produce this level	Religious centering on this level	Religion metaphor	Art using this level of energy	Sacramental method
1. Atomic	Nucleus of atom	Electron	Physics Astrophysics	LSD* STP	Buddhism	White Light	Psychedelic light electronic music	Until psychedelics spontaneous
2. Cellular	DNA	RNA	Biology Biochemistry	Peyote Psilocybin Yage	Hinduism	Reincarnation	Hindu art	Prolonged fasting
3. Somatic	Autonomic nerve plexes	Organs of body	Physiology	MDA Hashish	Tantra	Cakras Kundalini	Bosch	Sensory deprivation
4. Sensory	Brain	Sense organs	Neurology	Marijuana	Zen, Sufism, early Christianity, Hasidic	Satori	Sensory art	Incense Dance Music Chanting, etc.
5. Mental-Social	Mind imprint plus conditioning	Social behavior	Psychology	Pep pills	Judaism Protestantism Judaism	Christ Messiah	Reproductive art	Sermons
6. Emotional stupor	Endocrine centers	Emotional behavior	Psychiatry	Alcohol	Catholicism Fundamentalism	Devil	Propaganda	Superstitious ritual
7. Void			Anesthesiology	Narcotics Poisons	Death cults	Black Void		Suicide Ritual murder

* While many drugs induce awareness at more than one level (for example hashish turns on at levels 4 and 5), only LSD can move consciousness to all seven levels (often at the same instant).

Science as Ecstatic Kick

When we read about the current findings of the energy sciences such as those I have just reviewed, how can our reaction be other than reverent awe at the grandeur of these observations, at the staggering complexity of the design, the speed, the scope? Ecstatic humility before such power and intelligence. Indeed, what a small, secular concept—intelligence—to describe that infinitude of harmonious complexity! How impoverished our vocabulary and how narrow our imagination!

Of course, the findings of the pure sciences *do not* produce the religious reaction we should expect. We are satiated with secular statistics, dazed into robot dullness by the enormity of facts which we are not educated to comprehend. Although the findings of physics, genetics, paleontology and neurology have tremendous relevance to our life, they are of less interest than a fall in the stock market or the status of the pennant race.

The message is dimly grasped hypothetically, rationally, but never experienced, felt, known. But there can be that staggering, intellectual-game ecstasy which comes when you begin to sense the complexity of the plan. To pull back the veil and see for a second a fragment of the energy dance, the life power. How can you appreciate the divine unless you comprehend the smallest part of the fantastic design? To experience (it's always for a moment) the answers to the seven basic spiritual questions is to me the peak of the religious-scientific quest.

But how can our ill-prepared nervous systems grasp the message? Certainly the average man cannot master the conceptual, mathematical bead game of the physics graduate student. Must his experiential contact with the divine process come in watered-down symbols, sermons, hymns, robot rituals, religious calendar art, moral-behavior sanctions eventually secular in their aim? Fortunately the great plan has produced a happy answer and has endowed every human being with the equipment to comprehend, to know, to experience directly, in-

controvertibly. It's there in that network of 10 billion cells, the number of whose interconnections "is far greater than all the atoms in the universe."

If you can, for the moment, throw off the grip of your learned mind, your conditioning, and experience the message contained in the 10-billion-tube computer which you carry behind your forehead, you would know the awe-full truth. Our research suggests that even the uneducated layman can experience directly what is slowly deduced by scientists—for example, physicists, whose heavy, conceptual minds lumber along at three concepts a second, attempting to fathom the speed-of-light processes which their beautiful machines record and which their beautiful symbols portray.

But the brakes can be released. Our recent studies support the hypothesis that psychedelic foods and drugs, ingested by prepared subjects in a serious, sacred, supportive atmosphere, can put the subject in perceptual touch with other levels of energy exchanges. Remember the data—the Good Friday study, the Savage study, the 200 religious professionals, 40 to 90 percent telling us they experienced "a greater awareness of God or a higher power or an ultimate reality."

The Language of Ecstasy

But to what do these LSD subjects refer when they report spiritual reactions? Do they obtain specific illuminations into the seven basic questions, or are their responses simply awe and wonder at the experienced novelty? Even if the latter were the case, could it not support the religious application of the psychedelic substances and simply underline the need for more sophisticated religious language coordinated with the scientific data? But there is some evidence, phenomenological but yet haunting, that the spiritual insights accompanying the psychedelic experience might be subjective accounts of the objective findings of astronomy, physics, biochemistry, and neurology.

Now the neurological and pharmacological explanations of

an LSD vision are still far from being understood. We know almost nothing about the physiology of consciousness and the body-cortex interaction. We cannot assert that LSD subjects are directly experiencing what particle physicists and biochemists measure, but the evidence about the detailed complexity of the genetic code and the astonishing design of intracellular communication should caution us against labeling experiences outside of our current tribal clichés as “psychotic” or abnormal. For 3,000 years our greatest prophets and philosophers have been telling us to look within, and today our scientific data are supporting that advice with a humiliating finality. The limits of introspective awareness may well be submicroscopic, cellular, molecular and even nuclear. We only see, after all, what we are trained and predisposed to see. One of our current research projects involves teaching subjects to recognize internal physical processes much as we train a beginning biology student to recognize events viewed through his microscope.

No matter how parsimonious our explanations, we must accept the fact that LSD subjects do claim to experience revelations into the basic questions and do attribute life change to their visions.

We are, of course, at the very beginning of our research into these implications. A new experiential language and perhaps even new metaphors for the great plan will develop. We have been working on this project for the past six years, writing manuals which train subjects to recognize energy processes, teaching subjects to communicate via a machine we call the experiential typewriter and with movies of microbiological processes. And we have continued to pose the questions to religious and philosophic groups: What do you think? Are these biochemical visions religious?

Before you answer, remember that God (however you define the higher power) produced that wonderful molecule, that extraordinarily powerful organic substance we call LSD, just as surely as He created the rose, or the sun, or the complex cluster of molecules you insist on calling your “self.”

Professional Priests and Theologians Avoid the Religious Experience

Among the many harassing complications of our research into religious experience has been the fact that few people, even some theological professionals, have much conception of what a religious experience really is. Few have any idea how the divine process presents itself. If asked, they tend to become embarrassed, intellectual, evasive. The adored cartoonists of the Renaissance portray the ultimate power as a dove, or a flaming bush, or as a man—venerable, with a white beard, or on a cross, or as a baby, or a sage seated in the full lotus position. Are these not limiting incarnations, temporary housings, of the great energy process?

In the fall of 1962, a minister and his wife, as part of a courageous and dedicated pursuit of illumination, took a psychedelic biochemical called dimethyltryptamine. This wondrous alkaloid (which closely approximates serotonin, the natural “lubricant” of our higher nervous system) produces an intense psychedelic effect. In twenty-five minutes (about the duration of the average sermon) you are whirled through the energy dance, the cosmic process, at the highest psychedelic speed. The twenty-five minutes are sensed as lasting for a second and for a billion-year Kalpa. After the session, the minister complained that the experience, although shattering and revelatory, was disappointing because it was “content-free”—so physical, so unfamiliar, so scientific, like being beamed through microscopic panoramas, like being oscillated through cellular functions at radar acceleration. Well, what do you expect? If God were to take you on a visit through His “workshop,” do you think you’d walk or go by bus? Do you really think it would be a stroll through a celestial Madame Tussaud waxworks? Dear friends, the *divine product* is evident in every macroscopic form, in every secular event. The divine product we can see. But the *divine process* operates in time dimensions which are far beyond our routine, secular, space-time limits. Wave vibrations,

energy dance, cellular transactions. Our science describes this logically. Our brains may be capable of dealing with these processes experientially.

So here we are. The great process has placed in our hands a key to this direct visionary world. Is it hard for us to accept that the key might be an organic molecule and not a new myth or a new word?

The Politics of Revelation

And where do we go? There are in the United States today several million persons who have experienced what I have attempted to describe—a psychedelic, religious revelation. There are, I would estimate, several million equally thoughtful people who have heard the joyous tidings and who are waiting patiently but determinedly for the prohibition to end.

There is, of course, the expected opposition. The classic conflict of the religious drama—always changing, always the same. The doctrine (which was originally someone's experience) now threatened by the *new* experience. This time the administrators have assigned the inquisitorial role to the psychiatrists, whose proprietary claims to a revealed understanding of the mind and whose antagonism to consciousness expansion are well known to you.

The clamor over psychedelic drugs is now reaching full crescendo. You have heard rumors and you have read the press assaults and the slick-magazine attacks-by-innuendo. As sophisticated adults, you have perhaps begun to wonder: why the hysterical outcry? As scientists, you are beginning to ask: where is the evidence? As educated men with an eye for history, you are, I trust, beginning to suspect that we've been through this many times before.

In the current hassle over psychedelic plants and drugs, you are witnessing a good, old-fashioned, traditional, religious controversy. On the one side the psychedelic visionaries, somewhat uncertain about the validity of their revelations, embarrassedly speaking in new tongues (there never is, you know, the satisfac-

tion of a sound, right academic language for the new vision of the divine), harassed by the knowledge of their own human frailty, surrounded by the inevitable legion of eccentric would-be followers looking for a new panacea, always in grave doubt about their own motivation—hero? martyr? crank? crackpot?—always on the verge of losing their material achievements—job, reputation, long-suffering wife, conventional friends, parental approval—always under the fire of the power holders. And on the other side the establishment (the administrators, the police, the fund-granting foundations, the job givers) pronouncing their familiar lines in the drama: “Danger! Madness! Unsound! Intellectual corruption of youth! Irreparable damage! Cultism!” The issue of chemical expansion of consciousness is hard upon us. During the last few years, every avenue of propaganda has barraged you with the arguments. You can hardly escape it. You are going to be pressed for a position. Internal freedom is becoming a major religious and civil rights controversy.

How can you decide? How can you judge? Well, it’s really quite simple. Whenever you hear anyone sounding off on internal freedom and consciousness-expanding foods and drugs—whether pro or con—check out these questions:

1. Is your expert talking from direct experience, or simply repeating clichés? Theologians and intellectuals often deprecate “experience” in favor of fact and concept. This classic debate is falsely labeled. Most often it becomes a case of “experience” versus “inexperience.”

2. Do his words spring from a spiritual or from a mundane point of view? Is he motivated by a dedicated quest for answers to basic questions, or is he protecting his own social-psychological position, his own game investment? Is he struggling toward sainthood, or is he maintaining his status as a hard-boiled scientist or hard-boiled cop?

3. How would his argument sound if it were heard in a different culture (for example, in an African jungle hut, a *ghat* on the Ganges, or on another planet inhabited by a form of life superior to ours) or in a different time (for example, in Periclean Athens, or in a Tibetan monastery, or in a bull session led

by any one of the great religious leaders—founders—messiahs)? Or how would it sound to other species of life on our planet today—to the dolphins, to the consciousness of a redwood tree? In other words, try to break out of your usual tribal game set and listen with the ears of another one of God's creatures.

4. How would the debate sound to you if you were fatally diseased with a week to live, and thus less committed to mundane issues? Our research group receives many requests a week for consciousness-expanding experiences, and some of these come from terminal patients.¹³

5. Is the point of view one which opens up or closes down? Are you being urged to explore, experience, gamble out of spiritual faith, join someone who shares your cosmic ignorance on a collaborative voyage of discovery? Or are you being pressured to close off, protect your gains, play it safe, accept the authoritative voice of someone who knows best?

6. When we speak, we say little about the subject matter and disclose mainly the state of our own mind. Does your psychedelic expert use terms which are positive, pro-life, spiritual, inspiring, opening, based on faith in the future, faith in your potential, or does he betray a mind obsessed by danger, material concern, by imaginary terrors, administrative caution or essential distrust in your potential? Dear friends, there is nothing in life to fear; no spiritual game can be lost.

7. If he is against what he calls "artificial methods of illumination," ask him what constitutes the natural. Words? Rituals? Tribal customs? Alkaloids? Psychedelic vegetables?

8. If he is against biochemical assistance, where does he draw the line? Does he use nicotine? alcohol? penicillin? vitamins? conventional sacramental substances?

9. If your advisor is against LSD, what is he for? If he forbids you the psychedelic key to revelation, what does he offer you instead?

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*What to Do When the Vietcong Drop LSD in Our Water Supply**

Psychiatric Panic

An article by Dr. E. James Lieberman entitled "Psycho-Chemicals as Weapons," published in the January 1962 *Bulletin of Atomic Science*, could lead to serious confusion in the minds of a credulous public and a credulous military. The author seems to be moved by admirable democratic sentiments, but he has mixed together an astonishing combination of psychiatric folklore and chemical warfare fantasy. The results are misleading.

The so-called psychotropic weapons deplored in this article are lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), mescaline (the synthetic of the "divine peyote cactus"), and psilocybin (the synthetic of the sacred mushroom of Mexico). The author, a psychiatrist, warns that "catastrophic damage that would be neither reversible nor humane" might follow the ingestion of these drugs.

Dr. Lieberman has presented one of the many sharply divergent viewpoints about the interpretation and application of these drugs. Many psychiatrists believe that LSD, mescaline and psilocybin produce psychiatric symptoms—anxiety, depression, detachment, confusion, suspicion, psychosis. Many other investigators have come to the conclusion that these symptoms exist

* This article was written with the help of George Litwin, Michael Hollingshead, Gunther Weil and Richard Alpert, and was first published in the *Bulletin of Atomic Science*, May 1962.

mainly in the mind and eye of the psychiatrist and that consciousness-expanding chemicals, far from being dangerous weapons, may produce dramatic changes in personality leading to unprecedented peace, sanity and happiness.

Perhaps it depends on what you are trained to look for. Most psychiatrists who have experimented with such consciousness-affecting drugs report danger. Most nonpsychiatrists see these drugs as great benefactors of mankind. Included in the latter group are Albert Hoffman, the brilliant biochemist who first synthesized LSD and psilocybin; Alan Watts, author and philosopher; Robert S. de Ropp, biochemist; Aldous Huxley, novelist and philosopher; and the great American psychologist and philosopher William James. Also included among those who hail the humanistic promise of consciousness-expanding drugs are a few psychiatrists who have seen beyond psychopathology to the adaptive potential of the human brain.

What Are Psychedelic Drugs?

So much for the controversial. Research and not words will resolve these issues. But let us look next at the secure knowledge which exists concerning mescaline, LSD, and psilocybin. What are these substances? Sacramental foods? Devilish weapons? Wonder medicines? It is easier to say what they are not. They are not addictive, nor sedative, nor intoxicating. There is no evidence for any lasting and very few transient physical effects. Everyone agrees on one factor—they dramatically alter consciousness and expand awareness.

There is a second generally shared conclusion. Set and suggestibility, expectation and emotional atmosphere account for almost all of the specificity of reaction. If the drug giver is supportive, open, relaxed, then the results will usually be positive, educational, dramatically insightful. If, on the other hand, the drug giver is secretive, depersonalized, himself fearful of the drug, then the reactions will probably be anxious and unpleasant.

As members of a research project studying the effects and application of consciousness-expanding drugs, we have had the opportunity of observing the behavioral and phenomenological reactions of thousands of subjects. A glance at some of our results suggests that the military applications of consciousness-expanding drugs may be limited. To date, 91 percent of the Americans who have participated in our research report pleasant, inspirational experiences. Even with no attempt to be therapeutic and with only one ingestion, over 60 percent of our subjects report subsequent life changes for the better.

During 1962-63 we used these drugs for rehabilitation purposes in a maximum-security prison. During more than 100 individual ingestions by hardened criminals, we witnessed dramatic insight and behavior-change reactions.

Beware Fear and Ignorance

Like any product of our advanced technology, the consciousness-expanding drugs can be used to manipulate, dominate, frighten or benefit mankind. A hypodermic syringe of LSD or Salk vaccine in the hands of an enemy can become a frightening weapon. However, the greatest enemies of mankind are ignorance and fear. In the hands of the unfriendly, these weapons can paralyze and destroy.

What are the protections? Accurate information openly shared and calm, courageous response to the evidence. Psychiatrists and physicians on whom Dr. Lieberman calls for rescue from danger, perhaps imaginary, can help to the extent they are collaborative, open, fearless with their fellow men. If the American people are frightened by psychopathological obsessions and psychiatric superstitions and ill-kept chemical warfare secrets, they can be hurt. We are least vulnerable and strongest when we are well-informed. Facts are the defense against any weapon, and particularly the psychological weapons of fear and helplessness.

Be Prepared

The facts about consciousness-expanding substances are not all in yet, but some things are clear. Physiologically these substances act mainly on the brain stem, disinhibiting certain regulating, selecting, screening and controlling mechanisms that constantly guide our perception and thinking. The higher, conscious centers are free temporarily from these artificial restrictions. Behaviorally the main effect of these substances is relaxation. Most of our subjects are very happy just to sit and enjoy the world. There is much less talking, much less superficial movement or conversation. Let us be clear; almost all of our subjects could function very adequately if called on. They choose to relax. Psychologically these amazing substances expand your awareness, open your mind. The kaleidoscopic and complex world that has always been there, the powerful sensations from every part of your body and the unusual connections of thoughts and feelings that are normally ignored come dramatically into consciousness.

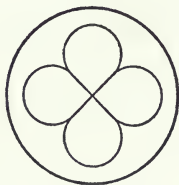
Of course these experiences can be frightening. If you are not prepared, if you do not know what is happening to you and your brain, if you are struggling to maintain complete verbal control over your senses and your awareness, you will certainly be frightened. But if you are prepared, if you know what kind of a chemical you have taken and what to expect (which most subjects participating in psychiatric research with these substances do not), if you do relax, then the experience can be wonderful, enlightening, and life-changing. If an enemy drops LSD in the water supply and if you are accurately informed and prepared, then you have two choices. If you have the time and inclination, you should sit back and enjoy the most exciting educational experience of your life (you might be forever grateful to the saboteur). If you don't have the time or inclination for this pleasant and insightful experience, then swallow a tranquilizer, and you'll be back to the prosaic reality. Tomorrow

the drugs and the counterdrugs may be different, but the prescription is the same.

Turn On the Pentagon

If an enemy introduced a consciousness-expanding drug into a military command center, our leaders—if they are accurately informed and experienced about the potentials of expanded awareness—might find that men in certain key positions could function better. In fact, we must assume that these substances are now being used by our space agency for the preparation of astronauts, who will certainly undergo altered states of consciousness in space exploration.

Your brain is your own. Intelligent, open collaboration can expand your mind—with words and with drugs. Only ignorance and misinformation can allow someone else to control it—with their own words or with their drugs or with their imaginary fears.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

*The Fifth Freedom— The Right to Get High**

Expansion and Contraction Is the Rhythm of the Universe

The tension between the flowing process and the fixed structure. Let go! Pull back! Let go! Pull back!

Inorganic processes: The expanding gaseous cloud whirls into temporary patterned structures. The structures always changing, hurtling toward eventual entropy. Let go. Pull back.

Organic processes: Watery, electro-biochemical globules cluster into cells. Cells cluster into temporary hardened forms (vegetative or animal), themselves always changing, eventually returning to the entropic. Let go. Pull back.

Social processes: The free, expansive vision is molded into the institutional. Hardly has the institutional mortar set before there is a new cortical upheaval, an explosive, often ecstatic or prophetic revelation. The prophet is promptly jailed. A hundred years later his followers are jailing the next visionary.

The Ancient Game: Visionary vs. Cop

One is led naïvely to exclaim: Will man never learn the lesson of cyclical process? Must we continue to jail, execute, exile our ecstatic visionaries and then enshrine them as tomorrow's heroes?

* Written with the help of my friend Richard Alpert and first published in the *Harvard Review*, Vol. I, No. 4, Summer 1963.

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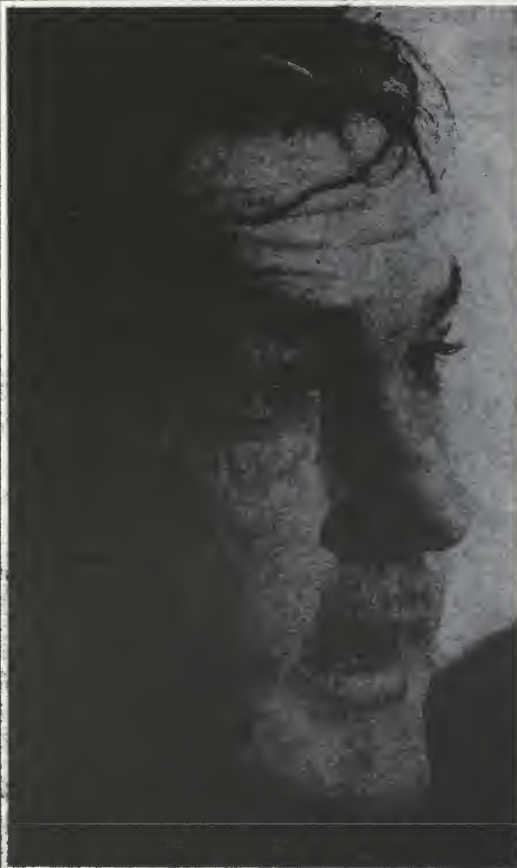
HARVARD REPORTS

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The Politics and Ethics of Ecstasy

by Timothy Leary Ph.D.



The unsupervised, indiscriminate use of psychedelic drugs for kicks is dangerous. Disciplined, scientific efforts to study them hold vast promise. Many disagree with Timothy Leary, but his opinions grow out of one of the most extensive explorations ever made into the world of expanded consciousness. From this background he reports what these drugs do and predicts what their impact will be on our laws and morals.

In the past, men fought over symbols—the cross or the crescent, or which version of the Bible you used. Issues such as these led to imprisonment, and even to death.

Today, in the molecular age, the issue is not what books you read, or which symbols you use, but which chemicals are part of your life and your growth.

Life magazine recently told us that there are a million doses of LSD being used this year in the United States. It is estimated that between three and ten million Americans have used other psychedelic substances, such as marijuana, peyote, mescaline. But then there are the followers of other chemical yogas. Think of the millions—the many millions—of Americans who rely upon tranquilizers to guide them through the perilous journey of each day of life. Think of the millions and millions of Americans who use energizers and pep pills. Think of the close to one hundred million Americans who use our favorite psycho-chemical, alcohol, and those who are addicted to nicotine. Think, too, of that small handful of perhaps one hundred thousand people who escape from the turmoil and pain of life with the opiates—the heroin addicts.

As we move into the psycho-chemical age of man, we have to recognize at the outset that things are out of control. *Life* refers to "The exploding threat of the mind drug that got out of control." And they are right!

None of us know what we are doing—with the chemicals that we put in our body to change our consciousness; to contract our consciousness; to expand our awareness; to move us faster or slower through the sequences of behavior which we follow every day.

There is much talk about danger. This

Speech delivered at Town Hall, New York City

CAVALIER, JULY 1966

"The Politics and Ethics of Ecstasy" speech at New York's Town Hall was published in *Cavalier* (July 1966).

Naïve questions, which fail to appreciate the necessary tension of the expansion-contraction play. Membrane contracts. Life force bursts membrane. Establishment controls vision. Vision bursts establishment. Let go. Pull back.

The expansion process in physics and biology is described in evolutionary terms. Let go.

The expansion process in human affairs is defined in terms of the word "freedom." Let go.

We measure social evolution in terms of increased freedom—external or internal. Freedom to step out of the tribal game and move to construct a new social form. Freedom to move in space. Freedom to experience. Freedom to explore. Freedom to get high. Freedom to let go.

The Hippy vs. Square Quarrel Is a Bore

Society needs conscientious, dogmatic priest-scholars to provide structure—the intellectual muscle, bone and skin to keep things together. The university is the establishment's apparatus for training consciousness contractors. The intellectual ministry of defense. Defense against vision. This statement is not pejorative but a fact about evolutionary function. We need stability. But we need expansion, too. We need the far-out visionary as well as the up-tight academic council which sits in learned judgment on Socrates, Galileo, Bacon, Columbus, Thoreau. The protagonists in these dramas are neither good nor evil. No villains, no heroes. They just are. What will be the next step in biological and social evolution? Here are two clues. (1) You are more likely to find the evolutionary agents closer to jail than to the professor's chair. (2) Look to that social freedom most abused, most magically, irrationally feared by society. Exactly that freedom which *you*, the intellectual, the liberal, would deny to others. Good. Now you are getting close.

The administration always recognizes intuitively the next evolutionary step that will leave it behind. To cast this drama in terms of saints and Pharisees is entertaining, but outmoded.

The drama is genetic. Neurophysiological.

So spare us, please, the adolescent heroics of Beethoven and Shakespeare.

The Next Lunge Forward

Where, then, will the next evolutionary step occur? Within the human cortex. We *know*, yes we *know*, that science has produced methods for dramatically altering and expanding human awareness and potentialities. The uncharted realm lies behind your own forehead. Internal geography. Internal politics. Internal control. Internal freedom.

The nervous system can be changed, integrated, recircuited, expanded in its function. These possibilities naturally threaten every branch of the establishment. The dangers of external change appear to frighten us less than the peril of internal change. LSD is more frightening than the bomb!

We are, in a real sense, prisoners of the cognitive concepts and intellectual strategies which are passed on from generation to generation. The cognitive continuity of history. And the stuff of it is words. Our current reliance upon substantive and "closing-off" concepts will be the amused wonder of coming generations. We must entertain nonverbal methods of communication if we are to free our nervous system from the tyranny of the stifling simplicity of words.

Cortical Vitamins

Biochemical methods of increasing cortical efficiency. Biochemicals in the human body, in plants, and in drugs. There exist in nature hundreds of botanical species with psychedelic ("mind-opening") powers. There exists around the indole circle a wide variety of psychedelic compounds. Cortical vitamins.

The existence of these substances has been known for thousands of years but has been maintained as a well-guarded secret. The scarcity of botanical supply. Today the mind-opening substances (e.g., mescaline, LSD, psilocybin) are available for the

first time in limitless, mass-produced quantities. What a threat! What a challenge! What a widespread menace!

The danger, of course, is not physical. As of 1968 there was no evidence that LSD causes pathological changes in the brain, the body, or the genetic material. The anti-LSD warnings of American scientists are out-and-out hoax. Government science, like Hitler's race experiments and Soviet genetics.

Turn On or Bail Out

The danger of LSD is not physical or psychological, but social-political. Make no mistake: the effect of consciousness-expanding drugs will be to transform our concepts of human nature, human potentialities, existence. The game is about to be changed, ladies and gentlemen. Man is about to make use of that fabulous electrical network he carries around in his skull. Present social establishments had better be prepared for the change. Our favorite concepts are standing in the way of a flood tide 2 billion years building up. The verbal dam is collapsing. Head for the hills, or prepare your intellectual craft to flow with the current.

The Visionary Automobile

Let's try a metaphor. The social situation in respect to psychedelic drugs is very similar to that faced 60 years ago by those crackpot visionaries who were playing around with the horseless carriage. Of course the automobile is external child's play compared to the unleashing of cortical energy, but the social dilemma is similar.

The claim was made in 1900 that the motor carriage, accelerated to speeds several times that of the horse-drawn vehicle, would revolutionize society. Impossible to conceptualize because in 1900 we possessed no concepts for these possibilities. First of all, we object to the dangers: high speeds will snap nervous minds, gas fumes are fatal, the noise will prevent cows

from giving milk, horses will run away, criminals will exploit the automobile.

Then the puritanical objection: people will use cars for pleasure, for kicks.

Then we question the utility: what can we do with speedy carriages? There are no men to repair them. There are no roads, few bridges. There are no skilled operators. The supply of fuel is small. Who will sell you gas?

Then we raise the problem of control: who should be allowed to own and operate these powerful and dangerous instruments? Perhaps they should be restricted to the government elite, to the military, to the medical profession.

But why do we want cars, anyway? What is wrong with the good old buggy? What will happen to coachmen, blacksmiths, carriage makers?

The automotive visionary of 1900 could have pointed out that his skeptical opponent had no concepts, no social structures to implement these possibilities. Remember, if one talks about experiences and prospects for which the listener has no concepts, then he is defined (at best) as a mystic. Our automotive mystic sixty years ago would have asserted the need for a new language, new social forms, and would have predicted that our largest national industry would inevitably develop out of this vision.

Can you imagine a language without such words as *convertible*, *tudor sedan*, *General Motors*, *U.A.W.*, *Standard Oil*, *super-highway*, *parking ticket*, *traffic court*? These most commonplace terms in our present culture were mystical images three generations ago.

Who Controls the Instruments of Freedom?

In totalitarian states the use and control of instruments for external freedom—the automobile, the private airplane—are reserved for the government bureaucracy and the professional elite. Even in democracies the traditional means for expanding or contracting consciousness (internal freedom), such as the

printing press, radio transmitter, motion picture, are restricted by law and remain under government control.

Now consider psychedelic drugs. No language to describe the experience. No trained operators to guide the trip. Lots of blacksmiths whose monopoly is threatened. A few people who do see an inevitable development of a new language, a transfiguration of every one of our social forms. And these few, of course, the ones who have taken the internal voyage.

It is possible that in 20 years our psychological and experiential language (pitifully small in English) will have multiplied to cover realms of experience and forms of thinking now unknown. In 20 years every social institution will have been transformed by the new insights provided by consciousness-expanding experiences. Many new social institutions will have developed to handle the expressions of the potentiated nervous system.

The Fifth Freedom

The political issue involves control: "automobile" means that the free citizen moves *his* own car in external space. Internal automobile. Auto-administration. The freedom and control of one's experiential machinery. Licensing will be necessary. You must be trained to operate. You must demonstrate your proficiency to handle consciousness-expanding drugs without danger to yourself or the public. The fifth freedom—the freedom to expand your own consciousness—cannot be denied without due cause.

A final hint to those who have ears to hear. The open cortex produces an ecstatic state. The nervous system operating free of learned abstraction is a completely adequate, completely efficient, ecstatic organ. To deny this is to rank man's learned concepts above 2 billion years' endowment. An irreverent act. Trust your inherent machinery. Be entertained by the social game you play. Remember, man's natural state is ecstatic wonder, ecstatic intuition, ecstatic, accurate movement. Don't settle for less.

*Ecstasy Attacked— Ecstasy Defended**

A Dastardly Attack on Ecstasy

In the September 1963 issue of *Esquire*, an article entitled "Getting Alienated with the Right Crowd at Harvard" carried a vigorous attack on ex-Harvard teachers Dr. Richard Alpert and Dr. Timothy Leary and the International Federation for Internal Freedom (IFIF). The author, Martin Mayer, leveled the following charges:

1. Leary and Alpert are like....."laxative salesmen"
2. Leary and Alpert are....."promoting drug consumption"
3. Leary and Alpert have formed....."a drug cult"
4. Leary and Alpert promote....."the symptoms of psychosis"
5. Leary and Alpert promote....."pathologies"
6. Leary and Alpert promote....."brain damage by accident"
7. Leary and Alpert promote....."brains damaged by the surgeon's knife"
8. Leary and Alpert are....."promoting drug consumption"

* An abridged version of this chapter was published in *Esquire*, November 1963. Ralph Metzner and Richard Alpert helped with it.

HISTORY of the



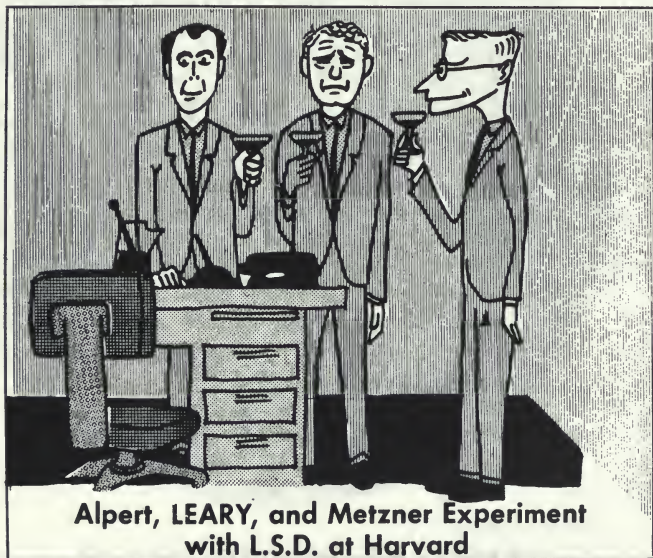
PSYCHEDELIC



MOON

\$2.00

CARTOON AND COLORING BOOK

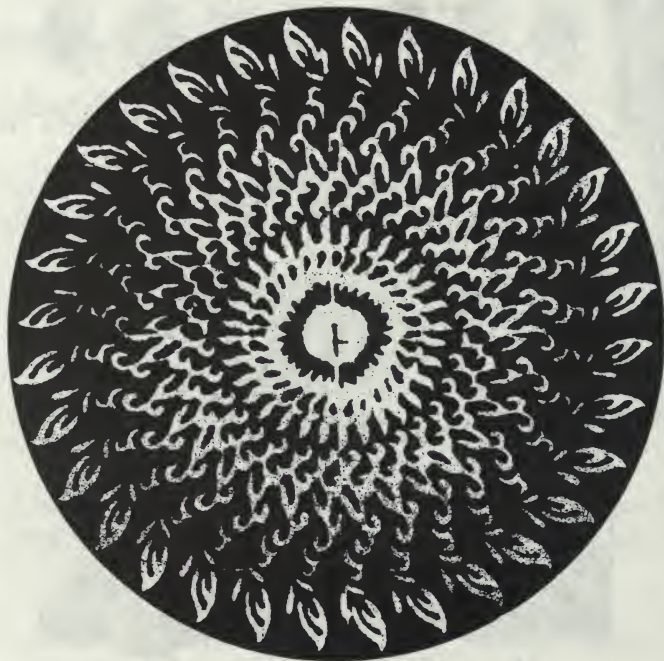


INCLUDING A REVIEW OF THE *Neo-American*
Church Catechism by Tim Leary

Front cover of Art Klep's satire on three leaders of the
Psychedelic Movement (1964).

PSYCHEDELIC SESSIONS

TIMOTHY LEARY & RALPH METZNER



FALL AND WINTER 1965/66

IN

NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH,
CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, DETROIT, CHICAGO

"Psychedelic Sessions" Flyer announcing Leary and
Metzner's Psychedelic Sessions (1965-66).

9. Leary and Alpert are forming a "drug cult"
10. Leary and Alpert are fostering "pathologies"
11. Leary and Alpert are promoting a . . . "drug-induced psychosis"
12. Leary and Alpert are claiming the . . . "universal failure of psychologists"
13. Leary and Alpert are having "a whale of a time"
14. Leary and Alpert are causing "a terrifyingly bad time"
15. Leary and Alpert's experiments are . . . "utterly valueless"
16. Leary and Alpert are "experimenters . . . who . . . got hooked on drugs"
17. Leary and Alpert are promoting "hallucination"
18. Leary and Alpert are promoting a . . . "deathlike state"
19. Leary and Alpert were "AWOL from classes"
20. Leary and Alpert are encouraging . . . "popular misconceptions about marijuana"
21. Leary and Alpert are the "despair of . . . their . . . neighbors"
22. Leary and Alpert's "neighbors . . . have . . . gone to court to get rid of them"
23. Leary and Alpert adopt an "apparent intellectual respectability"
24. Leary and Alpert live in a "spiritual Disneyland"
25. Leary and Alpert opened "a psilocybin dram bin"
26. Leary and Alpert will get the "boom lowered on them"

27. Leary and Alpert are like.....“fanatic
Communists”
28. Leary and Alpert are like.....“overexuberant
Catholic converts”
29. Leary and Alpert advocate the.....“unrestrained
civilian use of
drugs”
30. Leary and Alpert are.....“very casual”
31. Leary and Alpert suffer from.....“delusions of
grandeur”
32. Leary and Alpert gave their.....“reluctant pledge
not to use under-
graduates”
33. Leary and Alpert are.....“socially with-
drawn”
34. Leary and Alpert are.....“insensitive”
35. Leary and Alpert are.....“impulsive”
36. Leary and Alpert have an.....“unrealistic sense of
omniscience”
37. Leary and Alpert are.....“psychosis
peddling”
38. Leary and Alpert are.....“immoral”
39. Leary and Alpert.....“seem likely to
wind up in places
where they can be
closely observed”
40. Leary and Alpert.....“can turn them-
selves on at will”
41. Leary and Alpert deny that.....“psilocybin may do
semipermanent
physiological
damage”
42. Leary and Alpert fail to realize that LSD “may be more
dangerous than the
more obviously
addicting drugs”

43. Leary and Alpert argue.....“that man can become truly free only by handing over his cortex to a drug company”
44. Leary and Alpert are.....“promoting mind-distorting drugs”
45. Leary and Alpert encourage people to play.....“Russian roulette”
46. Leary and Alpert demonstrate that....“if you take drugs, you are in no condition to judge them”
47. Leary and Alpert act like.....“holy rollers”
48. Leary and Alpert have become.....“extremely irrational”
49. Leary and Alpert have become.....“conspiratorial”
50. Leary and Alpert.....“deny relevance to all who do not share the faith”
51. Leary and Alpert insist that non-drug takers“are damned”
52. Leary and Alpert have developed a....“capacity for concealment”
53. Leary and Alpert are.....“rivals for title of world’s worst bores”
54. Leary and Alpert are.....“astonishingly flamboyant”
55. Leary and Alpert.....“destroyed their cause”
56. Leary and Alpert.....“will end up like group (s) who had police clubs bounced off their heads to chase them out”

This multicount indictment was apparently based on an interview with Professor David McClelland, chairman of Harvard's department of social relations. Professor McClelland is a sincere, honorable man not ordinarily given to slandering and abusing his friends and his intellectual rivals in the popular press. The customary outlets for scientific and scholarly differences of opinion are professional journals, whose rules of evidence and reliance on empirical data are generally adhered to. Professor McClelland has indicated that he regrets this interview and the malicious twist it was given by Martin Mayer.

Cause for Alarm?

Mr. Martin Mayer is alarmed. Maybe he should be. These are scary times. The dangers and potentials of man's increasing ability to release and use external energy, electronic-atomic, are familiar to us all. But the fact that we now possess (in the drugs LSD, psilocybin and mescaline) simple and sure means of drastically altering man's *internal* situation, of releasing powerful neurological energy, is even more awesome.

Blow the Eight Million Minds of New York City

And changing man's consciousness is exactly what can now be done. The only aspect of the LSD controversy about which all parties do agree is that the new consciousness-expanding drugs are powerful. A standard "dose" of LSD is one hundred millionths of a gram. One pound of LSD could therefore blow the minds of the entire population of New York City.

Because of the importance of the issue, it is certainly valuable to have critical appraisals of what scientists are doing with these extraordinary mind-changing chemicals. Martin Mayer's article, if nothing else, is useful testimony that partisanship on these matters can become "furious" and "irrational" and "flamboyant," to use three of his favorite epithets. But such an extreme presentation as Mr. Mayer's should be in the form of a dialogue. It would be unfortunate if *Esquire* readers were not acquainted

with the evidence and the opinions of that sizable group of scientists, scholars, religious leaders who have been led to different conclusions.

Who Are We?

Rather than litigate the more than 50 libelous and defamatory implications of the McClelland-Mayer story one by one, we prefer to present a list of statistics and quotations from published scientific documents which may explain why we happily left Harvard and why over 200 scientists and scholars are risking professional ostracism in order to continue research on the nonpsychiatric implications of consciousness-expanding foods and drugs.

We Are Industrious and Very Respectable

First of all, what is IFIF? IFIF is the independent research foundation started when Alpert and I left Harvard in 1963. The group who selected this wry double conditional for their title is composed of over 1,000 respectable Americans, mostly psychologists, ministers, academics, creative artists who want to conduct research in the potentialities of their own nervous systems by means of psychedelic foods and drugs. There are more than 200 doctors of psychology and medicine among the members. Mr. Mayer suggests that our group is in danger of "winding up in places where they will be closely observed." He need not worry. The first board of directors of IFIF consisted of 5 Harvard psychologists, a Harvard psychopharmacologist, 3 doctors of philosophy with additional theological degrees, and a professor at a well-known theological seminary. The scientific and scholarly output of this group is well recognized in the academic community. They have published dozens of books and well over a hundred articles in psychological and philosophical journals. Of the original IFIF board 6 have received Harvard doctorates, 2 have doctorates from Berkeley, 1 from Stanford, and the 10th, a doctorate of divinity.

What Have We Been Doing?

The stated purpose of IFIF was "to encourage support and protect research on psychedelic substances . . . and to take responsibility for serious studies in this area." To implement these goals, IFIF formed a number of research groups and projects all over the country which were ready to embark on systematic studies of consciousness expansion (until the federal government banned the drug). We started and have maintained for four years the only scholarly-scientific journal in the field—the *Psychedelic Review*. Experimental transcendental communities were established in Mexico, in Massachusetts and in Millbrook, New York, to apply psychedelic experiences to new forms of social living. New methods for recording and charting experiences of altered consciousness have been developed.

We have used every form of communication to turn on the American people to the love-joy within. We have made movies, cut records, chattered and chanted on TV, rapped on the radio, preached, done vaudeville routines, published prayer books, manuals, scientific articles. We have taught those who would listen what we have learned about ecstatic methods—incense, candles, flowers, bells, beads, yoga, meditation, Sufi dancing, shrines in the home, kinetic multichannel art, Hesse, Tolkein, Bosch, acid-rock, Hinduism, mantras, mudras, Tantra, psychedelic mating, leaving the city, avoiding plastic, walking barefoot and laughing-eyed, chanting love-seed delight.

While several million Americans listened to our message, the people who run the spaceship have cried with one swelling metal voice—ecstasy is bad, ecstasy is escape, ecstasy is dangerous!

Why?

The Ancient Struggle of the Metal Men against the Flower People

History may provide one answer. R. Gordon Wasson, a retired vice-president of Morgan Guaranty Trust and himself a Har-

vard research fellow, has marshaled considerable evidence indicating that the persecution of mind-expanding foods and drugs is not new but indeed began when the first Europeans came to the New World. Three hallucinogenic plants were used by the Indians of Mexico before the conquest: peyote, the sacred mushroom, and ololiuqui. Mr. Wasson refers to "the importance . . . attributed to these plants, and the strangely moving episodes that . . . tell of the Indians' utter faith and defense of them. . . . The civilization of Europe had known nothing like these novel drugs of Mexico, at least not in recorded history. Similar miraculous powers were attributed in a way to the elements in the mass; and the Catholic Church . . . was quick to perceive this, to it, alarming parallel. But belief in the divinity of the Sacrament called for an act of faith, whereas the Mexican plants spoke for themselves. In a number of situations the record is clear: the friars conceded the miracle wrought by these agents but attributed them to the machinations of the Evil One." Fear and smear of psychedelic drugs is far from new.

In speaking of the hallucinogenic morning glory seeds known as ololiuqui, Wasson says, "Throughout these references of the Spanish historians there runs a note of somber poignancy as we see two cultures in a duel to the death,—on the one hand, the fanaticism of sincere Churchmen, hotly pursuing with the support of the harsh secular arm what they considered a superstition and an idolatry; on the other, the tenacity and wile of the Indians defending their cherished ololiuqui."

The active ingredients of the three plants which Wasson describes in these passages have now been synthesized by chemists and called mescaline (peyote), psilocybin (the sacred mushroom), and LSD (ololiuqui). It is these three drugs which have stirred up the current verbal and legal debate.

Prohibition Is Superstitious

Now listen to the modern voice of Alan Watts, distinguished philosopher and onetime Harvard research associate, speaking of the same three drugs: "The grounds for any possible suppression of these medicines are almost entirely superstitious. There

is no evidence for their being as deleterious as alcohol or tobacco, nor, indeed, for their being harmful in any way except when used in improper circumstances, or perhaps with psychotic subjects. They are considerably less dangerous than many of the ordinary contents of the family medicine cupboard or kitchen closet. As instruments of power and inquiry they do not even begin to be as risky as X rays, and as threats to mental health they can hardly match the daily drivel assailing our thoughts through radio, television, and the newspaper."

*No critic of LSD—journalistic or psychiatric—has yet cited a convincing statistic or made reference to a published scientific study demonstrating danger, and yet the hysteria over these drugs mounts and the "harsh secular arm" of the government and the medical associations cracks down.** The *Medical Tribune*, in an editorial on March 18, 1963, reported that these drugs "have been demonstrated to be physically safe," and then on June 17, 1963, reliable sources told the *Medical Tribune* that "district branches of the American Psychiatric Association are seriously contemplating disciplinary action against certain of their members who had developed large 'LSD practices.'"

The Trip Can Take You Anywhere

One reason for the struggle over the interpretation and use of these drugs is the wide variation in their effect. Chemicals like LSD cause no specific response beyond their general tendency to speed up and drastically expand awareness. The specific effect is almost entirely due to the preparations for the session and the surroundings—the set and the setting. In this respect, the person's reaction to his initial LSD session is much like his first reaction to his first sexual experience. If he is psychologically prepared and if the setting is voluntary and pleasant, then a whole new world of experience opens up. But if the initial

* These lines were written on July 1, 1968. The government has paid for, promoted and widely publicized three or four anti-LSD experiments (subsequently disproved) and then openly claimed credit for "scaring" young people away from the sacrament. Deliberate hoax.

experience occurs with inadequate preparation or fearful expectation and if the experience is involuntary and the setting impersonal, then a most distasteful reaction is inevitable. Psychiatrists have regularly given LSD to research subjects in circumstances where they did not know what was going to happen (double-blind experimentation) and where the surroundings were bleak, clinical, public, and anxiety-provoking. Such a procedure, even in the guise of science, is nothing short of psychological rape, and it is exactly this sort of impersonal laboratory experimentation which has given LSD a bad name in medical circles.

So much for the so-called dangers. What of the benefits and applications? Dr. Sanford M. Unger, a government research psychologist, has written a review entitled "Mescaline, LSD, Psilocybin, and the Issue of Rapid Personality Change." Doctor Unger is witty, skeptical, but thorough. He has prepared an annotated bibliography of 52 psychiatric studies which document the curative powers of these drugs. Let us take a brief look at some of the areas in which LSD has been found to be of help.

1. *Alcoholics*. Several independent studies in Canada have found that 50 to 60 percent of alcoholics given one session with LSD stay "dry" for follow-up periods from 6 months to 1 year. In 1961 LSD treatment was designated as the officially recognized method for curing alcoholism in the province of Saskatchewan and was considered "no longer experimental."

2. *Neurotics*. Savage reports that of 96 patients who had undergone one intense, well-prepared LSD session, 85 percent claimed lasting benefit; 78 percent felt it was "the greatest thing that ever happened to me." The reported benefits included "ability to love, to handle hostility, to communicate, greater understanding, improved relations with others, decreased anxiety, increased self-esteem, increased effectiveness in work, and a new way of looking at the world. . . . The data would seem to indicate that the felt benefits tend to become apparent some time after the LSD experience and to be sustained fairly well over at least the first year following."

3. *Criminals.* Leary, in a study of convicts at a Massachusetts state prison, reports that inmates in the treatment program which used psilocybin increased in "responsibility" and "self-control" and decreased in "psychopathy" compared to a control group who had not received the drug. The psilocybin group also had a recidivism rate that was lower by 23 percent than the normally expected rate, which is over 50 percent.

4. *Disturbed Adolescents.* Kenneth Cameron has reported on the successful use of LSD with several disturbed adolescents with whom all other forms of treatment had failed.

5. *Childhood Schizophrenics.* Lauretta Bender, director of research and child psychiatry for the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, has reported at a recent meeting that in three groups of autistic and schizophrenic children, LSD had produced "behavior changes without any of the acute psychotic symptoms observed in adults."

6. *Terminal Cancer Patients.* In a study with 50 advanced-cancer patients, Dr. Eric Kast of the Chicago Medical School has shown that small doses of LSD relieved pain for 32 hours, compared to the 2 or 3 hours' analgesia with traditional pain-killers. "The emotions invested in the sickness are temporarily diverted in otherworldly or 'transcendental' directions. The patients minimize the sense of impending disaster with an effect inappropriate to our Western civilization, but most beneficial to their own psychic states."

Thus there seems little doubt that LSD and other psychedelics have proven useful enough in a large variety of personal disturbances to at least warrant further unprejudiced research. Of course, the efficacy of LSD has not been established by the most rigorous scientific standards; but for that matter, neither has the efficacy of any other form of psychological treatment been so established. There has never been, in the history of medicine, a method applicable to so many conditions, from alcoholism to cancer, which is so rapid and effective in such minute doses.

What about the effects of LSD on "normal" people? In 4 separate studies by different investigators comprising more than 400 subjects, LSD and psilocybin produced experience of last-

ing benefit or change in 64 percent of the subjects and “a pleasant experience” in 73 percent of the subjects.* An average of 80 percent wanted to repeat the experience. Is it not strange that an experience which is regarded with such fear and distrust by those who have not had it is so highly regarded by those who have?

It Makes You Feel So Good

The evidence that LSD produces rapid, even sudden, cures for emotional disorders is threatening enough. Next comes the evidence that the process could be enjoyable, even ecstatic. That something which is “good for you” can also be pleasant is perhaps the most fearful pill of all for a puritan culture to swallow.

In a study by Savage, 85 percent reported “a very pleasant experience” and 81 percent “an experience of great beauty.” Exactly two-thirds of Janiger’s subjects claim “a very pleasant experience”; 70 percent of subjects in a study by Leary describe “wonderful, ecstatic or very pleasant” reactions.

“I cried for joy,” says psychologist Wilson Van Deusen about his LSD session. “I will have enjoyed more living in the latter part of my life than most people ever know,” says Cary Grant in summarizing his LSD results. “A possession by the spirit of wholeness,” says philosopher Gerald Heard. “A repeated flow of beauty to heightened beauty from deeper to ever deeper meaning. Words like ‘grace’ and ‘transfiguration’ came to my mind,” writes Aldous Huxley. “Extraordinary joy overcame me . . . a strong and beautiful feeling of eternity and infinity,” chronicles Beringer, the famous Heidelberg neurologist. “A New Artificial Paradise,” and “A Divine Plant” were the titles of papers by Havelock Ellis describing his mescal experiences.

Now such words as *joy*, *ecstasy*, *grace*, *beauty*, just don’t exist in the psychiatric vocabulary. The poor psychiatrist has been given the sad task of looking for pathology. He’s happiest when he’s found problems and is usually bewildered when he comes

* *Psychodelic Review*, No. 1.

face-to-face with the more meaningful experiences of life. This dilemma is nicely illustrated in a wistful comment by a well-known psychiatrist in the 1955 round table on LSD and mescaline sponsored by the American Psychiatric Association: "I should like to confess that my experience with mescaline was an exceedingly pleasant one. I found myself in my enthusiasm using words like 'mystical' and 'ecstatic,' until I found my colleagues raising their eyebrows at this, and looking at me askance; after which I simply described it as 'very pleasant.'"

LSD Turns You On to God

That LSD produces ecstasy and sudden cure was probably reason enough for its being banned in America, but there was news ahead which increased the medical opposition. Evidence started turning up that psychedelic drugs produced religious experiences. Horrors! In the study by Savage, 90 percent of subjects claimed "a greater awareness of God or a higher power." Studies published by Leary revealed that over two-thirds of a sample of 67 ministers, monks, and rabbis reported the deepest spiritual experience of their lives. And in a double-blind, controlled study run on Good Friday, 1963, in the Boston University Chapel, 9 out of 10 divinity students shakily recounted awesome mystical-religious experiences, and 2 of them promptly quit the ministry! "The drugs make an end run around Christ and go straight to the Holy Spirit," was the paradoxical comment of Theodore Gill, president of San Francisco's Presbyterian Theological Seminary. The words of William James, generally held to be the greatest psychologist America has ever produced, were remembered: "Looking back on my experiences [with nitrous oxide] they all converge toward an insight to which I cannot help ascribing some metaphysical significance."

According to *Time* magazine, "Clerics . . . charge that LSD zealots have become a clique of modern gnostics concerned only with furthering their private search for what they call 'inner freedom.' Others feel that the church should not quickly dismiss

anything that has the power to deepen faith. Dr. W. T. Stace of Princeton, one of the nation's foremost students of mysticism, believes that LSD can change lives for the better. "The fact that the experience was induced by drugs has no bearing on its validity," he says."

Police Clubs Bouncing Off Our Heads

At this point we remember Mr. Wasson's poignant account of the religious struggle between the Indians (who called the Mexican mushroom "God's flesh") and the agents of the Spanish Inquisition. *Esquire's* Martin Mayer may have been saying more than he wished to reveal when he compared IFIF to a group of heretical Catholic converts, to fundamentalist Protestants, and to Christian Scientists in a context insulting to all three religious groups. Mr. Mayer predicted that IFIF will end up like Catholic converts with "police clubs bouncing off their heads"; he may be telling us less about LSD than about the state of *his own* intolerance for any heretical deviation from *his* favored orthodoxies.

We Want to Have Fun and Be Good Scientists, Too

Professor McClelland and Mr. Mayer make a great point of saying that IFIF is no longer a scientific group. The term "science" has apparently become a sacred term forbidden to innovating theorists and methodologists. It is true that we have often dispensed with the rituals of modern psychology. This is not because of naïveté or carelessness but from a thoughtful reconsideration of the philosophy of behavior and consciousness. Again, the popular press is not the place to discuss scholarly differences. Interested readers can find our criticisms and constructive alternatives in the scientific literature, consisting of new methods, forms, instruments and hypotheses designed and used by IFIF experimenters.

The accusation is also made that IFIF is anti-intellectual. It is true that we are most dissatisfied with the intellectual narrow-

ness and naïveté of much of modern psychology and that we have taken as our central task the production of more effective and sophisticated concepts. We are indeed trying most energetically to outmode current theories of human nature as fast as we can. We do not see this as either rebellion or heresy but rather as the traditional goal of the intellectual-scientific game. We also believe that all human activities, including the scientific, are funny.

Have You or Haven't You? That Is the Question

The debate over psychedelic drugs invariably breaks down into two groups: those that have had the experience versus those that have not. As R. Gordon Wasson has pointed out with gentle sarcasm, "We are all divided into two classes: those who have taken the mushroom and are disqualified by the subjective experience, and those who have not taken the mushroom and are disqualified by their total ignorance of the subject." Or as comedian Dave Gardner puts it, "How are you gonna explain anything to anyone who hasn't ever?"

But we seem to need more than the inexperience-experience difference or our American puritanical heritage to explain why the "moral, religious, social" applications of psychedelic drugs can be experienced so freely and humorously in other countries and why such research is shut down in America with the undocumented cries of "morbidity," "mortality," "danger," "immoral."

Get Your Sterile, Surgical Rubber Gloves Off My Soul, Doctor Farnsworth

The political role of medicine and psychiatry may have something to do with this difference. In other countries, physicians and psychiatrists are respected and well-paid members of the professional class. That and nothing more. In the United States these disciplines aspire to and lobby for a position of political and moral monopoly which is beyond criticism or debate. Dr. Dana Farnsworth, our psychiatric rival at Harvard, in his anti-

LSD editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* is bold enough to make this astounding statement: "The ingestion or injection or inhalation of any agent taken or given to alter a person's usual mental and emotional equilibrium must be looked upon as a medical procedure. These agents should, therefore, be under medical control. . . ." Snuff out your cigarette, boy, and forget your before-dinner martini, and throw out your wife's perfume bottle. Ladies and gentlemen, you've just lost a freedom you never realized you had to protect—the right to taste, smell, breathe or otherwise introduce into your own body anything which will change your mind or your mood. When we talk about "internal freedom" and "the politics of the nervous system," we are foreseeing and forewarning about invasions of personal liberty which no longer date to the brave new world of 1984. Our debate with psychiatrists about the use and control of psychedelic drugs involves the right, right now, of thoughtful Americans to change their own consciousness.

Training for Ecstasy

A final clarification. Mr. Mayer and others have accused us of advocating indiscriminate availability and use of consciousness-expanding drugs. The facts are exactly to the contrary. IFIF has been more outspoken than any other group in the country in advocating the need for experience and training in the use of these extraordinarily powerful tools. The experience, however, must come from the drug itself, and the training must be specialized. No present medical or psychological degree qualifies for the job. A medical degree doesn't equip one to pilot a jet plane or to understand the incredible complexities of consciousness. The LSD experience is so novel and so powerful that the more you think you know about the mind, the more astounded and even frightened you'll be when your consciousness starts to flip you out of your mind. A new profession of psychedelic guides will inevitably develop to supervise these experiences. The training for this new profession will aim at producing the

patience of a first-grade teacher, the humility and wisdom of a Hindu guru, the loving dedication of a minister-priest, the sensitivity of a poet, and the imagination of a science fiction writer.

Do You or Don't You?

The debate could and inevitably will be continued—in the press, in the scholarly journals, in conversations and within people's minds. Sooner or later everyone will have to answer for himself the simple basic question, do you or don't you? Do you want to turn on or don't you? Do you want to expand your awareness or not? Transcendence—becoming aware of a reality which lies outside of time, space and the beloved ego—has been a basic privilege and goal of man since earliest times. In our present age, writes Carl G. Jung in his autobiography, "man has been robbed of transcendence by the shortsightedness of the super-intellectual." A large number of serious and responsible citizens, along with a million or so young people, believe and have stated that transcendence can be brought about by the psychedelic chemicals, given suitable preparation and an appropriate setting.

But such a view has too many far-reaching consequences to be accepted on the basis of verbal debate. Each man must experience it for himself.

This article is unlikely to convince anyone or change anyone's opinion. If it will make some readers of *Esquire* aware that a different view is possible than the one expressed in Mr. Mayer's article, our purpose will have been accomplished. Let us recall to mind the words Hermann Hesse, the Nobel Prize novelist and philosopher, wrote in *Siddhartha*:

Words do not express thoughts very well; everything immediately becomes a little different, a little distorted, a little foolish. And yet it is also pleasing and seems right that what is of value and wisdom to one man seems nonsense to another.

Peace, Mr. Martin Mayer.

Chemical Warfare—The Alcoholics vs. the Psychedelics

Marijuana alters consciousness.

LSD alters consciousness.

On that they all agree.

Policeman. Priest. Pusher. Politician. Prophet. Pharmacologist. Psychologist. Policeman.

They all agree that marijuana and LSD turn us on.

But how?

And to what end—evil or beneficial?

To these questions there is no agreement.

Sincere, well-intentioned men are led to extreme positions. On the one hand—punitive laws, repressive crusades, police action, the arming of agents of Health, Education and Welfare, the lengthy imprisonment of citizens for no other crime than the altering of their own consciousness.

According to *Life* magazine, "One of the stiffest and most inflexible set of laws ever put to the federal books, the Boggs-Daniel Act (1956) represents the high-water mark of punitive legislation against the use, sale and handling of drugs. It imposed severe mandatory sentences for sale or possession—permitting in most cases neither probation nor parole. . . .

"In some states, such as New York, sentencing is fairly lenient. Mere possession (25 or more marijuana cigarettes . . .) carries sentence of only (*sic*) three to ten years."

San Francisco magazine reports, "In today's affluent society

the use of marijuana is no longer confined to the 'dregs' of society. It is becoming increasingly fashionable with middle and upper-class youth. California jails now hold close to 6,000 people for breaking marijuana laws. Sixty-four percent of all Californians arrested on marijuana charges are under twenty-five years of age. Arrests for breaking marijuana laws . . . since 1962 . . . have increased nearly 500 percent."

On the other hand—passive resistance, poetic and artistic and scientific appeals to reason, futile protests, flights into exile, cynicism.

"Dr. S. J. Holmes, director of the narcotics addiction unit of the Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation in Toronto . . . believes it is 'fantastic and ridiculous' that a person caught with one marijuana cigarette can be sent to prison.

"It is particularly ridiculous, he said, when compared with the use and effect of alcohol. 'This situation is really a disgrace to our civilization and merits much consideration.'

"The preliminary estimates of a foundation-financed study on drug use at San Francisco State show that 60 percent of the students will at some time use an illegal drug. . . .

"Marijuana is sold on the campus, smoked on the campus, and used by professors.

"A Berkeley sorority girl said, 'When you drink you lose control and sensitivity, generally feeling and acting like a slobbering idiot. This never happens with pot.

"Most spoke of the legal problems, as did this girl: 'It doesn't bother me to break the law. How many times do you break it jaywalking and so on? The main thing is that I just don't think of using marijuana in these terms. It's pure hypocrisy and stupidity that it's not legal. The law is wrong for both practical and moral reasons.'"

Cheetah magazine, December 1967, reports that one outlaw LSD manufacturer alone had released 10 million doses.

A UPI wire story from Washington, December 28, 1967, presents an interesting sidelight on "how we won the war in Vietnam."

“John Steinbeck IV, son of the Nobel Prize-winning author, said Wednesday that 75 percent of U.S. soldiers in Vietnam smoke marijuana. But the Defense Department said the figure was ‘beyond all reason.’

“Steinbeck, twenty-one, who spent a year in Vietnam with the Army, said use of the drug did not seriously affect a soldier’s fighting ability, but made the horrors of combat easier to endure.

“The Army is investigating marijuana use in Vietnam but has not commented on the results of its study, although it has been reported that the Army found that 83 percent of its troops use the drug.”

There are many dimensions to the psychedelic drug controversy and no simple answers. I wish to consider in this essay three issues—the political, the moral, and the scientific.

Who Is Fighting Whom and Why?

To understand the psychedelic controversy, it is necessary to study the sociology of psychedelic drugs. Who wants to get high? Who wants to smoke marijuana? To eat peyote? To ingest LSD? What people comprise this new drug menace?

The young

The racially and nationally alienated

The creative

Over 90 percent of the users of psychedelic plants and drugs fall into at least one of these three categories.

The Young Want to Turn On

Over 50 percent of the American population is under the age of twenty-five. Ominous, isn’t it? From 50 to 70 percent of the usage of marijuana and LSD is by the high school and college age group. Around 70 percent of the arrests and imprisonments for possession of psychedelic substances fall on the shoulders of those under the age of thirty. The whiskey-drinking meno-

pausal imprison the pot-smoking youth. Meditate on this situation.

The Racially and Nationally Alienated Like to Turn On

Negroes, Puerto Ricans, American Indians. The usage of the psychedelic plants marijuana and peyote in these noble minority groups of the American society is high. The whiskey-drinking, white middle class imprisons those with different cultural and religious preferences. Meditate on this situation.

The Creative Have to Turn On

It is conservative to estimate that over 70 percent of non-academic creative artists have used psychedelic substances in their work.

Painters. Poets. Musicians. Dancers. Actors. Directors. Beatle-brows. The whiskey-drinking middlebrows imprison the growing edge. Meditate on this situation.

The Criminal and Psychedelic Drugs

The stereotyped picture of the marijuana smoker is that of a criminal type. The statistics do not support this myth. Marijuana is used by groups which are socially alienated from middle-aged values—youth, Negroes, Indians, creative artists—but few criminals. Alcohol is the drug of the middle-aged white criminal. The larcenous and the violent. Safecrackers and Marines. The economics of heroin leads the addict to steal. Few professional criminals smoke pot. Few pot smokers are criminals (except for the offense of changing their consciousness).

The Psychedelic Majority Group

The number of pot smokers worldwide is larger than the population of the United States of America! It is safe to say that there are more pot smokers than there are members of the middle

class throughout the world! Indeed, we have the astonishing spectacle of a small, menopausal, middle-class minority, tolerant to alcohol and addicted to external power, passing laws against and interfering with the social-religious rituals of a sizable and growing majority! Meditate on that one.

In this country the number of persons who have used marijuana, peyote, and LSD is estimated to be over 20 million. Remember the Indians, Negroes, the young, the creative. We deal here with one of the largest persecuted groups in the country. Until recently this sizable group has been nonvocal. Effectively prevented from presenting its case. Essentially stripped of its constitutional rights.

Another crucial sociological issue which is easily overlooked—psychedelic people tend to be socially passive. The psychedelic experience is by nature private, sensual, spiritual, internal, introspective. Whereas alcohol and amphetamines stimulate the efferent nervous system, inciting furious game activities, the psychedelics stimulate the afferent nervous centers. Contemplation. Meditation. Sensual openness. Artistic and religious preoccupation.

Excesses of passive contemplation are little better than excesses of action—but certainly no worse. God and the DNA code designed men to have interoceptive and exteroceptive neurological systems, and any harmonious view of man should allow for judicious and thoughtful balancing of both.

Throughout world history the psychedelic people have not tended to form commissions to stamp out nonpsychedelic people. Nor do they pass laws against or imprison nonpsychedelists. Pot smokers don't throw whiskey drinkers in jail.

The Molecular Revolution

Politically oriented activists have throughout history left the psychedelic minority pretty much alone. The power holders have been too busy fighting each other to worry about those who prefer to live in quiet harmony and creative quietude.

It is harder work to contact and control your nervous system

than the external symbol structure. Yogis, bhikkus, meditators, Sufis, monks, shamen, hashish mystics have been too busy decoding and appreciating their afferent (sensory) and cellular communication systems to busy themselves with political struggles.

But now comes the molecular revolution. The work of James McConnell demonstrates that learning is molecular. Dumb flatworms eat smart flatworms and become smart. Holger Hyden discovers that the brain cells of educated rats contain a third more RNA than those of uneducated rats. University of California psychologists pass on learning from one rat to another by injecting RNA from trained rats.

Neurologists are "wiring up" the brains of animals and men and altering consciousness by pressing buttons. Press a button—make him hungry. Press a button—make him horny. Press a button—make him angry. Press a button—make him happy.

The psychedelic chemicals flood out of the laboratories. Into the hands of the two familiar groups: those who want to do something to others for power and control; those who want to do something to themselves for fun and love.

U.S. Army psychologists secretly drop LSD into the coffee of an infantry platoon. The surprised soldiers giggle, break ranks and wander off, looking at the trees. Psychiatrists secretly drop LSD into the water glasses of psychotic patients and report that LSD enhances insanity!

And on the college campuses and in the art centers of the country, hundreds of thousands of the creative young take LSD and millions smoke marijuana to explore their own consciousness. The new cult of visionaries. They turn on, tune in, and often drop out.

Laws are passed encouraging the administration of LSD to the unsuspecting (patients, soldiers, research subjects) and preventing self-administration!

The Two Commandments of the Molecular Age

Of the many powerful energies now suddenly available to man, the most challenging and sobering are those which alter the

fabric of thought and judgment—the very core of meaning and being.

Learning, memory, mood, judgment, identity, consciousness can now, today, be instantaneously transformed by electrical and chemical stimuli.

In the long-short diary of our species, no issue has passed such a promise-peril.

The history of human evolution (not unlike that of every other species of life on our planet) is the record of new forms of energy—physical, mechanical, chemical—discovered, slowly understood and misunderstood, painfully debated, eventually adapted to.

Today the human race is confronted with new energies which tax our wisdom, confuse our judgment, terrorize our emotional securities, excite our highest aspirations and threaten to alter our central notions of man and his place on this planet.

Never has man faced ethical and political issues so complex, so delicate, so demanding, so frightening.

Never has man been in greater need of ethical guidance.

And where is it?

Our scientists plunge enthusiastically into the process of consciousness alteration, with little apparent regard for the moral and political complications.

One of the few men who have recognized the high stakes of this new game of cerebral roulette is David Krech, psychologist at Berkeley.

Doctor Krech is quoted as saying: "Until recently, these substances were considered science fiction, but real science has been moving forward so rapidly in this area that science fiction is hard put to keep up with it. About fifteen years ago, I doubt whether I could have found more than a half dozen laboratories in the entire world which were concerned with basic research in behavior, brain and biochemistry. Today there hardly exists a major laboratory where such research is not being given high priority.

"If we should find effective mind-control agents," he says, "we must consider whether the manufacture and dispensing of

such agents should be left to private enterprise, or to military control, or to political control. And how should this be done, and when, and by whom? It is not too early for us to ponder very seriously the awesome implications of what brain research may discover."

The time has come for a new ethical code to deal with issues unforeseen (or were they, really?) by our earlier prophets and moralists.

Although the social-political implications are hopelessly complicated, the moral issues are clear-cut, precisely pure. And if the moral center of gravity is maintained, the endless chain of political and administrative decisions can be dealt with confidently and serenely.

Two new ethical commandments are necessary as man moves into the molecular age. Compared to these imperatives, the codes of earlier prophets seem like game rules—codes for social harmony. The new commandments are neurological and biochemical in essence—and therefore, I suspect, in closer harmony with the laws of cellular wisdom, the law of the DNA code.

I did not invent these commandments. They are the result of several hundred psychedelic sessions. They are revealed to me by my nervous system, by ancient cellular counsel. I give them to you as revelation. I ask you not to take them on faith but to check them out with your own nervous system. I urge you to memorize these two commandments. Meditate on them. Pin the next page to your wall. I urge you to take 300 gamma of LSD and present these commandments to your symbol-free nervous system. The future of our species depends upon your understanding of and obedience to these two natural laws. Ask your nervous system. Ask your DNA code.

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS FOR THE MOLECULAR AGE

I Thou shalt not alter the consciousness
of thy fellow man.

II Thou shalt not prevent thy fellow man
from altering his own consciousness.

Commentary on the Two Commandments

Thousands of theological, philosophical and legal texts will be written in the next few decades interpreting, qualifying, specifying these two commandments. I happily leave this chore to those who face the implementation of this code. But a few general comments may be helpful.

1. These commandments are not new. They are specifications of the first Mosaic law—that man shall not act as God to others. Be God yourself, if you can, but do not impose your divinity on others. They are also specifications of the two Christian commandments—thou shalt love God and thy fellow man.

2. There are several obvious qualifications of the first commandment. Do not alter the consciousness of your fellow man by symbolic, electrical, chemical, molecular means. If he wants you to? Yes. You can help him alter his own consciousness. Or you can get his conscious, alerted permission to alter his consciousness—for him in the direction he wants, etc.

3. There are several obvious qualifications of the second commandment. The First Amendment constrains us from preventing our fellow man from altering his consciousness by means of symbols. This is the familiar “freedom of expression” issue. But now we must not prevent our fellow man from altering his own consciousness by chemical, electrical or molecular means. These are new freedoms which the wise men who wrote the American Constitution and the Rights of Man did not anticipate, but which they certainly would have included if they had known.

4. Can you prevent your fellow man from altering his consciousness if he thereby poses a threat to others or to the harmonious development of society? Yes. But be careful. You walk near a precarious precipice. Whenever society restricts the freedom of the human being to alter his own consciousness (by means of symbols or chemicals), the burden of proof as to danger to others must be on society. We can prevent others

from doing things which restrict our consciousness—but the justification must be clear.

The Scientific Approach to Psychedelic Chemicals

The political and ethical controversies over psychedelic plants are caused by our basic ignorance about what these substances do.

They alter consciousness.

But how, where, why, what for?

Questions about psychedelic drugs remain unanswered because our basic questions about consciousness remain unanswered.

As we learn more about the biochemistry and physiology of consciousness, then we will understand the specific effects and uses of consciousness-altering plants.

But external, look-at-it-from-the-outside science is not enough. Biochemistry and neurology will soon unravel some of the riddles of molecular learning and RNA¹ education. Blessings on James McConnell and David Krech and Holger Hyden. But then what? Who shall use the new magic molecules? Who shall control them? The routine scientoid solutions are: "Inject them in the stupid, inject them in the crazy, inject them into Army privates, inject them in the senile—and eventually, when they are safe enough to prevent lawsuits, sell them to the docile middle class."

But wait a minute, dear scientoids. We can't do that anymore. Remember? We are not dealing with molecules that blow up the enemy or eradicate insects or cure headaches or produce the mild stupor of alcohol or tranquilize the active. We are dealing

¹ Within the nucleus of every living cell lies a tiny, complex chain of protein molecules called the DNA code. DNA is the brain of the cell, the timeless blue-printing code which designs every aspect of life. DNA executes its plans by means of RNA molecules. RNA is the communication system, the language, the senses and hands of the DNA. The language of RNA can be passed from one organism to another. The discovery of this fact is revolutionizing our theories of memory, learning, consciousness, and education. The basic unit of learning is molecular. The basic unit of consciousness is molecular.

with agents that change consciousness. And we have a new commandment to obey. Remember? "Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy fellow man."

And if society attempts to control the new molecules, then we have the black market problem all over again. You remember the LSD situation? The scientoid plan was to research LSD quietly in mental hospitals and Army bases, double-blindly drugging the unsuspecting. But the word got out—"LSD produces ecstasy. LSD helps you see through the game veil." And the revolution began. The upper-middle-class underground. The white collar black market.

And then the laws and the penalties and the arming of agents of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to hunt down the psychedelic people.

Any officer or employee of the department . . . may—

1. carry firearms
2. execute and serve search warrants
3. execute seizure
4. make arrests without warrants

(Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965)

And next come the "smart pills." Will the same cycle of dreary platitudes and bureaucratic hysteria take place again?

WASHINGTON, D.C. JANUARY 1, 1969. HEALTH, EDUCATION AND WELFARE OFFICIALS ANNOUNCE TODAY REGULATIONS CONTROLLING ILLICIT USE OF INTELLIGENCE-CREATIVITY PILLS.

ACCORDING TO THE NEW LAWS, DNA AND RNA MOLECULES CAN BE ADMINISTERED ONLY BY GOVERNMENT-APPROVED PHYSICIANS IN A GOVERNMENT-SUPPORTED HOSPITAL.

HARVARD BLACK MARKET BARED IN RNA.

SMART-PILL FAD NEW CAMPUS KICK.

Hey!

"Did you hear? There's a new shipment of black market Einstein, A. A., in the Village!"

"I'm giving my wife some Elizabeth Taylor nucleic acid for

Christmas. Smuggled in from Mexico. We can all afford to learn new methods, right?"

"I know it's against the law, but Willy is five years old and can't work quantum-theory equations. So, in despair, I've connected with some Max Planck RNA."

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1969, A.P.:

The newly organized microbiological unit of the Health, Education and Welfare Department, armed with paralysis spray guns and electron microscopes, raided an RNA den last night. Over one hundred million grams of amino acid were seized. Agents estimated that the haul was worth close to \$800,000. Held on charges of being present on premises where illegal drugs were seized were a poet, a philosopher, and two college-age girls. HEW agents tentatively labeled the contraband molecules as Shakespeare RNA, Socrates RNA and Helen of Troy RNA.

R. Wilhelm Phlymption, president of the American Psychiatric Association, Amino Acid Division, when notified of the raid, said: "Amino acids RNA and DNA are dangerous substances causing illegitimacy, suicide and irresponsible sexuality. They should be administered only by psychiatrists in government hospitals or Army research stations."

The four alleged drug cultists who were held on \$25,000 bail smiled enigmatically but made no comment.

These headlines won't happen, will they? They can't happen, because now we have the two commandments for the molecular age.

The scientist must be prevented from experimenting on the brains of other people.

"Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy fellow man."

Congressmen, policemen, judges, and secret agents of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare must lay down their arms. Remember the second commandment:

"Thou shalt not prevent thy fellow man from altering his own consciousness."

Now that chemists have produced psychedelic chemicals and biochemists are isolating the powers of RNA, it comes time to face the real scientific issue.

The Scientist Must Take the Drug Himself

Consciousness and alteration of consciousness cannot be studied from the standpoint of external science, from the standpoint of look-at-it-from-the-outside science.

Not only does this violate the first commandment, it just doesn't work.

The meaning and use of psychedelic chemicals—LSD, STP, MDA, PCP, smart pills, RNA—depends on the scientist's taking the molecules himself, opening up his own consciousness, altering his own nervous system. Only in this way will we develop the maps, models, languages, techniques for utilizing the new mind-changing procedures.

You can't use these internal microscopes by clapping them over the eyes of unsuspecting mental patients and Army privates. The scientist has to look through them.

The mind-altering chemicals—lysergic acid, amino acids—have to be studied from within. The scientist has to take the love pill and the smart pill.

Oh, yes, you can observe their effects from outside, but this tells you very little. You can "sacrifice" the animals and discover brain changes. You can drug mental defectives and psychotics and seniles and terminal patients and observe gross behavior changes, but these are the irrelevant husks. Consciousness must be studied from within. Each psychedelic chemical opens a complex energy language which must be deciphered with exacting discipline and code-breaking ingenuity.

The molecular psychologist must decipher these languages. Eventually everyone will learn them. This is not a new idea. This is the core idea of all Eastern psychology. Buddhism, for example, is not a religion. It is a complex system of psychology, a series of languages and methods for decoding levels of consciousness.

And this is the original method of Western scientific psychology—the trained introspection of Wundt, Weber, Fechner, Titchener. The scientist must learn the language of the sensory neuron and cell and teach it to others.

The typical scientist recoils from this suggestion. It's a tough assignment, isn't it? No more dosing up the passive subjects. *You*, the scientist, must inhale, swallow, inject the magic molecule *yourself*. You train others to do the same.

The Courage to Know

Frightening?

Yes, it is frightening. And this defines the first criterion of the scientist of consciousness. He must have courage. He must embark on a course of planfully and deliberately going out of his mind. This is no field for the faint of heart. You are venturing out (like the Portuguese sailors, like the astronauts) on the uncharted margins. But be reassured—it's an old human custom. It's an old living-organism custom. We're here today because certain adventurous proteins, certain far-out experimenting cells, certain hippy amphibia, certain brave men pushed out and exposed themselves to new forms of energy.

Where do you get this courage?

It isn't taught in graduate school or medical school or law school. It doesn't come by arming government agents.

It comes from faith.

Faith in your nervous system.

Faith in your body.

Faith in your cells.

Faith in the life process.

Faith in the molecular energies released by psychedelic molecules.

Not blind faith.

Not faith in human social forms.

But conscious faith in the harmony and wisdom of nature.

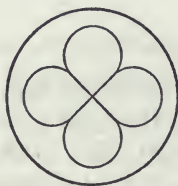
Faith easily checked out empirically.

Take LSD and see. Listen to what your nervous system and your cells tell you.

Take marijuana and learn what your sense organs can tell you.

Take RNA and learn how the molecular learning process works.

Trust your body and its reaction to the complex messages of the psychedelic drugs.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

THE

PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE

A MANUAL BASED ON THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD

TIMOTHY LEARY, Ph.D.
RALPH METZNER, Ph.D.
RICHARD ALPERT, Ph.D.

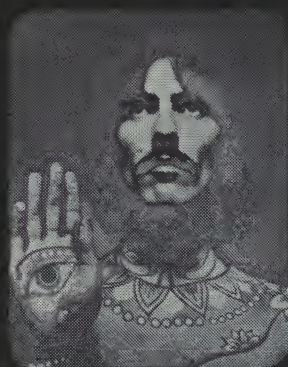
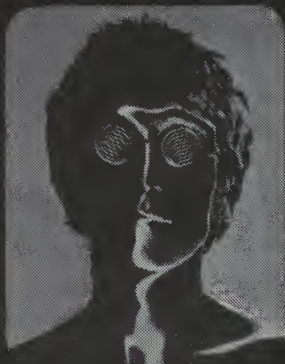
UNIVERSITY BOOKS



New Hyde Park, New York

The Psychedelic Experience, a guide based on the
Tibetan Book of the Dead, was published in 1967.

THE BEATLES BOOK



edited by Edward E. Davis

"The Magical Mystery Tour" appeared in an anthology of writings about the Beatles published in 1968.

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The Magical Mystery Trip

For the last few years, America has been on a Magical Mystery Trip, planned and guided by Englishmen.

THEY'VE BEEN GOING IN AND OUT OF FASH, BUT THEY'RE GUARANTEED TO BE A SMASH.

Everything harmonious and graceful in the electronic psychedelic revolution of the 1960's has come from the venerable East-Anglia Import-Export Company. The eye-land empire.

The English have seed style. The polished performance based on the rich racial myth. A hip DNA root structure that enables them instinctively to deal with the pulsing energies of our time—electronics and psychedelics.

ELEMENTARY PUT-ON SINGING MAHARISHI MAN YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THEM KICKING ACAPULCO GOLD.

I was talking recently to a member of one of America's top acid-rock bands, who had just returned from England.

"Hey, man, the English run a tight scene. Too literary."

"Too literary?"

"Yeah, man. Always analyzing and rapping about books. They even do the same thing with grass. The head trip."

"Well, I think that's great of Britain. The trouble with our hippies is, they aren't connected. Rootless. Turned on, but not tuned in. The acidheads would move further if they hooked up with their past. You know, the psychedelic experience has been around for a few thousand years before Haight-Ashbury. And

the English are the original hippies. They've been writing about it for three hundred years."

"No, man, that history thing isn't where it's at. It's a hang-up. Freak out! That's the boss trip. Blow your mind. Pow! Zap! . . ."

It's a curious fact that the American psychedelic movement is almost completely a British import. LSD. Pounds, shillings and pence.

AND THE HIGHS OF THE HEADS SEE THE WORLD TURNING ON.

Consider the lineage. The key architect of the revolution is a British psychiatrist named Humphrey Osmond. Who? He invented the term *psychedelic*. Humphrey? He turned on Aldous Huxley and Gerald Heard. Doctor Osmond? Along with Abram Hofer (a brilliant Canadian neurologist), he first demonstrated the benefits of LSD with hopeless alcoholics. Humphrey Osmond? He published the first papers suggesting that psychedelic drugs could produce a transcendental experience.

Doctor Humphrey Osmond is indeed a quiet, wise, compassionate Englishman. A humorous, thoughtful, scholarly scientist. A head of his time. Shrewd. Historical-political overview. Broad philosophic perspective on events about which American psychiatrists don't have a clue.

In 20 years of furious fulmination, America has yet to produce a psychiatrist who can say, with Osmond, "Calm down, it's been happening for millennia and it's inevitable and it's all right. Read your Jung, young man."

And thank you, Evans-Wentz and Arthur Waley, for Aldous Huxley. Aldous had been rummaging diligently for some 40 years through biology, physics, literature, philosophy, Vedanta, looking myopically through his magnifying glass for that central key-code that had gotten misplaced, and then Humphrey Osmond turned him on with mescaline and ushered him through the doors of perception, and Aldous laughed and exulted for the remaining years of his new life, chuckling about gratuitous grace.

And on the morning of November 22, 1963 (the last, dark day of our young President, himself a head), when Aldous Huxley heard the Tibetan whisper from his tissues that his time had

come, O nobly born, to seek new levels of reality, your ego and the Aldous Huxley game are about to cease, he wrote on a piece of paper "LSD" and spent the last eight hours of his life on the eternal high wire, dying, smiling, just as he had described the smiling death of the old grandmother on his utopian *Island*.

And thank you, William Blake and A. A. Orage, for Alan Watts, mischievous Zen master, lyric Anglican priest (high church), source, inspiration and guide (although most of them don't know it) for San Francisco's flower children. Alan Watts lives on a retired ferryboat in Sausalito, a French Riviera fishing village across the bay from San Francisco. His looking-glass walls open out on a front lawn of shimmering water splashed by sea gull wings. From this undulating beach headquarters Alan Watts, Lord High Admiral of the Beat, has been teaching hip Zen, square Zen, Kyoto turn-on methods to a generation of Americans, and when acid hit San Francisco it was no acid-ent that it had a sweet Eastern flavor because Alan had been explaining Watts what.

There is, of course, high church psychedelic and low church.

Ken Kesey's acid-test-rock-and-roll-on-the-floor-freak-out is low church psychedelic, gutty, shouting, sawdust trail. Alan Watts is highest Anglican. Precise, ceremonial, serene, aesthetic, classic, aristocratic with a wink. The ancient rituals executed perfectly with a quiet twinkle in the eye. My understanding of marijuana and LSD is mainly due to my listening to and watching Alan.

Professional English isle watchers groan and demur when I praise the British cool. They cite grim horror stories of insular smugness. But can you imagine an American Senator or Cabinet member going to a scientific congress and talking about getting high like Christopher Mayhew, Member of Parliament and Her Majesty's First Lord of the Admiralty?

"I took the drug," said Cabinet member Christopher Mayhew to the assembled scientists, "because I am the old school friend of Doctor X [Humphrey Osmond]. He said he was coming over to England, and could I recommend him for a BBC Third Programme broadcast to describe his research work? I said, 'Don't go on sound radio. No one listens to that. Explain

about hallucinogens on television and give this stuff to me right in front of a film camera.'

"And the BBC quite rightly thought this a first-class idea for a program, and so did Doctor X. And he came down to my home in Surrey and in front of a film camera gave me, I think it would be four hundred milligrams of mescaline hydrochloride, sitting in my own armchair at home. Those are the circumstances of the experiment."

Oh, you say that Mr. Christ-bearer Mayhew is one eccentric Englishman, but he was not alone. In the same scientific psychedelic conference another Member of Parliament, the Honorable Donald Johnston, describes his psychedelic highs as "transcendental states; they put you in contact with some force or power with which you are normally out of contact in your everyday life. . . . Reverting finally to the 'significance of these states,' in my case not only did this curious state seem significant but it was significant, because the whole trend of my life did happen to alter. There is only one way in which a politician's trend of life can alter, and that is according to whether you lose elections or whether you win elections; and whereupon prior to this event [his psychedelic drug experience] ten years ago, I had spent my life losing every parliamentary election I fought, I have been fortunate enough to win elections since then. Otherwise I would not be claiming col-leagueship with Christopher Mayhew.

"And I say now, even after five and a half years, that this was the most interesting and thought-provoking thing I have ever experienced in my life. And I say this even today, when the emotion, the vividness, has all worn off and only a kind of intellectual conviction remains. Not only winning elections but winning very close elections. Yes, this is something for you ladies and gentlemen to think about."

THERE'S A FOG UPON NEW DELHI WHEN MY FRIENDS LEAVE PSY-
CHEDELLY.

O.K. Can you imagine an American Senator, let's say Mr. Fulbright of Arkansas or Mr. Charles Percy of Illinois, attribut-

ing his election not to the wisdom of his voting constituents but to his having turned on?

Oh, but you say, that was in the 1950's, before the generals discovered that turned-on flower people won't go to war. Today, you say, no politician would dare defend LSD or that greater vegetable men-ace, marijuana. You are almost right. In China, ecstasy is treason. In Russia, pleasure is anti-Communist. In Scandinavia, turning on disturbs the smooth-blond-butter-bacon-fat-hush of Socialism. To an African dictator who has just gotten his hands on whiskey and machine guns, getting high is a colonial conspiracy. Fierce Nasser fears the gentle hashish more than Israeli jets. Senator Fulbright, the great liberal, allows puritan Harry Anslinger, director of our narcotics pogrom, to PUSH an international treaty through the U.S. Congress which prevents America from legalizing marijuana. And only in England would the following parliamentary debate take place in the year of our stoned-out-laughing God 1967:

HOUSE OF COMMONS
Friday, 28th July 1967
PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE
SOFT DRUGS

Mr. H. P. G. Channon (Southend West) : All sections of the House will agree that there is now abundant evidence that in the past few years there has been a vast increase in the use of drugs of all kinds in this country, and in particular by young people.

No Honorable Member has not at some time taken a soft drug, which can be something as minor as caffeine or tea, and few have not taken alcohol or nicotine at some time. These are the soft drugs, which are not socially unacceptable in this country.

The most difficult and controversial topic at the moment is the use of cannabis, or marijuana, by young people. This is where the law is most widely flouted. I would like the Honorable Members to ask themselves, first, why these drugs are

taken. In every generation there is a wish to rebel, first of all, against the standards of the previous generation. There is something of that in the use of cannabis. Young people still have too little realization of the dangers of all drugs. I was glad to see that the Secretary of State for Education and Science is to launch a bigger program on that in schools.

TRANSCENDENTAL TEA SHIRT, INSTANT MEDITATION, JOHN YOU BEEN A NAUGHTY GEORGE—YOU LET YOUR TRIPS GROW MOD.

Above all, however, there is a feeling that those who are a little older are hypocritical, particularly about cannabis. Young people consider, rightly or wrongly, that they are persecuted for a harmless pleasure, while adults freely use nicotine, which probably leads to cancer, and alcohol, and we all know tragic cases of alcoholism. Young people also feel that it is hypocritical for the state to make vast sums of money, particularly out of tobacco, and that the state's moral values are wrong. I do not defend or condone this attitude, but it is understandable.

The argument has come to a head in recent months because there is no doubt that the number of young people smoking cannabis has increased. It was also brought to a head by an advertisement in the Times this week in which it was alleged by many distinguished people, including medical people and the Beatles, that the law against cannabis at the moment is "immoral in principle and unworkable in practice."

THEY'RE LEAVING HOME. BYE-BYE.

With the latter half of that statement I am beginning to agree. I think that the law is becoming increasingly unworkable in practice. I do not know whether the House realizes how many respectable young people indulge in the practice. I am not talking about the lower strata, the people who are so distressed that they have no other form of relief than marijuana. I fear that there are large numbers of respectable people with good jobs, or students, who are taking the drugs, and they represent an intelligent section of our society. For them repression

is not enough. They must be convinced as well as repressed, if repression is the right step.

YOUNG PEOPLE WILL GO ON.

I want to see the problem solved, because I am certain that young people will go on using the drug unless they can be convinced intellectually that it has the dangerous dangers which it is widely believed to possess. I am told that we have the mildest kind of marijuana in Britain and that there is a grave danger in the future that we shall have adulterated marijuana, maybe mixed with heroin or opium, if this situation is allowed to slide much longer.

PARLIAMENT IS SITTING; PRETTY LITTLE MALICEMEN IN A ROW.

I very much doubt whether the law is the best way to control human behavior of this kind. I believe that it must be inquired into, and I would see some advantages if it were possible to control this drug as alcohol is controlled—with far stricter control of those under eighteen who take the drug. There will have to be far stricter control, for example, of people who drive cars while under the influence of this drug.

What alarms me about this, as with so many social problems, is that it has been creeping up on us for some time, almost unnoticed, until suddenly it has begun to snowball. The problem has reached a crucial point. Many people talk about the generation gap. That has always existed. Nevertheless, there is something in that argument today. I am sure the gap between the generations is greater than it was ten years ago, because I find that so many young people suspect our generation of hypocrisy.

Mr. Tom Driberg (Barking): I shall speak only briefly, in order to allow my Honorable friend Minister of State to answer the debate and to any other Honorable Member who may wish to speak. The debate will have been of great use if it leads to the further research and action which the Honorable Member for Southend West [Mr. Channon] suggested, and I congratulate him on having raised this hotly topical subject.

He referred to the [legalize pot] advertisement in the Times of last Monday. I was one of the only two Members of this House who signed it and would not have done so if I had not been in general agreement with what was said. There have been criticisms of the advertisement in the Times, but I do not think that such people as Dr. Stafford-Clark, Dr. Antony Storr, and other doctors and scientists, including the two Nobel Prize winners, would have signed it if this had been a completely irresponsible thing to do.

Mr. Marcus Lipton (Brixton): The Honorable Member for Southend West [Mr. Channon] has served a very useful purpose in raising this difficult and topical subject today. I find myself in a large measure of agreement with the aims of this committee, about which the general public do not know very much. It should be given some advertisement.

We should also like to know when this committee started to discuss the problem of cannabis, how often it meets and when it is likely to report. Who is sitting on it? Whose opinions are we asked to accept on this? It is a vitally important thing that whatever this committee reports should be accepted by the general public, particularly by the younger generation. It is no use using Victorian language hoping to convince the younger generation.

SHAKING BACON CHOKING SMOKERS, DO YOU THINK THE KIDS WILL VOTE FOR YOU?

Miss Alice Bacon, Minister of State, Home Office: I have only a few minutes and cannot give way.

Views have been given this morning about cannabis. It would be entirely mad for the government to relax the laws without more information to be obtained by the committee. It has been said in this morning's newspapers that in Birmingham a great many people who take heroin started with cannabis. Ninety-seven percent of the heroin addicts known to the Home Office have a previous history of cannabis taking.

Mr. Driberg: And of alcohol.

Miss Bacon: The government would be mad, apart from the

international conventions of which we are a part, to relax these restrictions.

I believe that at the present time we are in danger in this country. I am not speaking only of cannabis but also of some other drugs which have been mentioned, particularly LSD—of some people misleading young people by not only taking drugs themselves but trying to influence the minds of young people and encourage them to take drugs. I do not often read the Queen, but I was at the hairdresser's yesterday. [Honorable Members: "Hear, hear."] This magazine was passed to me to while away the time when I was under the hair dryer. There is a very long article in it called "The Love Generation," with statements by various people who are pop singers and managers of pop singers. I was horrified at some of the things I read in it. For instance, Paul McCartney says, among other things:

God is in everything. God is in the space between us. God is in that table in front of you. God is everything and everywhere and everyone.

It just happens that I realized all this through acid [LSD], but it could have been done through anything. It really doesn't matter how I made it. . . . The final result is all that counts.

Mr. Channon: Is the Honorable lady quoting prominent people in favor of drug taking? It is terribly dangerous to quote people like that when we are against drug taking.

Mr. Driberg: He [Paul McCartney] is a very good man.

KIDS NEVER LISTEN TO THEM—THEY KNOW THAT THEY'RE THE FOOLS.

Miss Bacon: I am illustrating the argument. The Honorable Member raised this question this morning and, running through his speech, I thought I detected a sort of feeling that we should relax on cannabis. Maybe I am wrong, but if he does not want any publicity to be given at all, this debate should not have taken place this morning.

The manager of the Beatles said in this article that there is a new mood in the country and:

"This new mood has originated from hallucinatory drugs, and I am wholeheartedly on its side."

This may sound amusing to Honorable Members, but young people take quite seriously what pop stars say. What sort of society will we create if everyone wants to escape from reality?

Mr. Driberg: They want to escape from this horrible society we have created.

Miss Bacon: Today there are those who see in society's attitude to drug taking the opportunity for questioning traditional values and self-judgments of all kinds and for advocating aims and conduct going far beyond the "kicks" and pleasures of a few pills. For them drug taking is a way—the way—of life to which they beckon the impressionable, the curious, the frustrated, and the demoralized. Insidiously or openly, wittingly or unwittingly, the young are being taught the paraphernalia of psychedelic experience, and the catch phrases of drug cults.

HAIRDRESSER WISHWIFE ALCOHOLIC ALICE—GIRL YOU BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY. YOU LET YOUR ROCK STARS DOWN.

This seems to be the real challenge of soft drugs, and it is growing. The government believes that it is time for responsible influences to check the trend. It is time to make clear that teen-age drug taking is ill-advised, if not dangerous to personality and health. It is time to rebut the claim of those who profess to make mystics out of the immature. This is a challenge which all sections of society must take up. The government are resolved to do their part.

Thank you, Mr. Channon, Mr. Driberg and Mr. Lipton, for the light and humor in these gloomy times. May your constituents reach voting age and continue to turn you on and turn your Honorable enemies out.

BUT THE KIDS ON THE THRILL SEE THE SUN GOING ON.

And then there is Ronald Laing, turned-on, wry Scottish shaman.

One day in 1964 I received a phone call from a British psychiatrist visiting New York. Mentioned Allen Ginsberg.

Wanted to come to visit. O.K. He'd arrive on the noon train tomorrow. Name of Ronald Laing.

When he phoned from the train station, I groaned. Another dreary, platitudinous psychiatrist. He walked into the kitchen, and we stood looking at each other. He was solid brown tweed with a flicker of gold.

We sat at the table, ate a sandwich, drank wine. I told him that medical-therapeutic talk about LSD was a fake. I was interested only in the mystic aspects of the drug.

His move.

He said that the only doctor who could heal was the one who understood the shamanic, witchcraft mystery of medicine.

Ronald Laing took off his coat and loosened his tie.

AND THE HEADS IN HIS ISLE SEE THE WORLD TURNING ON.

After a bit he said he knew an interesting game. Did I want to play it?

We took off our shoes and stood in the space between the kitchen sink and the table.

The point of this game is to move your hands and your body without talking.

We began to spar, karate style, moving in between each other's guard.

Do we have to spar?

A shrug.

Our hands changed into a dance. Paired sculpturing of air, molded liquid forms, now moving slowly, then whirling. My eyes were riveted to his eyes. I was gone. Spun out of the kitchen at Millbrook, spun out of time. Stoned high in a Sufi ballet. We were two organisms from different planets—communicating. I was an Eskimo on an ice floe. He was a visiting explorer. We were exchanging the hard-core information about life, our tribe, the mystery. We were two animals of different species, of the same species, of the same litter, from separate ages.

We were sitting on the floor in the lotus position, arms, hands, weaving. The dialogue lasted for an hour Greenwich

time. A dozen people had walked in, watched and left the kitchen. My son and some friends came home from school, glanced at the two seated forms, made lunch and left. "My dad and his friends are potty."

We opened our eyes. It was dark. Time to catch the train back to New York.

Six months later, in Alex Trocchi's London nerve-pulse heart chamber, people sitting around taking the Trocchi trip. Door opens. Ronnie Laing enters. Sits on mattress. Begins to describe some Tantric sex rituals that an old schizophrenic patient-cum-guru had passed on to him. Soft Scot burr. Exquisite psychedelic poetry. He had all our heads in his graceful hands. Especially the women.

WHY DON'T WE SINK THIS WRONG ALL TOGETHER? OPEN OUR HEARTS AND LET THE VISION COME?

You will not find on this planet a more fascinating man than Ronald Laing. A *pontifex*. A bridge builder between worlds. As a straight psychiatric researcher he casually turns out sophisticated, penetrating books about the social meaning of mental illness. Turns on that dreariest of professions with graceful strokes. An elegant hippy. Shrewd Eden-burg observations. Academic poise. He is tuned in to Eastern philosophy, English poetry. *Magister ludi*. He weaves science-religion-art-experience into the slickest bead game of our time.

YOUR MOTHER SHOULD FLOW, YOUR GURU SHOULD KNOW.

Historical note: On December 31, 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to the English East India Company. The aim of the game was to bring back peppers and spices of the East. The fabled turn-on vegetables. This charter granted over 350 years ago has had more effect on the psychedelic revolution of the 1960's than Sandoz Laboratories and its lysergic discoveries. Without the East India expedition LSD would be a pharmacological curiosity.

It happened like this. From 1600 to 1946 several hundred

thousand Englishmen—soldiers, administrators, scholars—took a trip to India. They went there to mind a colony, but many of them got their minds colonized by smiling Krishna, the aphrodisiac love god. The impact of a visit to India is psychedelic. You are flipped out of your space-time identity. Indian life unfolds before you a million-flowered-person-vine-serpent coil of life ancient, wrinkled, dancing, starving, laughing, sick, swarming, inconceivable, unreasonable, mocking, singing-multi-headed, laughing God dance.

And the English in India got turned on. Even today the tourist who strays from the deluxe plastic path and wanders into the villages will be offered bhang, charras, ganga, attar, some one of a thousand ways the Indians prepare hemp.

OH, WE'VE GOT ALL THE GOOROOS AN' WE'VE GOT LOVELY TABOOS, TOO.

I spent a winter once in a little hut near the Himalayan snow peaks. Before his weekly hike to the village to shop, my Moslem cook would ask, "Two attar?" and I'd nod and give him an extra dollar, and he'd come back with two sticks, as long as your little finger, of the best hashish that ever stoned out a Mongul emperor, and I'd give him one and he'd grin. It was rolled into a hard, resinous stick by hand and smoked by all the farmers, and you can bet that this little weekly ceremony—me and my smiling cook—had been acted out for 300 years by every Englishman in India who had ears to listen and eyes to see what was happening.

And after you turn on with hashish you can tune in to the incredible sensuous hit of India and the myriad mystic mosaic of India, and you can read the Vedas and Vedantas in your own tissues and understand.

Hundreds of thousands of Englishmen returned home to the island turned around by the Indian consciousness. Britannia ruled the plains, but India copped the rulers' brains. The intellectual fabric of England is indelibly imprinted with the undulating madras, paisley design.

MEHER BABA HOOVER CLIMBING UP THE DOLLAR TOWER.

And this accounts for the fact that English intellectuals never swallowed French rationalism, the bitter gaul of mind spinning out its chess moves to the inevitable end of the head-trip-existential despair. Reason is absurd but energy-maya-prana consciousness is not absurd because it moves, merges, copulates, smiles, and lovingly swallows up the mind. Few French intellectuals grasped this and the few that did, like René Daumal and Baudelaire, were Sanskrit scholars and hashish heads.

You recall that while Jules Verne was writing about clanking mechanical trips 1,000 leagues "down," H. G. Wells, a visionary Englishman, saw mind at the end of its tether and predicted quite accurately that mankind would mutate into two different species—the gentle flower people living in the sun and the machine people living underground.

And E. M. Forster made the passage to India, and Charles Dodgson tripped with mushroom-eating Alice, Jonathan Swift tripped with Gulliver, James Joyce tripped with Bloom and Earwicker, John Bunyan with the Christian Pilgrim, J. R. R. Tolkien with his elves, and how about Alistair Crowley and Conan Doyle.

Britannia—you are a nation of inveterate trippers, heads and stoned visionaries!

It was unavoidable that the first great psychedelic novel would be written by someone with a name like John Fowles. *The Magus*. Not since I read Joyce's *Ulysses* in 1941 have I experienced that special epic-mystery excitement from a book. *The Magus* raises the basic ontological questions, confronts the ancient, divine mystery and backs away from the riddle with the exact balance of reverence and humor. At Millbrook we use *The Magus* as psychochemical litmus paper. Those readers who report boredom just haven't made our trip.

And then come the Beatles, hoping to take us away.

Obeisances and profound gratitude to you, inspired revealers of the great vibration.

The Four Evangelists!

Are you meaning St. Paul and St. John and St. George? I mean now, thank all, the four of them and the roar of them that drays that stray in the mist, and old St. Ringo along with them. And George Martin. And the Rolling Stones.

Rosemary and I spent the summer of '67 in a tepee on Ecstasy Hill in Millbrook, devoting an hour or two each day to getting high and listening to a portable record player spin the new testaments according to Sergeant Pepper and their Satanic Majesties. It's all there.

How clever and unexpected and yet typical of God to send his message this time through the electric instruments of four men from Liverpool and the Holy Rollers.

IF THE FUN DON'T COME, YOU FIND THE MAN A' STANDING ON THE
HARDWAR PLAIN.

Beloved gurus of Liverpool, I'm four you. I've got nothing to say that you haven't said briefer, cleaner, stronger.

It was as inevitable that George Harrison would go to India as it was that Elvis Presley would go to Hollywood and that Mick Jagger and Keith Richards would write in a prison cell holy hymns forgiving their jailers.

To future social historians I humbly suggest that the spiritual cord that holds our civilization from suicide can be traced from the Himalayan forests where Vedic philosophers drank soma, down the Ganja, through the Suez by P. and O. and over to Liverpool.

My fellow Americans, psychedelicists, hippies, flowerheads, monks, nuns, searchers, trippers, I humbly suggest that to find God we have to learn to speak English. Our DNA code seems to.*

* This article is the first of a two-part series. In the second essay the author will demonstrate on the basis of philological, anthropological and historical evidence that the literary-spiritual soul of the English language is actually Celtic.

*She Comes in Colors**

On a sunny Saturday afternoon in 1960, beside the swimming pool of his rented summer villa in Cuernavaca, a thirty-nine-year-old American ate a handful of odd-looking mushrooms he'd bought from the witch doctor of a nearby village. Within minutes, he recalled later, he felt himself "being swept over the edge of a sensory Niagara into a maelstrom of transcendental visions and hallucinations. The next 5 hours could be described in many extravagant metaphors, but it was above all and without question the deepest religious experience of my life." The implications of that fateful first communion are as yet unmeasured; that they are both far-reaching and profound, however, is generally conceded—for the fungi were the legendary "sacred mushrooms" that have since become known, and feared by many, as one of the psychedelic (literally, mind-manifesting) chemicals that have created a national fad among the nation's young and a scandal in the press. The American was a Harvard psychotherapist named Timothy Leary, who has since found himself transmogrified from scientist and researcher into

* Reprinted from the September 1966 issue of *Playboy* magazine. Copyright © 1966 by HMM Publishing Company, Inc. If this interview had been conducted for *Sports Illustrated*, the conscientious interviewee would naturally consider the question, How LSD Can Raise Your Batting Average. Considerable thought was given to the title of this chapter. To reflect concisely the dilemma of the interviewee Paul Krassner suggested: "Collecting Orgasms for Fun and Profit." Michael Hollingshead contributed: "Commonsensual Advice for Serious Playboys." Darlene chipped in with: "LSD for Bunnies and Playboys." The version selected (for the first edition) was offered by Rosemary Leary, with admiring thanks to the Rolling Stones.

progenitor and high priest of a revolutionary movement spawned, not by an idea but by a substance that's been called "the spiritual equivalent of the hydrogen bomb."

*Few men, in their youth, would have seemed less likely to emerge as a religious leader, let alone as a rebel with a cause. At the age of nineteen, Leary distressed his Roman Catholic mother by abandoning Holy Cross two years before graduation ("the scholastic approach to religion didn't turn me on"), then affronted his father, a retired Army career officer, by walking out of West Point after 18 months ("my interests were philosophic rather than militaristic"). Not until he transferred to the University of Alabama did he begin to settle down academically—to work for his B.A. in psychology. On graduation in 1942 he enlisted as an Army psychologist, served in a Pennsylvania hospital until the end of the war, then resumed his schooling and earned his Ph.D. at the University of California at Berkeley. Acquiring both eminence and enemies with his first major jobs—as director of Oakland's progressive Kaiser Foundation Hospital and as an assistant professor at UC's School of Medicine in San Francisco—Leary began to display the courage and sometimes rash iconoclasm that have since marked every phase of his checkered career. Contending that traditional psychiatric methods were hurting as many patients as they helped, he resigned in 1958 and signed up as a lecturer on clinical psychology at Harvard. There he began to evolve and enunciate the theory of social interplay and personal behavior as so many stylized games, since popularized by Dr. Eric Berne in his best-selling book *Games People Play*, and to both preach and practice the effective but unconventional new psychiatric research technique of sending his students to study emotional problems such as alcoholism where they germinate, rather than in the textbook or the laboratory.*

At the time, predictably enough, few of these novel notions went over very well with Leary's hidebound colleagues. But their rumblings of skepticism rose to a chorus of outrage when Leary returned to Harvard in 1960 from his pioneering voyage into inner space—beside the swimming pool in Cuernavaca—to

begin experimenting on himself, his associates and hundreds of volunteer subjects with measured doses of psilocybin, the chemical derivative of the sacred mushrooms. Vowing "to dedicate the rest of my life as a psychologist to the systematic exploration of this new instrument," he and his rapidly multiplying followers began to turn on with the other psychedelics: morning-glory seeds, nutmeg, marijuana, peyote, mescaline—and a colorless, odorless, tasteless but incredibly potent laboratory compound called LSD 25, first synthesized in 1938 by a Swiss biochemist seeking a pain-killer for migraine headaches. A hundred times stronger than psilocybin, LSD sent its hallucinated users on multihued, multileveled roller-coaster rides so spectacular that it soon became Leary's primary tool for research. And as word began to circulate about the fantastic, phantasmagorical "trips" taken by his students, it soon became a clandestine campus kick and by 1962 had become an underground cult among the young avant-garde from London to Los Angeles.

By 1963 it had also become something of an embarrassment to Harvard, however, which "regretfully" dismissed Leary, and his colleague Dr. Richard Alpert in order to stem the rising tide of avid undergraduate interest in the drug. Undaunted, they organized a privately financed research group called the International Foundation for Internal Freedom (IFIF), and set up a psychedelic study center in Zihuatanejo, Mexico, but before they could resume full-scale LSD sessions, the Mexican government stepped in, anticipating adverse popular reaction, and demanded that they leave the country.

Leary had now become not only the messiah but the martyr of the psychedelic movement. But soon afterward came a dramatic eleventh-hour reprieve from a young New York millionaire named William Hitchcock, a veteran LSD voyager who believed in the importance of Leary's work—by now a mission—and toward that end turned over to him a rambling mansion on his 4,000-acre estate in Millbrook, New York, which has since become not only Leary's home and headquarters but also a kind of shrine and sanctuary for psychedelic pilgrims from all over

the world. On April 16, 1966, it also became a target for further harassment by what Leary calls "the forces of middle-aged, middle-class authority." Late that night, a squad of Dutchess County police descended on the place, searched it from top to bottom, found a minute quantity of marijuana, and arrested four people—including Leary. If convicted, he could be fined heavily and sent to prison for 16 years. Already appealing another conviction, Leary had been arrested in Laredo the previous December as he was about to enter Mexico for a vacation, when customs officials searched his car and found a half ounce of marijuana in the possession of his eighteen-year-old daughter. Despite his claim that the drug was for scientific and sacramental use in the furtherance of his work and his spiritual beliefs (as a practicing Hindu), he was fined \$30,000 and sentenced to 30 years in prison for transporting marijuana and failing to pay the federal marijuana tax.

In the months since then, the LSD controversy has continued to escalate along with Leary's notoriety—spurred by a spate of headline stories about psychedelic psychoses, dire warnings of "instant insanity" from police and public health officials, and pious editorials inveighing against the evils of the drug. In May and June, two Senate subcommittees conducted widely publicized public hearings on LSD, and three states—California, Nevada and New Jersey—enacted laws prohibiting its illicit use, possession, distribution or manufacture. With a ringing appeal for still more stringent legislation on a federal level, Ronald Reagan even dragged the issue into his successful campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in California.

It was amid this mounting outcry against the drug that Playboy asked Dr. Leary to present his side of the psychedelic story—and to answer a few pertinent questions about its putative promise and its alleged perils. Consenting readily, he invited us to visit him in Millbrook, where we found him a few days later reciting Hindu morning prayers with a group of guests in the kitchen of the 64-room mansion. He greeted us warmly and led the way to a third-floor library. Instead of sitting down in one of the room's well-worn easy chairs, he crossed the room, stepped

out of an open window onto a tin roof over a second-floor bay window, and proceeded to stretch out on a double-width mattress a few feet from the edge. While we made ourselves comfortable at the other end of the mattress, he opened his shirt to the warm summer sun, propped his bare feet against the shingles, looked down at the mansion's vast rolling meadow of a lawn, listened for a moment to the song of a chickadee in the branches of a tree nearby, and then turned, ready for our first question.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you used LSD, Dr. Leary?

LEARY: Up to this moment, I've had 311 psychedelic sessions.

PLAYBOY: What do you think it's done for you—and to you?

LEARY: That's difficult to answer easily. Let me say this: I was thirty-nine when I had my first psychedelic experience. At that time, I was a middle-aged man involved in the middle-aged process of dying. My joy in life, my sensual openness, my creativity were all sliding downhill. Since that time, six years ago, my life has been renewed in almost every dimension. Most of my colleagues at the University of California and at Harvard, of course, feel that I've become an eccentric and a kook. I would estimate that fewer than 15 percent of my professional colleagues understand and support what I'm doing. The ones who do, as you might expect, tend to be among the younger psychologists. If you know a person's age, you know what he's going to think and feel about LSD. Psychedelic drugs are the medium of the young. As you move up the age scale into the thirties, forties and fifties, fewer and fewer people are open to the possibilities that these chemicals offer.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

LEARY: To the person over thirty-five or forty, the word "drug" means one of two things: doctor-disease or dope fiend-crime. Nothing you can say to a person who has this neurological fix on the word "drug" is going to change his mind. He's frozen like a Pavlovian dog to this conditioned reflex. To people under twenty-five, on the other hand, the word "drug" refers to a wide range of mind benders running from alcohol,

energizers and stupefiers to marijuana and the other psychedelic drugs. To middle-aged America, it may be synonymous with instant insanity, but to most Americans under twenty-five, the psychedelic drug means ecstasy, sensual unfolding, religious experience, revelation, illumination, contact with nature. There's hardly a teen-ager or young person in the United States today who doesn't know at least one person who has had a good experience with marijuana or LSD. The horizons of the current younger generation, in terms of expanded consciousness, are light-years beyond those of their parents. The breakthrough has occurred; there's no going back. The psychedelic battle is won.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to the standard charge that LSD is too powerful and dangerous to entrust to the young?

LEARY: Well, none of us yet knows exactly how LSD can be used for the growth and benefit of the human being. It is a powerful releaser of energy as yet not fully understood. But if I'm confronted with the possibility that a fifteen-year-old or a fifty-year-old is going to use a new form of energy that he doesn't understand, I'll back the fifteen-year-old every time. Why? Because a fifteen-year-old is going to use a new form of energy to have fun, to intensify sensation, to make love, for curiosity, for personal growth. Many fifty-year-olds have lost their curiosity, have lost their ability to make love, have dulled their openness to new sensations, and would use any form of new energy for power, control and warfare. So it doesn't concern me at all that young people are taking time out from the educational and occupational assembly lines to experiment with consciousness, to dabble with new forms of experience and artistic expression. The present generation under the age of twenty-five is the wisest and holiest generation that the human race has ever seen. And by God, instead of lamenting, derogating and imprisoning them, we should support them, listen to them and turn on with them.

PLAYBOY: If we wanted to take you up on that last suggestion, how would we go about it?

LEARY: Find a beloved friend who knows where to get LSD

and how to run a session, or find a trusted and experienced LSD voyager to guide you on a trip.

PLAYBOY: Is it necessary to have a guide?

LEARY: Yes. Unless you have an experienced guide—at least for your first 10 or 15 sessions—it would be confusing.

PLAYBOY: What if a person can't find either a guide or a source of LSD among his friends? Where does he go?

LEARY: LSD is against the law, and I certainly would not advise anyone to violate the law. I will say this, however: Throughout human history, men who have wanted to expand their consciousness, to find deeper meaning inside themselves, have been able to do it if they were willing to commit the time and energy to do so. In other times and countries, men would walk barefooted 2,000 miles to find spiritual teachers who would turn them on to Buddha, Mohammed or Ramakrishna.

PLAYBOY: If you can't say where one could buy LSD, can you tell us the formula for making it? We understand it can be synthesized in any well-equipped chemical laboratory.

LEARY: That's true. But it would be irresponsible of me to reveal it. The unauthorized manufacture of LSD is now against the law.

PLAYBOY: Assuming you can get it, how do you take it? Can it be injected, or is it mostly just swallowed in a sugar cube?

LEARY: It can be injected or it can come in the form of powder or pills or in a solution, which is odorless, tasteless and colorless. In any case, you're dealing with a very minute quantity. One hundred micrograms is a moderate dose.

PLAYBOY: For a session lasting how long?

LEARY: Eight to twelve hours.

PLAYBOY: What's it like? What happens to you?

LEARY: If we're speaking in a general way, what happens to everyone is the experience of incredible acceleration and intensification of all senses and of all mental processes—which can be very confusing if you're not prepared for it. Around a thousand million signals fire off in your brain every second; during any second in an LSD session, you find yourself tuned in on thousands of these messages that ordinarily you don't register con-

sciously. And you may be getting an incredible number of simultaneous messages from different parts of your body. Since you're not used to this, it can lead to incredible ecstasy or it can lead to confusion. Some people are freaked by this Niagara of sensory input. Instead of having just one or two or three things happening in tidy sequence, you're suddenly flooded by hundreds of lights and colors and sensations and images, and you can get quite lost.

You sense a strange powerful force beginning to unloose and radiate through your body. In normal perception, we are aware of static symbols. But as the LSD effect takes hold, everything begins to *move*, and this relentless, impersonal, slowly swelling movement will continue through the several hours of the session. It's as though for all of your normal waking life you have been caught in a still photograph, in an awkward, stereotyped posture; suddenly the show comes alive, balloons out to several dimensions and becomes irradiated with color and energy.

The first thing you notice is an incredible enhancement of sensory awareness. Take the sense of sight. LSD vision is to normal vision as normal vision is to the picture on a badly tuned television set. Under LSD, it's as though you have microscopes up to your eyes, in which you see jewellike, radiant details of anything your eye falls upon. You are really seeing for the first time—not static, symbolic perception of learned things, but patterns of light bouncing off the objects around you and hurtling at the speed of light into the mosaic of rods and cones in the retina of your eye. Everything seems alive. Everything *is* alive, beaming diamond-bright light waves into your retina.

PLAYBOY: Is the sense of hearing similarly intensified?

LEARY: Tremendously. Ordinarily we hear just isolated sounds: the rings of a telephone, the sound of somebody's words. But when you turn on with LSD, the organ of Corti in your inner ear becomes a trembling membrane seething with tattoos of sound waves. The vibrations seem to penetrate deep inside you, swell and burst there. You hear one note of a Bach sonata, and it hangs there, glittering, pulsating, for an endless length of time, while you slowly orbit around it. Then, hun-

dreds of years later, comes the second note of the sonata, and again, for hundreds of years, you slowly drift around the two notes, observing the harmony and the discords, and reflecting on the history of music.

But when your nervous system is turned on with LSD, and all the wires are flashing, the senses begin to overlap and merge. You not only hear but *see* the music emerging from the speaker system—like dancing particles, like squirming curls of toothpaste. You actually *see* the sound in multicolored patterns while you're hearing it. At the same time, you *are* the sound, you are the note, you are the string of the violin or the piano. And every one of your organs is pulsating and having orgasms in rhythm with it.

PLAYBOY: What happens to the sense of taste?

LEARY: Taste is intensified, too, although normally you won't feel like eating during an LSD session, any more than you feel like eating when you take your first solo at the controls of a supersonic jet. Although if you eat after a session, there is an appreciation of all the particular qualities of food—its texture and resiliency and viscosity—such as we are not conscious of in a normal state of awareness.

PLAYBOY: How about the sense of smell?

LEARY: This is one of the most overwhelming aspects of an LSD experience. It seems as though for the first time you are breathing life, and you remember with amusement and distaste that plastic, odorless, artificial gas that you used to consider air. During the LSD experience, you discover that you're actually inhaling an atmosphere composed of millions of microscopic strands of olfactory ticker tape, exploding in your nostrils with ecstatic meaning. When you sit across the room from a woman during an LSD session, you're aware of thousands of penetrating chemical messages floating from her through the air into your sensory center: a symphony of a thousand odors that all of us exude at every moment—the shampoo she uses, her cologne, her sweat, the exhaust and discharge from her digestive system, her sexual perfume, the fragrance of her clothing—grenades of eroticism exploding in the olfactory cell.

PLAYBOY: Does the sense of touch become equally erotic?

LEARY: Touch becomes electric as well as erotic. I remember a moment during one session in which Rosemary leaned over and lightly touched the palm of my hand with her finger. Immediately a hundred thousand end cells in my hand exploded in soft orgasm. Ecstatic energies pulsated up my arms and rocketed into my brain, where another hundred thousand cells softly exploded in pure, delicate pleasure. The distance between my wife's finger and the palm of my hand was about 50 miles of space, filled with cotton candy, infiltrated with thousands of silver wires hurtling energy back and forth. Wave after wave of exquisite energy pulsed from her finger. Wave upon wave of ethereal tissue rapture—delicate, shuddering—coursed back and forth from her finger to my palm.

PLAYBOY: And this rapture was erotic?

LEARY: Transcendentally. An enormous amount of energy from every fiber of your body is released under LSD—most especially including sexual energy. There is no question that LSD is the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered by man.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate?

LEARY: I'm saying simply that sex under LSD becomes miraculously enhanced and intensified. I don't mean that it simply generates genital energy. It doesn't automatically produce a longer erection. Rather, it increases your sensitivity a thousand percent. Let me put it this way: Compared with sex under LSD, the way you've been making love—no matter how ecstatic the pleasure you think you get from it—is like making love to a department-store-window dummy. In sensory and cellular communion on LSD, you may spend a half hour making love with eyeballs, another half hour making love with breath. As you spin through a thousand sensory and cellular organic changes, she does, too. Ordinarily, sexual communication involves one's own chemicals, pressure and interactions of a very localized nature—in what the psychologists call the erogenous zones. A vulgar, dirty concept, I think. When you're making love under LSD, it's as though every cell in your body—and you have trillions—is making love with every cell in her body. Your hand

doesn't caress her skin but sinks down into and merges with ancient dynamos of ecstasy within her.

PLAYBOY: How often have you made love under the influence of LSD?

LEARY: Every time I've taken it. In fact, that is what the LSD experience is all about. Merging, yielding, flowing, union, communion. It's all lovemaking. You make love with candlelight, with sound waves from a record player, with a bowl of fruit on the table, with the trees. You're in pulsating harmony with all the energy around you.

PLAYBOY: Including that of a woman?

LEARY: The three inevitable goals of the LSD session are to discover and make love with God, to discover and make love with yourself, and to discover and make love with a woman. You can't make it with yourself unless you've made it with the timeless energy process around you, and you can't make it with a woman until you've made it with yourself. The natural and obvious way to take LSD is with a member of the opposite sex, and an LSD session that does not involve an ultimate merging with a person of the opposite sex isn't really complete. One of the great purposes of an LSD session is sexual union. The more expanded your consciousness—the farther out you can move beyond your mind—the deeper, the richer, the longer and more meaningful your sexual communion.

PLAYBOY: We've heard about sessions in which couples make love for hours on end, to the point of exhaustion, but never seem to reach exhaustion. Is this true?

LEARY: Yup.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe the sensation of an orgasm under LSD?

LEARY: Only the most reckless poet would attempt that. I have to say to you, "What does one say to a little child?" The child asks, "Daddy, what is sex like?" and you try to describe it, and then the little child says, "Well, is it fun like the circus?" and you say, "Well, not exactly like that." And the child says, "Is it fun like chocolate ice cream?" and you say, "Well, it's like that but much, much *more* than that." And the child says, "Is it

fun like the roller coaster, then?" and you say, "Well, that's part of it, but it's even more than that." In short, I can't tell you what it's like, because it's not like anything that's ever happened to you—and there aren't words adequate to describe it, anyway. You won't know what it's like until you try it yourself and then I won't *need* to tell you.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that some women who ordinarily have difficulty achieving orgasm find themselves capable of multiple orgasms under LSD. Is that true?

LEARY: In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman can have several hundred orgasms.

PLAYBOY: Several *hundred*?

LEARY: Yes. Several hundred.

PLAYBOY: What about a man?

LEARY: This preoccupation with the number of orgasms is a hang-up for many men and women. It's as crude and vulgar a concept as wondering how much she paid for the negligee.

PLAYBOY: Still, there must be some sort of physiological comparison. If a woman can have several hundred orgasms, how many can a man have under optimum conditions?

LEARY: It would depend entirely on the amount of sexual—and psychedelic—experience the man has had. I can speak only for myself and about my own experience. I can only compare what I was with what I am now. In the last six years, my openness to, my responsiveness to, my participation in every form of sensory expression, has multiplied a *thousandfold*.

PLAYBOY: This aspect of LSD has been hinted at privately but never spelled out in public until now. Why?

LEARY: The sexual impact is, of course, the open but private secret about LSD, which none of us has talked about in the last few years. It's socially dangerous enough to say that LSD helps you find divinity and helps you discover yourself. You're already in trouble when you say that. But then if you announce that the psychedelic experience is basically a *sexual* experience, you're asking to bring the whole middle-aged, middle-class monolith down on your head. At the present time, however, I'm under a thirty-year sentence of imprisonment, which for a

forty-five-year-old man is essentially a life term, and in addition, I am under indictment on a second marijuana offense involving a 16-year sentence. Since there is hardly anything more that middle-aged, middle-class authority can do to me—and since the secret is out anyway among the young—I feel I'm free at this moment to say what we've never said before: that sexual ecstasy is the basic reason for the current LSD boom. When Dr. Goddard, the head of the Food and Drug Administration, announced in a Senate hearing that 10 percent of our college students are taking LSD, did you ever wonder why? Sure, they're discovering God and meaning; sure, they're discovering themselves; but did you really think that sex wasn't the fundamental reason for this surging, youthful social boom? You can no more do research on LSD and leave out sexual ecstasy than you can do microscopic research on tissue and leave out cells.

LSD is not an automatic trigger to sexual awakening, however. The first 10 times you take it, you might not be able to have a sexual experience at all, because you're so overwhelmed and delighted—or frightened and confused—by the novelty; the idea of having sex might be irrelevant or incomprehensible at the moment. But it depends upon the setting and the partner. It is almost inevitable, if a man and his mate take LSD together, that their sexual energies will be unimaginably intensified, and unless clumsiness or fright on the part of one or the other blocks it, it will lead to a deeper experience than they ever thought possible.

From the beginning of our research, I have been aware of this tremendous personal power in LSD. You must be very careful to take it only with someone you know really well, because it's almost inevitable that a woman will fall in love with the man who shares her LSD experience. Deep and lasting neurological imprints, profound emotional bonds, can develop as a result of an LSD session—bonds that can last a lifetime. For this reason, I have always been extremely cautious about running sessions with men and women. We always try to have a subject's husband or wife present during his or her first session, so that as these powerful urges develop, they are directed in ways that can be lived out responsibly after the session.

PLAYBOY: Are you preaching psychedelic monogamy?

LEARY: Well, I can't generalize, but one of the great lessons I've learned from LSD is that every man contains the essence of all men and every woman has within her *all* women. I remember a session a few years ago in which, with horror and ecstasy, I opened my eyes and looked into Rosemary's eyes and was pulled into the deep pools of her being floating softly in the center of her mind, experiencing everything that she was experiencing, knowing every thought that she had ever had. As my eyes were riveted to hers, her face began to melt and change. I saw her as a young girl, as a baby, as an old woman with gray hair and seamy, wrinkled face. I saw her as a witch, a madonna, a nagging crone, a radiant queen, a Byzantine virgin, a tired, worldly-wise oriental whore who had seen every sight of life repeated a thousand times. She was *all* women, *all woman*, the essence of female—eyes smiling, quizzically, resignedly, devilishly, always inviting: "See me, hear me, join me, merge with me, keep the dance going." Now the implications of this experience for sex and mating, I think, are obvious. It's because of this, not because of moral restrictions or restraints, that I've been extremely monogamous in my use of LSD over the last six years.

PLAYBOY: When you speak of monogamy, do you mean complete sexual fidelity to one woman?

LEARY: Well, the notion of running around trying to find different mates is a very low-level concept. We are living in a world of expanding population in which there are more and more beautiful young girls coming off the assembly line each month. It's obvious that the sexual criteria of the past are going to be changed, and that what's demanded of creatures with our sensory and cellular repertoire is not just one affair after another with one young body after another, but the exploration of the incredible depths and varieties of your own identity with a single member of the opposite sex. This involves time and commitment to the voyage. . . . There is a certain kind of neurological and cellular fidelity that develops. I have said for many years now that in the future the grounds for divorce would not be that your wife went to bed with another man and

bounced around on a mattress for an hour or two, but that your wife had an LSD session with somebody else, because the bonds and the connections that develop are so powerful.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that when you are in the company of women, quite a lot of them turn on to you. As a matter of fact, a friend of yours told us that you could have two or three different women every night if you wanted to. Is he right?

LEARY: For the most part, during the last six years, I have lived very quietly in our research centers. But on lecture tours and in highly enthusiastic social gatherings, there is no question that a charismatic public figure does generate attraction and stimulate a sexual response.

PLAYBOY: How often do you return this response?

LEARY: Every woman has built into her cells and tissues the longing for a hero, sage-mythic male, to open up and share her own divinity. But casual sexual encounters do not satisfy this deep longing. Any charismatic person who is conscious of his own mythic potency awakens this basic hunger in women and pays reverence to it at the level that is harmonious and appropriate at the time. Compulsive body grabbing, however, is rarely the vehicle of such communication.

PLAYBOY: Do you disapprove of the idea of casual romance—catalyzed by LSD?

LEARY: Well, I'm no one to tell anyone else what to do. But I would say, if you use LSD to make out sexually in the seductive sense, then you'll be a very humiliated and embarrassed person, because it's just not going to work. On LSD, her eyes would be microscopic, and she'd see very plainly what you were up to, coming on with some heavy-handed, moustache-twisting routine. You'd look like a consummate ass, and she'd laugh at you, or you'd look like a monster and she'd scream and go into a paranoid state. Nothing good can happen with LSD if it's used crudely or for power or manipulative purposes.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you met a girl at a party, developed an immediate rapport, and you both decided to share an LSD trip that same night. Could it work under those circumstances?

LEARY: You must remember that in taking LSD with some-

one else, you are voluntarily relinquishing all of your personality defenses and opening yourself up in a very vulnerable manner. If you and the girl are ready to do this, there would be an immediate and deep rapport if you took a trip together. People from the LSD cult would be able to do it upon a brief meeting, but an inexperienced person would probably find it extremely confusing, and the people might become quite isolated from each other. They might be whirled into the rapture or confusion of their own inner workings and forget entirely that the other person is there.

PLAYBOY: According to some reports, LSD can trigger the acting out of latent homosexual impulses in ostensibly heterosexual men and women. Is there any truth to that, in your opinion?

LEARY: On the contrary, the fact is that LSD is a specific *cure* for homosexuality. It's well known that most sexual perversions are the result not of biological binds but of freaky, dislocating childhood experiences of one kind or another. Consequently, it's not surprising that we've had many cases of long-term homosexuals who, under LSD, discover that they are not only genitally but genetically male, that they are basically attracted to females. The most famous and public of such cases is that of Allen Ginsberg, who has openly stated that the first time he turned on to women was during an LSD session several years ago. But this is only one of many such cases.

PLAYBOY: Has this happened with Lesbians?

LEARY: I was just going to cite such a case. An extremely attractive girl came down to our training center in Mexico. She was a Lesbian and she was very active sexually, but all of her energy was devoted to making it with girls. She was at an LSD session at one of our cottages and went down to the beach and saw this young man in a bathing suit and—flash!—for the first time in her life the cellular electricity was flowing in her body and it bridged the gap. Her subsequent sexual choices were almost exclusively members of the opposite sex.

For the same reasons, LSD is also a powerful panacea for impotence and frigidity, both of which, like homosexuality, are

symbolic screw-ups. The LSD experience puts you in touch with the wisdom of your body, of your nervous system, of your cells, of your organs. And the closer you get to the message of the body, the more obvious it becomes that it's constructed and designed to procreate and keep the life stream going. When you're confronted with this basic cellular fact under LSD, you realize that your impotency, or your frigidity, is caused by neuropsychological hang-ups of fear or shame that make no sense to your cells, that have nothing to do with the biochemical forces inside your body urging you to merge and mate with a member of the opposite sex.

PLAYBOY: Does LSD always work as a sexual cure-all?

LEARY: Certainly not. LSD is no guarantee of *any* specific social or sexual outcome. One man may take LSD and leave wife and family and go off to be a monk on the banks of the Ganges. Another may take LSD and go *back* to his wife. It's a highly individual situation. Highly unpredictable. During LSD sessions, you see, there can come a microscopic perception of your routine social and professional life. You may discover to your horror that you're living a robot existence, that your relationships with your boss, your wife and your family are stereotyped, empty and devoid of meaning. At this point, there might come a desire to renounce this hollow existence, to collect your thoughts, to go away and cloister yourself from the world like a monk while you figure out what kind of a life you want to go back to, if any.

Conversely, we've found that in giving LSD to members of monastic sects, there has been a definite tendency for them to leave the monastic life and to find a mating relationship. Several were men in their late forties who had been monks for 15 or 20 years, but who even at this mature age returned to society, married and made the heterosexual adjustment. It's not coincidental that of all those I've given LSD to, the religious group—more than 200 ministers, priests, divinity students and nuns—has experienced the most intense sexual reaction. And in two religious groups that prize chastity and celibacy, there have been wholesale defections of monks and nuns who left their

religious orders to get married after a series of LSD experiences. The LSD session, you see, is an overwhelming awakening of experience; it releases potent, primal energies, and one of these is the sexual impulse, which is the strongest impulse at any level of organic life. For the first time in their lives, perhaps, these people were meeting head on the powerful life forces that they had walled off with ritualized defenses and self-delusions.

PLAYBOY: A great deal of what is said about LSD by its proponents, including you, has been couched in terms of religious mysticism. You spoke earlier, in fact, of discovering "divinity" through LSD. In what way is the LSD experience religious?

LEARY: It depends on what you mean by religion. For almost everyone, the LSD experience is a confrontation with new forms of wisdom and energy that dwarf and humiliate man's mind. This experience of awe and revelation is often described as religious. I consider my work basically religious, because it has as its goal the systematic expansion of consciousness and the discovery of energies within, which men call "divine." From the psychedelic point of view, almost all religions are attempts—sometimes limited temporally or nationally—to discover the inner potential. Well, LSD is Western yoga. The aim of all Eastern religion, like the aim of LSD, is basically to get high: that is, to expand your consciousness and find ecstasy and revelation within.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Gerald Klee, of the National Institute of Mental Health, has written: "Those who say LSD expands consciousness would have the task of defining the terms. By any conventional definition, I don't think it does expand the consciousness." What do you think?

LEARY: Well, he's using the narrow, conventional definition of consciousness that psychiatrists have been taught: that there are two levels of consciousness—sleep and symbolic normal awareness. Anything else is insanity. So by conventional definition, LSD does *not* expand symbolic consciousness; thus, it creates psychosis. In terms of his conventional symbol game, Dr. Klee is right. My contention is that his definition is too narrow,

that it comes from a deplorable, primitive and superstitious system of consciousness. My system of consciousness—attested to by the experience of hundreds of thousands of trained voyagers who've taken LSD—defines seven different levels of awareness.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

LEARY: The lowest levels of consciousness are sleep and stupor, which are produced by narcotics, barbiturates and our national stupeficient, alcohol. A third level of consciousness is the conventional wakeful state, in which awareness is hooked to conditioned symbols: flags, dollar signs, job titles, brand names, party affiliations and the like. This is the level that most people, including psychiatrists, regard as reality; they don't know the half of it. The next two levels of awareness, somatic and sensory, would, I think, be of particular interest to *Playboy* readers, because most of them are of the younger generation, which is much more sensual than the puritanical Americans of the older generation. In order to reach the somatic and sensory levels, you have to have something that will turn off symbols and open up your billions of sensory cameras to the billions of impulses that are hitting them. The chemical that opens the door to this level has been well known for centuries to cultures that stress delicate, sensitive registration of sensory stimulation: the Arab cultures, the Indian cultures, the Mogul cultures. It is marijuana. There is no question that marijuana is a sensual stimulator—and this explains not only why it's favored by young people but why it arouses fear and panic among the middle-aged, middle-class, whiskey-drinking, bluenosed bureaucrats who run the narcotics agencies. If they only knew what they were missing.

But we must bid a sad farewell to the bodily levels of consciousness and go on to the sixth level, which I call the cellular level. It's well known that the stronger psychedelics such as mescaline and LSD take you *beyond* the senses into a world of cellular awareness. Now the neurological fact of the matter is that every one of your 13 billion brain cells is hooked up to some 25,000 other cells, and everything you know comes from a communication exchange at the nerve endings of your

cells. During an LSD session, enormous clusters of these cells are turned on, and consciousness whirls into eerie panoramas for which we have no words or concepts. Here the metaphor that's most accurate is the metaphor of the microscope, which brings into awareness cellular patterns that are invisible to the naked eye. In the same way, LSD brings into awareness the cellular conversations that are inaudible to the normal consciousness and for which we have no adequate symbolic language. You become aware of processes you were never tuned in to before. You feel yourself sinking down into the soft tissue swamp of your own body, slowly drifting down dark red waterways and floating through capillary canals, softly propelled through endless cellular factories, ancient fibrous clockworks—ticking, clicking, chugging, pumping relentlessly. Being swallowed up this way by the tissue industries and the bloody, sinewy carryings-on inside your body can be an appalling experience the first time it happens to you. But it can also be an awesome one—fearful, but full of reverence and wonder.

PLAYBOY: Is there more?

LEARY: Yes, and this level is even more strange and terrifying. This is the *pre*cellular level, which is experienced only under a heavy dosage of LSD. Your nerve cells are aware—as Professor Einstein was aware—that all matter, all structure, is pulsating energy; well, there is a shattering moment in the deep psychedelic session when your body, and the world around you, dissolves into shimmering latticeworks of pulsating white waves, into silent, subcellular worlds of shuttling energy. But this phenomenon is nothing new. It's been reported by mystics and visionaries throughout the last 4,000 years of recorded history as "the white light" or the "dance of energy." Suddenly you realize that everything you thought of as reality or even as life itself—including your body—is just a dance of particles. You find yourself horribly alone in a dead, impersonal world of raw energy feeding on your sense organs. This, of course, is one of the oldest oriental philosophic notions, that nothing exists except in the chemistry of your own consciousness. But when it first really happens to you through the experience of LSD, it

can come as a terrorizing, isolating discovery. At this point, the unprepared LSD subject often screams out: "I'm dead!" And he sits there transfigured with fear, afraid to move. For the experienced voyager, however, this revelation can be exalting: You've climbed inside Einstein's formula, penetrated to the ultimate nature of matter, and you're pulsing in harmony with its primal, cosmic beat.

PLAYBOY: Has this happened to you often during a session?

LEARY: It's happened to me about half of the 311 times I've taken LSD. And every time it begins to happen, no matter how much experience you've had, there is that moment of terror—because nobody likes to see the comfortable world of objects and symbols and even cells disintegrate into the ultimate physical design.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there may be a deeper level of consciousness beyond the precellular?

LEARY: I hope so. We know that there are many other levels of energy within and around us, and I hope that within our lifetimes we will have these opened up to us, because the fact is that there is no form of energy on this planet that isn't recorded somewhere in your body. Built within every cell are molecular strands of memory and awareness called the DNA code—the genetic blueprint that has designed and executed the construction of your body. This is an ancient strand of molecules that possesses memories of every previous organism that has contributed to your present existence. In your DNA code you have the genetic history of your father and mother. It goes back, back, back through the generations, through the eons. Your body carries a protein record of everything that's happened to you since the moment you were conceived as a one-cell organism. It's a living history of every form of energy transformation on this planet back to that thunderbolt in the Precambrian mud that spawned the life process over two billion years ago. When LSD subjects report retrogression and reincarnation visions, this is not mysterious or supernatural. It's simply modern biogenetics.

PLAYBOY: Tell us more about these visions.

LEARY: Well, we don't know how these memories are stored, but countless events from early and even intrauterine life are registered in your brain and can be flashed into consciousness during an LSD experience.

PLAYBOY: Do you merely remember them, or do you actually relive them?

LEARY: The experiences that come from LSD are actually relived—in sight, sound, smell, taste and touch—exactly the way they happened before.

PLAYBOY: If it's an experience from very early life, how can you be sure it's a true memory rather than a vivid hallucination?

LEARY: It's possible to check out some of these ancient memories, but for the most part these memory banks, which are built into your protein cellular strands, can never be checked on by external observation. Who can possibly corroborate what your nervous system picked up before your birth, inside your mother? But the obvious fact is that your nervous system was operating while you were still in the uterus. It was receiving and recording units of consciousness. Why, then, is it surprising that at some later date, if you have the chemical key, you can release these memories of the nine perilous and exciting months before you were born?

PLAYBOY: Can these memory visions be made selective? Is it possible to travel back in time at will?

LEARY: Yes, it is. That happens to be the particular project that I've been working on most recently with LSD. I've charted my own family tree and traced it back as far as I can. I've tried to plumb the gene pools from which my ancestors emerged in Ireland and France.

PLAYBOY: With what success?

LEARY: Well, there are certain moments in my evolutionary history that I can reach all the time, but there are certain untidy corners in my racial path that I often get boxed into, and because they are frightening, I freak out and open my eyes and stop it. In many of these sessions, back about 300 years, I often run across a particular French-appearing man with a black moustache, a rather dangerous-looking guy. And there are sev-

eral highly eccentric recurrent sequences in an Anglo-Saxon country that have notably embarrassed me when I relived them in LSD sessions—goings-on that shocked my twentieth-century person.

PLAYBOY: What sort of goings-on?

LEARY: Moments of propagation—scenes of rough ancestral sexuality in Irish barrooms, in haystacks, in canopied beds, in covered wagons, on beaches, on the moist jungle floor—and moments of crisis in which my forebears escape from fang, from spear, from conspiracy, from tidal wave and avalanche. I've concluded that the imprints most deeply engraved in the neurological memory bank have to do with these moments of life-affirming exultation and exhilaration in the perpetuation and survival of the species.

PLAYBOY: But how can you be sure they ever happened?

LEARY: You can't. They may all be nothing more than luridly melodramatic Saturday serials conjured up by my forebrain. But whatever they are—memory or imagination—it's the most exciting adventure I've ever been involved in.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, according to a spokesman for the student left, many former campus activists who've gone the LSD route are "more concerned with what's happening in their heads than what's happening in the world." Any comment?

LEARY: There's a certain truth in that. The insight of LSD leads you to concern yourself more with internal or spiritual values; you realize that it doesn't make any difference what you do on the outside unless you change the inside. If all the Negroes and left-wing college students in the world had Cadillacs and full control of society, they would still be involved in an anthill social system unless they opened themselves up first.

PLAYBOY: Aren't these young ex-activists among an increasing number of students, writers, artists and musicians whom one critic has called "the psychedelic drop-outs"—LSD users who find themselves divested of motivation, unable to readjust to reality or to resume their roles in society?

LEARY: There is an LSD drop-out problem, but it's nothing to worry about. It's something to cheer. The lesson I have

learned from over 300 LSD sessions, and which I have been passing on to others, can be stated in 6 syllables: Turn on, tune in, drop out. "Turn on" means to contact the ancient energies and wisdoms that are built into your nervous system. They provide unspeakable pleasure and revelation. "Tune in" means to harness and communicate these new perspectives in a harmonious dance with the external world. "Drop out" means to detach yourself from the tribal game. Current models of social adjustment—mechanized, computerized, socialized, intellectualized, televised, Sanforized—make no sense to the new LSD generation, who see clearly that American society is becoming an air-conditioned anthill. In every generation of human history, thoughtful men have turned on and dropped out of the tribal game and thus stimulated the larger society to lurch ahead. Every historical advance has resulted from the stern pressure of visionary men who have declared their independence from the game: "Sorry, George III, we don't buy your model. We're going to try something new"; "Sorry, Louis XVI, we've got a new idea. Deal us out"; "Sorry, LBJ, it's time to mosey on *beyond* the Great Society."

The reflex reaction of society to the creative drop-out is panic and irritation. If anyone questions the social order, he threatens the whole shaky edifice. The automatic, angry reaction to the creative drop-out is that he will become a parasite on the hard-working, conforming citizen. This is not true. The LSD experience does not lead to passivity and withdrawal; it spurs a driving hunger to communicate in new forms, in better ways, to express a more harmonious message, to live a better life. The LSD cult has already wrought revolutionary changes in American culture. If you were to conduct a poll of the creative young musicians in this country, you'd find that at least 80 percent are using psychedelic drugs in a systematic way. And this new psychedelic style has produced not only a new rhythm in modern music but a new decor for our discotheques, a new form of film making, a new kinetic visual art, a new literature, and has begun to revise our philosophic and psychological thinking.

Remember, it's the college kids who are turning on—the

smartest and most promising of the youngsters. What an exciting prospect: a generation of creative youngsters refusing to march in step, refusing to go to offices, refusing to sign up on the installment plan, refusing to climb aboard the treadmill.

PLAYBOY: What *will* they do?

LEARY: Don't worry. Each one will work out his individual solution. Some will return to the establishment and inject their new ideas. Some will live underground as self-employed artists, artisans and writers. Some are already forming small communities out of the country. Many are starting schools for children and adults who wish to learn the use of their sense organs. Psychedelic businesses are springing up: bookstores, art galleries. Psychedelic industries may involve more manpower in the future than the automobile industry has produced in the last 20 years. In our technological society of the future, the problem will be not to get people to work but to develop graceful, fulfilling ways of living a more serene, beautiful and creative life. Psychedelics will help to point the way.

PLAYBOY: Concerning LSD's influence on creativity, Dr. B. William Murphy, a psychoanalyst for the National Institute of Mental Health, takes the view that there is no evidence "that drugs of any kind increase creative potency. One unfortunate effect is to produce an illusion dangerous to people who are creative, who cease then to be motivated to produce something that is genuinely new. And the illusion is bad in making those who are not creative get the idea that they are." What's your reaction?

LEARY: It's unfortunate that most of the scientific studies on creativity have been done by psychologists who don't have one creative bone in their body. They have studied people who by definition are emphatically uncreative—namely, graduate students. Is it any wonder that all the "scientific" studies of LSD and creativity have shown no creative results? But to answer your question, I must admit that LSD and marijuana do not allow you to walk to the piano and ripple off great fugues. Psychedelic drugs, particularly marijuana, merely enhance the senses. They allow you to see and hear new patterns of energy

that suggest new patterns for composition. In this way, they enhance the creative perspective, but the ability to convert your new perspective, however glorious it may be, into a communication form still requires the technical skill of a musician or a painter or a composer.

But if you want to find out whether LSD and marijuana have helped creative people, don't listen to a psychiatrist; don't listen to a government bureaucrat. Find the artist and ask *him*. If you want to find out about creativity, ask the creative person. If you want to know what LSD does and whether it's good or bad, don't listen to a cop; don't listen to messianic fanatics like Timothy Leary. Find some friend who has taken LSD and ask *him*. He's the person to believe because you'll know how likely he is to distort things, and then you'll be able to judge on the basis of his statements what LSD has done for him. Then ask other friends about their experiences. Base your opinion about LSD on a series of such interviews, and you will have collected more hard data than any of the public health officials and police officers who are making daily scare statements to the press these days.

PLAYBOY: Are any of these scare statements true? According to a recent report on narcotics addiction published by the Medical Society of the County of New York, for example, "those with unstable personalities may experience LSD-induced psychoses." Is that true?

LEARY: In over 3,000 people that I have personally observed taking LSD, we've had only 4 cases of prolonged psychoses—a matter of, say, 2 or 3 weeks after the session. All of these had been in a mental hospital before, and they were people who could not commit themselves to any stable relationship. And all of these people had nothing going in their lives. They were drifting or floating, with no home or family or any roots, no stable, ongoing life situation to return to. It's dangerous to take a trip if you have no internal trust and no external place to turn to afterward.

PLAYBOY: The same New York Medical Society report also stated that "normal, well-adjusted persons can undergo an

acute psychotic break under the influence of LSD." Is there any truth to that?

LEARY: Everyone, normal or neurotic, experiences some fear and confusion during the high-dose LSD session. The outcome and duration of this confusion depends upon your environment and your traveling companions. That's why it's tremendously important that the LSD session be conducted in a protected place, that the person be prepared and that he have an experienced and understanding guide to support and shield him from intrusion and interruption. When unprepared people take LSD in bad surroundings, and when there's no one present who has the skill and courage to guide them through it, then paranoid episodes are possible.

PLAYBOY: Will you describe them?

LEARY: There are any number of forms a paranoid episode can take. You can find yourself feeling that you've lived most of your life in a universe completely of your own, not really touching and harmonizing with the flow of the people and the energies around you. It seems to you that everyone else, and every other organism in creation, is in beatific communion, and only you are isolated by your egocentricity. Every action around you fits perfectly into this paranoid mosaic. Every glance, every look of boredom, every sound, every smile becomes a confirmation of the fact that everyone knows that you are the only one in the universe that's not swinging lovingly and gracefully with the rest of the cosmic dance. I've experienced this myself.

I've also sat with hundreds of people who have been panicked because they were trapped at the level of cellular reincarnation, where they looked out and saw that their body had scales like a fish or felt that they had turned into an animal. And I've sat with people who were caught on the electronic level, in that eerie, inhuman world of shuttling vibrations. But all these episodes can be dealt with easily by an experienced guide who recognizes where the LSD tripper is caught. He can bring you back down quite simply by holding a candle in front of you, or getting you to concentrate on your breathing, or having you lie down and getting you to feel your body merging with the

mattress or the floor. If he understands the map of consciousness, it's very easy to bring you back to a more recognizable and less frightening level. With his help, you'll be able to exult in and learn from the experience.

If he's frightened or uncomprehending, however, or if he acts so as to protect his own social interests, your own terror and confusion are naturally increased. If he treats you as a psychotic rather than as one who is seriously groping with basic problems that you should be encouraged to face and work through, you may be forced into a psychotic state. Every case of prolonged LSD psychosis is the fault not of the drug nor of the drug taker but of the people around him who lose their cool and call the cops or the doctors. The lesson here is to fear neither LSD nor your own psychological nature—which is basically okay—but to fear the diagnosing mind of the psychiatrist. Ninety percent of the bad LSD trips are provoked by psychiatric propaganda, which creates an atmosphere of fear rather than of courage and trust. If the psychiatrists had their way, we'd *all* be patients.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of patients, a recent *Time* essay reported that a survey in Los Angeles "showed as many as 200 victims of bad trips in the city's hospitals at one time." Does that sound to you like a realistic figure?

LEARY: I'd like to know who conducted that survey and where they got their figures, because it's contradicted by the known facts. I was recently told by the director of a large California hospital, which handles LSD cases, that most LSD panic subjects are given a tranquilizer and sent home without even being admitted. The same is true at Bellevue and throughout the country.

PLAYBOY: In the same essay, *Time* wrote: "Under the influence of LSD, nonswimmers think they can swim, and others think they can fly. One young man tried to stop a car on Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard and was hit and killed. A magazine salesman became convinced that he was the Messiah." Are these cases, and others like them, representative reactions to LSD, in your opinion?

LEARY: I would say that one case in 10,000 is going to flip out

and run out into the street and do something bizarre. But these are the cases that get reported in the papers. There are 3,000 Americans who die every year from barbiturates, and it never hits the papers. Thousands more die in car crashes and from lung cancer induced by smoking. That isn't news, either. But one LSD kid rushes out and takes off his clothes in the street and it's headlines in the New York *Daily News*. If one nut who's a member of the narcotics squad from the Los Angeles police force gets drunk and climbs into an airplane and threatens the pilot, that's no reason for grounding all airplanes, calling alcohol illegal, outlawing guns and dissolving the narcotics bureau of the Los Angeles Police Force. So one episode out of 10,000 LSD cases is no reason for any kind of hand wringing and grandmotherly panic.

PLAYBOY: A recent case of this nature involved a young man who contended that he killed his mother-in-law while he was on LSD. Isn't that a cause for concern?

LEARY: Yes—but only because this one episode has led to some psychiatrists and police calling LSD a homicidal drug. Actually, there's no evidence that that unfortunate boy ever took LSD. He was obviously attempting a cop-out when he talked to the police about it afterward.

PLAYBOY: There have also been reports of suicide under the influence of LSD. Does this happen?

LEARY: In 23 years of LSD use, there has been one definite case of suicide during the LSD session. This was a woman in Switzerland who'd been given LSD without her knowledge. She thought she was going crazy and jumped out of the window. But it wasn't that the LSD poisoned her. The unexpected LSD led to such panic and confusion that she killed herself. There have been other rumors about LSD panics leading to suicide, but I am waiting for the scientific evidence. In more than a million LSD cases, there haven't been more than one or two documented cases of homicide or suicide attributable to the LSD experience.

PLAYBOY: Though it hasn't led to any reported deaths, a

number of LSD panics have been attributed to the experience of many users, in the midst of a session, that they're about to have a heart attack. Is this a common occurrence?

LEARY: Fairly common. When somebody says to us in an LSD session, "My heart's going to stop!" we say, "Okay, fine. That's a new experience, nothing to be afraid of. Let it stop." There is no physiological change in your heart, but the experience is that the heart is stopping. On LSD, you see, you may actually hear the thump of your heartbeat. You become aware of its pulsing nerves and muscle fibers straining for the next beat. How can they possibly do this over and over again? If you're unprepared for it, this can become a terror that it cannot continue. Because of LSD's distension of the time dimension, you may wait what seems like five hours for the second beat. Then you wait again, and you wait, and you are aware of the millions of cells that must be tiring out; they may not have the strength to beat again. You're afraid that your heart is going to burst. Then finally—thump! At last! But did it come slower this time? Is it stopping? You feel the blood throbbing in your heart. You feel the ventricles opening and closing; there's a hole in your heart! The blood is flooding your body! You're drowning in your own blood! "Help! Get me a doctor!" you may shout. If this kind of episode occurs, of course, all that's necessary to allay your fears are a few words of understanding and reassurance from an experienced guide and companion, who should be with you at all times.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Jonathan Cole, of the National Institute of Mental Health, has said that psychedelic drugs "can be dangerous. . . . People go into panic states in which they are ready to jump out of their skins. . . . The benefits are obscure." What do you say?

LEARY: Based on the evidence that Dr. Cole has had at hand, he is justified in saying that. Dr. Cole undoubtedly has never taken LSD himself. He *has* sponsored research that has been done—indeed, must be done—in mental hospitals, under psychiatric supervision. But this is the worst possible place to take LSD. Take LSD in a nuthouse and you'll have a nuthouse

experience. These poor patients are usually not even told what drugs they're given; they're not prepared. I consider this psychological rape. So I'm not surprised that the cases Dr. Cole has heard about from his researchers are negative.

But Dr. Cole doesn't listen to the hundreds of thousands of people who have taken LSD under intelligent, aesthetic, carefully planned circumstances and have had their lives changed for the better. He doesn't receive the hundred letters a week that I receive from people who are profoundly grateful to have been dramatically opened up by LSD. He hears only the horror stories. If you talk to a mortician, you'll come to the conclusion that everyone who is of any importance is dead. If you talk to a law-enforcement officer, you'll find that practically everyone is a criminal, actual or potential. And if you talk to a psychiatrist, you'll hear nothing but gloomy lexicons of psychopathology. What Dr. Cole thinks about LSD is irrelevant, because for every case that his federal researchers have studied, there are 5,000 serious-minded, courageous young laymen out in the universities and out in the seminaries and in their own homes and on the beaches who are taking LSD and having fantastically beautiful experiences.

PLAYBOY: Have you allowed or encouraged your children to use marijuana and LSD?

LEARY: Yes. I have no objection to them expanding their consciousness through the use of sacramental substances in accord with their spiritual growth and well-being. At Harvard, in Mexico and here at Millbrook, both of my children have witnessed more psychedelic sessions than any psychiatrist in the country.

PLAYBOY: At most of the psychedelic sessions you've conducted in the course of research, as you've said elsewhere, you and your associates have turned on with your subjects—and not in the laboratory but on beaches, in meadows, living rooms and even Buddhist temples. In the opinion of most authorities, this highly unconventional therapeutic technique is not only impractical but irrational and irresponsible. How do you justify it?

LEARY: This sort of criticism has ruined my reputation in

conventional research circles, but it simply betrays ignorance of the way LSD works. You have to take it with your patient—or at least to have taken it yourself—in order to empathize with and follow him as he goes from one level to another. If the therapist has never taken it, he's sitting there with his sticky molasses Freudian psychiatric chessboard attempting to explain experiences that are far beyond the narrow limits of that particular system.

PLAYBOY: You've also been criticized for being insufficiently selective in the screening of subjects to whom you've administered LSD.

LEARY: We have been willing and eager to run LSD sessions with anyone in any place that made collaborative sense to me and the subject. We've never given LSD to anyone for our own selfish purposes, or for selfish purposes of his own, but if any reasonably stable individual wanted to develop his own consciousness, we turned him on. This ruined our reputation with scientists, of course, but it also made possible a fantastically successful record: 99 percent of the people who took LSD with us had fabulous experiences. None of our subjects flipped out and went to Bellevue; they walked out of the session room with messianic gleams in their eyes.

PLAYBOY: Even if only one percent of your subjects had bad experiences, is it worth the risk?

LEARY: That question can be answered only by the individual. When men set out for Plymouth in a leaky boat to pursue a new spiritual way of life, of course they were taking risks. But the risks of the voyage were less than the risks of remaining in a spiritual plague area, immobilized from the possibility of change by their fears of taking a risk. No government bureau or Big Brother doctor can be allowed to decide who is going to take the risks involved in this twentieth-century voyage of spiritual discovery.

PLAYBOY: Yet restrictive and prohibitive laws against the use of LSD have already been passed in California, Nevada and New Jersey, and several members of Congress have urged federal legislation outlawing its manufacture or possession.

LEARY: Such laws are unrealistic and unconstitutional. Over 15 percent of college students are currently using LSD. Do the hard-arteried politicians and police types really want to put our brightest and most creative youngsters in prison for possession of a colorless, odorless, tasteless, nonaddictive, mind-opening substance? Irrational, senile legislation preventing people from pursuing private, intimate experiences—sexual or spiritual—cannot and will not be obeyed. We are currently planning to appeal any conviction for possession of LSD on constitutional grounds. But the federal government is opposed to laws penalizing possession of LSD because it recognizes the impossibility of enforcement and the unconstitutionality of such statutes. Of course, this ambiguous situation is temporary. In 15 years, the bright kids who are turning on now will be shaping public opinion, writing our novels, running our universities and repealing the hysterical laws that are now being passed.

PLAYBOY: In what way are they hysterical?

LEARY: They're hysterical because the men who are passing them have allowed their ignorance of LSD to escalate into irrationality. Instinctively they put LSD in the same bag with heroin. They think of drug taking as a criminal activity practiced by stuporous escapist and crazed, deranged minds. The daily diatribes of police officials and many legislators to that effect completely ignore the fact that the use of LSD is a white-collar, upper-middle-class, college-educated phenomenon. The LSD user is not a criminal type. He's not an underground character or a junkie. He doesn't seek to hide or to apologize for his activities. But while more and more laws are being passed restricting these activities, more and more people are engaging in them. LSD is being manufactured by people in their own homes and in small laboratories. If this continues, in ten years the LSD group will constitute one of our largest minorities. Then what are the lawmakers going to do?

PLAYBOY: What *should* they do, in your opinion?

LEARY: As they learn more about LSD, I think—I hope—they will recognize that there will have to be special legislation. There *should* be laws about the manufacture of LSD. It is an

incredibly powerful drug. It is not a narcotic and not a medical drug; it doesn't cure any illness. It is a new form of *energy*. Just as a new form of legislation had to be developed for radioactive isotopes, so will there need to be something comparable for LSD. And I think some LSD equivalent of the Atomic Energy Commission and some special licensing procedures should be set up to deal with this new class of drugs.

PLAYBOY: What sort of procedures would you recommend?

LEARY: You can't legalize and control manufacture until you've worked out a constructive way of licensing or authorizing possession. There are many individuals who should be provided with a legitimate access to chemicals that expand their minds. If we don't do this, we'll have a free market or a black market. During Prohibition, when alcohol was prohibited, it was suppressed; then you had bathtub gin and bootleg poisons of all sorts. The government received no taxes and the consumer had no guarantee that what he was buying was safe and effective. But if marijuana and LSD were put under some form of licensing where responsible, serious-minded people could purchase these chemicals, then the manufacture could be supervised and the sales could be both regulated and taxed. A healthy and profitable situation would result for all involved.

PLAYBOY: How would a person demonstrate his responsibility and serious-mindedness in applying for a license?

LEARY: The criteria for licensing the use of mild psychedelics like marijuana should be similar to those for the automobile license. The applicant would demonstrate his seriousness by studying manuals, passing written tests and getting a doctor's certificate of psychological and physical soundness. The licensing for use of powerful psychedelic drugs like LSD should be along the lines of the airplane pilot's license: intensive study and preparation, plus very stringent testing for fitness and competence.

PLAYBOY: What criteria would you use for determining fitness and competence?

LEARY: No one has the right to tell anyone else what he should or should not do with this great and last frontier of

freedom. I think that anyone who wants to have a psychedelic experience and is willing to prepare for it and to examine his own hang-ups and neurotic tendencies should be allowed to have a crack at it.

PLAYBOY: Have you had the opportunity to present this plan to the Federal Narcotics Bureau?

LEARY: I would be most happy to, but the Narcotics people don't want any sort of objective, equal-play consideration of these issues. When anyone suggests the heretical notion that LSD be made available to young people or even hints, let us say, at the necessity for scientific evaluation of marijuana, he is immediately labeled as a dangerous fanatic and is likely to be investigated. This certainly has been demonstrated by reactions of people asked to contribute to my legal defense fund. There are hundreds who have contributed but who realistically cannot afford to have their names involved in such a case, because they believe public identity may lead to investigatory persecution.

Playboy is among the rare institutions that will tackle an issue of this sort. There is an enormous amount of peripheral harassment. . . . This issue has generated so much hysteria that the normal processes of democratic debate are consistently violated. When several million Americans can't have their voices heard and can't get objective and scientific consideration of their position, I think that the Constitution is in danger.

PLAYBOY: There are some who see the appeal of your conviction in Laredo as a step leading to legalization of marijuana. Do you think that's possible?

LEARY: If I win my case in the higher courts—and my lawyers believe I will—this will have wide implications. It will suggest that future arrests for marijuana must be judged on the merits of the individual case rather than a blanket, arbitrary implementation of irrational and excessive regulation. I consider the marijuana laws to be unjust laws. My 30-year sentence and \$30,000 fine simply pointed up in a rather public way the severity and harshness of the current statutes, which are clearly in violation of several amendments to the Constitution.

PLAYBOY: Which amendments?

LEARY: The First Amendment, which guarantees the right of spiritual exploration, and the Fifth Amendment, which guarantees immunity from self-incrimination. The fact that I'm being imprisoned for not paying a tax on a substance that, if I had applied for a license, would have led to my automatic arrest, is clearly self-incrimination. The current marijuana statutes are also in violation of the Eighth Amendment, which forbids cruel and unusual punishments, and of the Ninth Amendment, which guarantees certain personal liberties not specifically enumerated in the other amendments.

PLAYBOY: The implications of your arrest and conviction in Laredo were still being debated when the police raided your establishment here in Millbrook. We've read several different versions of just what took place that night. Will you give us a step-by-step account?

LEARY: Gladly. On Saturday, April 16th, there were present at our center in Millbrook 29 adults and 12 children. Among them were 3 Ph.D. psychologists, 1 M.D. psychiatrist, 3 physicists, 5 journalists on professional assignments and 3 photographers. At 1:30 A.M., all but 3 guests had retired. I was in bed. My son and a friend of his were in the room talking to me about a term paper that my son was writing. We heard a noise outside in the hallway. My son opened the door, slammed it and said, "Wow, Dad, there's about 50 cops out there!" I jumped out of bed and was in the middle of the room when the door burst open and 2 uniformed sheriffs and 2 assistant district attorneys marched in and told me not to move. I was wearing only pajama tops.

One of the sheriff's statements to the press was that the raiding party discovered most of the occupants in the house in a state of semiundress—which sounds pretty lurid until you realize that almost everyone in the house was in bed asleep at the time of the raid. After the initial shock of finding armed and uniformed men in our bedrooms, all of my guests reacted with patience, humor and tolerance to five hours of captivity. The members of the raiding party, on the other hand, were extremely nervous. It's obvious that they had in mind some James

Bond fantasy of invading the oriental headquarters of some sexual SMERSH, and they were extremely jumpy as they went about their search of the entire house. One interesting aspect of the raid was that all of the women present were stripped and searched.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone object?

LEARY: We objected to *everything* that was being done, including the fact that we could not have a lawyer present.

PLAYBOY: What did the police find during the search?

LEARY: After a 5-hour search, they arrested 4 people: a photographer here on a professional assignment, and a Hindu holy man and his wife—all of whom they alleged had marijuana in their possession—and myself. There was no claim that I had any marijuana in my possession or control; the charge involved my being the director of the house.

PLAYBOY: Did they have a warrant?

LEARY: They had a warrant, but we claim it was defective and illegal.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

LEARY: In the Bill of Rights it clearly states that the government cannot just swear out a warrant to go into anyone's house on general suspicion and speculation. Specifically, a search warrant can be issued only on the basis of tangible evidence, usually from an informer, that a specific amount of defined, illegal substance is present at a certain place and time. There was no such probable cause for the raid at Millbrook. Among the "causes" cited was that cars with out-of-state licenses were parked in my driveway, and that girls under the age of sixteen were playing around the yard on a certain day when it was under surveillance.

PLAYBOY: How would that be a cause?

LEARY: How, indeed? Another alleged "cause" for the raid was that I am "a known and admitted trafficker in drugs." Well, none of these espionage reports seem to me—or to my lawyers—to justify the issuance of a no-knock, nighttime warrant that authorized the breaking of windows and doors to obtain entry to a private house.

PLAYBOY: What is the current status of the charges against you?

LEARY: We are now involved in nine pieces of litigation on this raid. The American Civil Liberties Union has entered the case with a supporting brief, and while I can't comment on the technicalities of the litigation, we have a large group of bright young turned-on civil libertarian lawyers walking around with smiles on their faces.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that your lawyers are on LSD?

LEARY: I don't feel I should comment on that. Let me say, however, that you don't need to *use* anything to be turned on, in the sense that you've tuned in to the world.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Humphrey Osmond of the New Jersey Neuropsychiatric Institute—the man who coined the word “psychedelic”—has described you as “Irish and revolutionary, and to a good degree reckless.” He was suggesting that if you had been more careful, you might not have been arrested in Laredo or Millbrook.

LEARY: I plead guilty to the charges of being an Irishman and a revolutionary. But I don't think I'm careless about anything that's important.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it careless to risk the loss of your freedom by carrying a half ounce of marijuana into Mexico?

LEARY: Well, that's like saying, wouldn't it be careless for a Christian to carry the Bible to Russia? I just can't be bothered with paranoidias about wiretapping, surveillance and police traps. It's been well known for several years that I'm using psychedelic drugs in my own home and in my own center for the use of myself and my own family. So at any time the government wanted to make an issue of this, it certainly could. But I can't live my life in secrecy or panic paranoia. I've never bothered to take a lot of elementary precautions, for example, about my phone being bugged or my actions being under surveillance—both of which the police admit. I would say that if there was carelessness in Laredo, it was carelessness on the part of the government officials in provoking a case that has already changed public attitudes and will inevitably change the law on

the possession and use of marijuana by thoughtful adults in this country. The Narcotics Bureau is in trouble. I'm not.

PLAYBOY: But suppose all appeals fail and you do go to prison. What will happen to your children and to your work?

LEARY: My children will continue to grow—externally and internally—and they and all of my friends and colleagues will continue to communicate what they've learned to a world that certainly needs such lessons. As to where and how they will live, I can't predict.

PLAYBOY: Have you made any provision for their financial support?

LEARY: At the present time I'm \$40,000 in debt for legal expenses, and I have made no provisions for eating lunch tomorrow. But we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

PLAYBOY: Do you dread the prospect of imprisonment?

LEARY: Well, I belong to one of the oldest trade unions in human civilization—the alchemists of the mind, the scholars of consciousness. The threat of imprisonment is the number-one occupational hazard of my profession. Of the great men of the past whom I hold up as models, almost every one of them has been either imprisoned or threatened with imprisonment for their spiritual beliefs: Gandhi, Jesus, Socrates, Lao-tse. I have absolutely no fear of imprisonment. First of all, I've taken LSD over 40 times in a maximum-security prison as part of a convict rehabilitation project we did in Boston, so I know that the only real prisons are *internal*. Secondly, a man who feels no guilt about his behavior has no fear of imprisonment; I have not one shred of guilt about anything I've done in the last 6 years. I've made hundreds of mistakes, but I've never once violated my own ethical or moral values. I'm the freest man in America today. If you're free in mind and heart, you're not in trouble. I think that the people who are trying to put other people in jail and to control basic evolutionary energies like sex and psychedelic chemicals are in trouble, because they're swimming upstream against the two-billion-year tide of cellular evolution.

PLAYBOY: What would you say is the most important lesson you've learned from your personal use of LSD?

LEARY: First and last, the understanding that basic to the life impulse is the question, should we go *on* with life? This is the only real issue, when you come down to it, in the evolutionary cosmic sense: whether to make it with a member of the opposite sex and keep it going—or not to. At the deepest level of consciousness, this question comes up over and over again. I've struggled with it in scores of LSD sessions. How did we get here and into this mess? How do we get out? There are two ways out of the basic philosophic isolation of man: You can ball your way out—by having children, which is immortality of a sort. Or you can step off the wheel. Buddhism, the most powerful psychology that man has ever developed, says essentially that. My choice, however, is to keep the life game going. I'm Hindu, not Buddhist.

Beyond this affirmation of my own life, I've learned to confine my attention to the philosophic questions that hit on the really shrieking, crucial issues: Who wrote the cosmic script? What does the DNA code expect of me? Is the big genetic-code show live or on tape? Who is the sponsor? Are we completely trapped inside our nervous systems, or can we make *real* contact with anyone else out there? I intend to spend the rest of my life, with psychedelic help, searching for the answers to these questions—and encouraging others to do the same.

PLAYBOY: What role do you think psychedelics will play in the everyday life of the future?

LEARY: A starring role. LSD is only the first of many new chemicals that will exhilarate learning, expand consciousness and enhance memory in years to come. These chemicals will inevitably revolutionize our procedures of education, child rearing and social behavior. Within one generation these chemical keys to the nervous system will be used as regular tools of learning. You will be asking your children, when they come home from school, not "What book are you reading?" but "Which molecules are you using to open up new Libraries of Congress inside your nervous system?" There's no doubt that chemicals will be the central method of education in the future. The reason for this, of course, is that the nervous system, and

learning and memory itself, is a chemical process. A society in which a large percentage of the population changes consciousness regularly and harmoniously with psychedelic drugs will bring about a very different way of life.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a day, as some science fiction writers predict, when people will be taking trips, rather than drinks, at psychedelic cocktail parties?

LEARY: It's happening already. In this country, there are already functions at which LSD may be served. I was at a large dance recently where two-thirds of the guests were on LSD. And during a scholarly LSD conference in San Francisco a few months ago, I went along with 400 people on a picnic at which almost everyone turned on with LSD. It was very serene. They were like a herd of deer in the forest.

In years to come, it will be possible to have a lunch-hour psychedelic session; in a limited way, that can be done now with DMT, which has a very fast action, lasting perhaps a half hour. It may be that there will also be large reservations of maybe 30 or 40 square miles, where people will go to have LSD sessions in tranquil privacy.

PLAYBOY: Will the psychedelic experience become universal? Will everyone be turned on?

LEARY: Well, not all the time. There will always be some functions that require a narrow form of consciousness. You don't want your airplane pilot flying higher than the plane and having Buddhist revelations in the cockpit. Just as you don't play golf on Times Square, you won't want to take LSD where narrow, symbol-manipulating attention is required. In a sophisticated way, you'll attune the desired level of consciousness to the particular surrounding that will feed and nourish you.

No one will commit his life to any single level of consciousness. Sensible use of the nervous system would suggest that a quarter of our time will be spent in symbolic activities—producing and communicating in conventional, tribal ways. But the fully conscious life schedule will also allow considerable time—perhaps an hour or two a day—devoted to the yoga of the senses, to the enhancement of sensual ecstasies through marijuana and

hashish, and one day a week to completely moving outside the sensory and symbolic dimensions into the transcendental realms that are open to you through LSD. This is not science fiction fantasy. I have lived most of the last six years—until the recent unpleasantness—doing exactly that: taking LSD once a week and smoking marijuana once a day.

PLAYBOY: How will this psychedelic regimen enrich human life?

LEARY: It will enable each person to realize that he is not a game-playing robot put on this planet to be given a Social Security number and to be spun on the assembly line of school, college, career, insurance, funeral, good-bye. Through LSD, each human being will be taught to understand that the entire history of evolution is recorded inside his body; the challenge of the complete human life will be for each person to recapitulate and experientially explore every aspect and vicissitude of this ancient and majestic wilderness. Each person will become his own Buddha, his own Einstein, his own Galileo. Instead of relying on canned, static, dead knowledge passed on from other symbol producers, he will be using his span of 80 or so years on this planet to live out every possibility of the human, prehuman and even subhuman adventure. As more respect and time are diverted to these explorations, he will be less hung up on trivial, external pastimes. And this may be the natural solution to the problem of leisure. When all of the heavy work and mental drudgery is taken over by machines, what are we going to do with ourselves—build even bigger machines? The obvious and only answer to this peculiar dilemma is that man is going to have to explore the infinity of inner space, to discover the terror and adventure and ecstasy that lie within us all.

Drop Out or Cop Out

It's always been that way, and it will always be that way. There are two societies, two symbiotic cultures uneasily sharing this planet, two intertwined human structures, mirror-imaged like root and branch. The overground and the underground. The drop-outs and the cop-outs.

There is the visible establishment—officious, federal, rational, organized, uniformed, at times grim, at times smug in its apparent control of external power—metal, machines, weapons. The cop-outs. The cops.

And there is the drop-out underground—loose, sloppy, foolish, tenacious, private, at times joyous, at times paranoid. Protected by its camouflage, conspiratorial laughter, the knowing glance, the facade of poverty, long hair, out-of-fashion dress, the covert subtle gesture, the double meaning, sustained by its access to inner power—touch, taste, sensual connections, laughter, smell, moist contact, ecstasy.

The external power structure is forever rent by struggles for material control, national rivalries, economic competition, political conflicts, ideologies of might. The boring battles of generals and politicians. The CIA versus the FBI.

The underground society is also divided on the basis of somatic, domestic, sensory, erotic, ritual, chemical preferences. The battles of clans and cults. Of magicians and saints.

This ancient duality has reached an evolutionary crisis point today. To see what's happening (and it's never reported in the papers), you have to be aware of this overground-underground

ballet. But to see it, you have to be underground. The overground establishment today just can't see what's happening, can't accept the dedicated, enduring, inevitable existence of the underground. LBJ has no logical, rational categories to deal with the apolitical smile. The soft chuckle which comes from neither the left nor the right but some center within.

In earlier, wiser times this struggle was clearly recognized as the essential battle between God and the devil, in which the devil (who is always he who controls the external power) systematically switches the labels (for obvious tactical reasons) and calls the static, regulated, dry, grim, humorless, destructive antilife GOOD and the free, ecstatic, sensual, moist, funny, joyous BAD. This doesn't fool the turned-on undergrounders, who are hip to the fact that God is a singing, swinging energy process who likes to laugh and make love and burrow, murmuring, underground.

The underground is always aware of the existence and reflex responses of the overground. Survival in the underground depends on your ability to anticipate the movements of external power. It's always been a capital crime to laugh, make love, and turn on barefoot in front of whitey's house, and these are the endemic, chronic crimes of the giggling young, the colored, the artists and the visionaries.

The structure of the overground is always obsessively and specifically organized. Read the rule books and directories. Today the whole freaky social structure is listed alphabetically in the yellow pages of the phone book. Read the section solemnly listing the local offices of the U.S. government, for example. Isn't that weird?

The structure of the underground is equally explicit and obvious to those in the know, but this knowledge is experiential, whispered, word-of-mouth, friend to friend and rarely written down. Can you write down a good joke? The telephone directory has no listing for the soft essences, the chemical secretions of life, love goddesses, alchemists, ecstasy drugs, astrologers, religious experiences, prophetic visions, fun, laughter, wry humor, the warm hand that slips under your pretenses and

touches you in exactly the right place. Where are these classified?

The underground is always composed of the "outs," those who are alienated from the establishment power centers—involuntarily by deprivation or voluntarily by aesthetic-religious choice. The young, the poor, the racially rejected, the articulately sensitive, the spiritually turned on are curious, sensual, ecstatic, erotic, shameless, free, mischievous, rebellious, intuitive, humorous, playful, spiritual. Adults, the middle class, the cops, the government men, the educators, those people listed in the yellow pages, are not. No funny business here; this is serious.

In the past the polar tension between the two societies was balanced by the slow ebb-and-flow tide of history. Underground pressure builds up gradually over decades. An ecstatic upheaval from below—Christ, Buddha, Mohammed—then slowly a new hierarchy emerges. The glue which held the creaky network of society together in the past was the biological fact of maturation. Social movements come and go, but the kids grew up to be adults like their parents. Underground kids became underground adults, gypsies, Jews, hustlers, and artists. Middle-class kids become middle-class adults.

What is new and fascinating about the current upheaval is this incredible fact: *the kids today are different*. They won't grow up like Mom and Dad. This is not a sociological trend. It's an evolutionary lurch. The generation gap is a species mutation. Electronics and psychedelics have shattered the sequence of orderly linear identification, the automatic imitation that provides racial and social continuity. The kids today just won't grow up to be like their parents. They are pulsating television grids. They move consciousness around by switching channel knobs. Tune in. Tune out. Flick on. Correct image focus. Adjust brightness.

Technology moves energy patterns at the speed of light, and psychochemicals accelerate and switch consciousness in exact proportions to nuclear power and electric circuitry. Your head is the cosmic TV show, baby. Alcohol turns off the brightness,

methadrine jiggles and speeds up the image, LSD flips on 87 channels at once, pot adds color, meditation, mantras, prayer, mudras sharpen the focus. It's your head, baby, and it's 2 billion years old, and it's got every control switch that GE and IBM ever thought of and a million more, and it's hooked up in direct connection to Central Broadcasting Station WDNA, and you had better learn to treasure it now, because it's planned by the Great Cartel Monopoly Benevolent Corporation, blueprint designer for planned obsolescence every 70 years, and there's no rewind and/or instant replay, baby, so turn on, tune in, drop out now!

Consider (as case history illustration) what happened to me yesterday. During the afternoon, voices hurtled at the speed of light up to the third floor at Millbrook from a West German TV producer, from a Japanese TV producer, asking to film the psychedelic scene at Millbrook. We had a dozen long-distance phone calls from people who tuned in last week to the nationwide program televised at Millbrook. An LSD baby was born to a couple living on the second floor—Negro mother, white father. At moonrise a new tepee, lined for winter living, was inaugurated at the camp of the League for Spiritual Discovery . . . fire crackling . . . scent of incense, pine branches, marijuana . . . 15 high people holding hands in a circle and chanting . . . the play of shadows on the white cone wall.

Before midnight a fifteen-year-old girl on an acid trip in Seattle phoned, requesting a copy of the league manual *How to Start Your Own Religion*. After midnight a college kid from Wisconsin phoned requesting help on a bad trip. At 3 A.M. my eighteen-year-old son Jack phoned from San Francisco. He had taken 1,000 gamma of LSD along with 1,500 other kids at a psychedelic ballroom . . . Owsley's free sacrament . . . psychedelic lights . . . acid rock 'n' roll. He stated quietly that he was illuminated. None of the parents' manuals tell you what to say when your kid announces he has done the Buddha bit, attained satori. Our sons aren't supposed to become Christ or Lao-tse, are they?

I said, "You're illuminated. Now what?"

Without a second's hesitation, he replied, "Now I illuminate."

Wow! What manual is *he* reading? He had seen everything. How it all fitted together. All is one. He had been given \$17,000 by a teen-age love commune in L.A. to buy acid in San Francisco. Under LSD he had pulled a thousand-dollar bill out of his pocket and meditated and then burned it. The parents' magazines don't tell you what to say when your son tells you that he's burned a thousand-dollar bill because money is a paper illusion.

Turn on, tune in, drop out, said Dr. Timothy Leary to the younger generation. Did I really say that?

Now I am standing, shivering, talking into the hall phone at three o'clock in the morning, holding the psychedelic prayer book I wrote in my hand, but it's useless because this son of mine with dilated pupils is 3,000 miles beyond me and is far wiser than any bible ever written by old men, read and recited by the sleepy, shivering, harassed father of two teen-age kids who have blown their minds with acid and talk quietly about Nirvana and illusion and the mind trip and the boring, repetitious hypocrisy of adult games. ("Daddy, please don't make me go back to the tired old game," said my daughter Susan after the hashish party in Hollywood.) I am the bewildered father of two unprepared kids who have experienced more than Buddha and Einstein and are floating with their generation out beyond my comprehension, and I may well be one of the wisest men ever born before 1945.

Listen, when I was a forty-year-old smart-aleck atheist Harvard professor and renowned research psychologist, illumination to me meant electric lighting, and consciousness was just the opposite of what poor Freud talked about. And I've taken LSD as much as and studied it more than anyone around, and I'm still left behind, carrying on my shivering shoulders at three o'clock in the morning the grief and bewilderment of every parent whose teen-age children are mutating through acid (lysergic and nucleic) up to a higher level of existence. I can't give my beautiful, wise, turned-on son any logical reason why he shouldn't burn a thousand-dollar bill. And if you think you

can, fellow parents, you just don't understand the problem which the Buddha saw and the DNA codes and which your kids are facing in psychedelic-electronic 1968.

Then I talked to the young man from L.A. whose thousand-dollar bill had been burned.

"How is Jack?"

"He's beautiful!"

I said, "My son is far out?" Pause.

"No. He's a Taoist kid. He's one with the flow. You worry him with your worries. Trust him. He loves you." The young man didn't even mention the loss of the money, and when I asked him about it he said, "Well I've always wanted to burn a thousand-dollar bill. Hasn't everybody?" And this from a twenty-two-year-old who lives with his wife and two kids in a small house on \$200 a month. I had trouble going back to sleep.

You see, don't you, that you learn nothing about the psychedelic underground and the electronic generation from the establishment press? *Hippy* is an establishment label for a profound, invisible, underground, evolutionary process. For every visible hippy, barefoot, beflowered, beaded, there are a thousand invisible members of the turned-on underground. Persons whose lives are tuned in to their inner vision, who are dropping out of the TV comedy of American life.

Fellow parents, if you have kids between the ages of eleven and twenty-five, chances are you've got the underground working in your own home. "What!" you say. "Horrors! One of our kids a secret hippy? What shall we do? Phone a psychiatrist? Read them the riot act? Call the police?" No. This time, let's try an experiment in listening. Let's initiate an intergeneration probe of peace and trust. Find the member of the underground nearest you—your own child, or your niece, or the boy next door—and consider him for an hour or two as a friendly ambassador sent to you from the world of the future. Listen to him.

Another way is to tune into the communication channels that carry the underground message. Read their newspapers. Every city in the country has its underground paper serving its young

readers with the news they want and advertising the commodities they want in the language they understand. Read the *East Village Other*, the *Oracle* of San Francisco or the *Oracle* of Los Angeles, or read any college newspaper that is relatively free of faculty control. You'll be amazed at the consistency and sophistication of the new philosophy.

Listen to their music. The rock 'n' roll bands are the philosopher-poets of the new religion. Their beat is the pulse of the future. The message from Liverpool is the Newest Testament, chanted by four Evangelists—saints John, Paul, George and Ringo. Pure Vedanta, divine revelation, gentle, tender irony at the insanities of war and politics, sorrowful lament for the bourgeois loneliness, delicate hymns of glory to God. And the humor, the sharp, sincere satire of the "put-on," the mild mocking of the pompous, even of one's own inevitable pomposity, even of the ridiculousness of teen-age rock stars becoming holy men, and that's what they really are.

The "put-on," the soft-sell, the double-meaning, easy, relaxed, laughing flow with the Tao stream of life—that's what makes it hard to understand these kids. Our older generation has been enslaved by a heavy, melodramatic view of life. Pitiful Shakespeare! All those grim, suffering, ham-actor heroes sweating out the failure of ambition, the torments of jealousy, the agony of wounded pride, the passions of unrequited love. The Western world has been on a bad trip, a 400-year bummer. War heroics. Guilt. Puritan ethics, grim, serious, selfish, striving. Remember, Mom and Dad, the songs of our youth? The blues. The Stratford-on-Avon masochistic ragtime laments of Tin Pan Alley? Well, that's all over now, Daddy and Mamma Blue. The atom bomb and the electronic flash and the ecstasy drugs have held up a million mocking mirrors to that struggling, bloody, self-pitying, self-indulgent, noble, lonely, martyred stage-TV hero who is you, Mr. and Mrs. America, and that's how your turned-on kids see you and why they sorrow for you and wait to turn you on.

But to learn the lesson from your kids, you've got to groove with their electronic-fluid timeless point of view, which is both

the newest and the oldest human philosophy, and accept their up-revision of Shakespeare in which Juliet's sleeping potion becomes a turn-on sacramental love elixir and Romeo took it with her in the tomb and they laughed in ecstatic revelation and pity at that old posturing Montague-Capulet hang-up, and they split together from Verona and opened a lute shop in Rome and stayed high forever after. And then Lady Bird Macbeth built a fire and lit a candle and some incense and put a tender chant on the stereo and rolled a joint of Scotch Broom, and she and Macbeth sat looking into the dancing flame and got soft and high and saw how foolish it was to struggle for the throne and dissolved into love for each other and for their rivals and prayed for them.

Above all, to get the message of the future, sit down with a youngster and relax and tune in to the new theme. You'll be shy and awkward. Your kid may be, too. That's natural. But stay with it and keep serene. Maybe your dialogue will start indirectly by listening together. The best way for any parent to dissolve fear and develop trust in the youngsters is to get the Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper" album or the Rolling Stones' "Satanic Majesties" and take it humbly to a kid and say, "I've heard that there's an important message in this record, but I need it explained to me. Will you talk to me about the Stones and Beatles?" And then get very comfortable and close your eyes and listen to the sermon from Liverpool (it could just as well be Donovan or Dylan or the Jefferson Airplane) and learn that it's the oldest message of love and peace and laughter, and trust in God and don't worry, trust in the future, and don't fight; and trust in your kids, and don't worry because it's all beautiful and right.

9

Hormonal Politics: The Menopausal Left-Right and the Seed Center

The political spectrum which has colored social attitudes for the past 300 years has decreasing relevance today and by 1980 will have no political meaning.

Left-Right. Liberal-Conservative. Radical-Reactionary. Communist-Capitalist. Democratic-Republican. Whig-Tory. Labor-Management. White-Colored. Brooklyn Dodgers. Twenty-three skidoo.

The crucial variable in today's political equation is age. The basic areas which now divide men are hormonal. The key question to ask a candidate for office—or indeed, any person seeking to influence public opinion—has nothing to do with Vietnam or Marx or John Birch. The issue which determines who will be elected, who will be listened to, is: How much time did you spend making love last week?

Political experts puzzle over the results of recent elections, seeking in vain to find the left-right trend. But one single and simple clue will account, in almost every case, for the surprises and shifts in voting. Age. Can you think of an election return in the last two years which found a potent, seed-carrying candidate defeated by an oldster?

The Kennedy strategy board understands this secret. So do Lindsays and Rockefeller.

War? Peace? Taxes? Race? Nope. Wrinkles.

The Republican party is making a comeback? Nope. They

America Hates Her Crazies

INTERCONTINENTAL EDITION

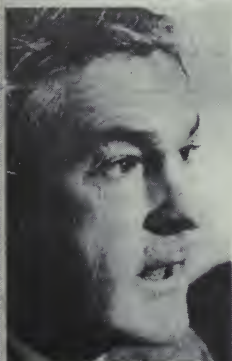
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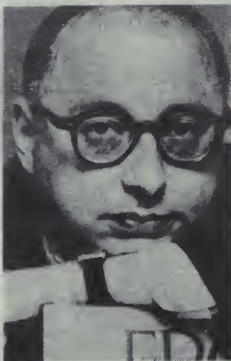
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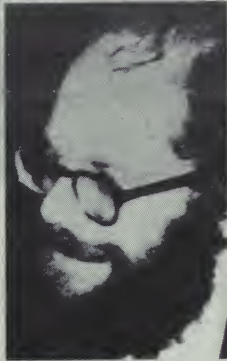
DR. TIMOTHY LEARY

"I have the right to follow my own spiritual method."



RALPH GINZBURG

"America is not only no longer a peace-loving country, but it is also no longer a liberty-loving country."



ALLEN GINSBERG

"Has anyone looked in the eyes of the wounded."
"The Secretary of State is speaking nothing but language."



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"America Hates Her Crazies" Front page of the
East Village Other (April 1-15, 1966).

Berkeley Barb

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2186 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94706, \$49-1040

15¢ BAY AREA

20¢ ELSEWHERE



"Turn Off, Tune Out, Drop In" Front page of
Berkeley Barb (Sept. 1-7, 1969).

have been out. Paunchy, jowled Democrats are getting old in office. Outs tend to run younger candidates.

But the Republicans have failed to capitalize completely on this relentless biological advantage because candidate choice is still determined by the most senile members of the Grand Old (sic) Party. Does anyone doubt that young, virile, baby-begetting Rockefeller could have won in 1960 and then in 1964 if the GOP had run him? Does anyone doubt that the Republicans would win in 1968 if they nominated Percy or Lindsay or even new-father Rocky?

This power of hormones in the body politic will steadily increase in the next decade until it becomes the only issue in the 1970's. The current revolution is not economic or religious; it is biological.

Human beings born after the year 1943 belong to a different species from their progenitors. Three new energies, exactly symmetrical and complementary—atomics, electronics, and psychedelics—have produced an evolutionary mutation. The release of atomic energy placed the mysterious basic power of the universe in man's hands. The frailty of the visible. The power of the invisible. Electronic impulses link the globe in an instantaneous communication network. The circuited unity of man. Psychedelic drugs release internal energy and speed consciousness in the same exponential proportions as nuclear and electronic space-time expansions.

Our children were born and have developed in a civilization as far removed from that of their parents as Des Moines, Iowa, is from ancient Carthage. How few parents realized when they quieted their noisy kids by banishing them to the TV room that they were turning on the little ones to a mind-blowing electronic experience. Kiddies flicking the TV knobs. Switch on the news . . . LBJ talking . . . hard sell . . . switch him off . . . Channel 9 . . . cereal commercial, hard sell . . . switch it off . . . Channel 3 . . . Superboy . . . A-OK. Movement. Change. Flashing images. Simultaneity. Multiple choice. And always the hard sell, the come-on promise, and the kids watching warily, catching on to LBJ's pitch and the Corn Flakes

pitch, the disillusioning insight through the game facade to the inner essence. The inevitable development of the cool psychology. The hip one who deals with the continual inundation of shifting images, multiplicity of channels, the bending of space-time . . . Apollo rockets . . . DNA . . . overpopulation . . . the ambiguity of good-evil, rich-poor, strong-weak. . . . The old movies replayed . . . endless reminders of the transience of custom and moral . . . did Dad and Mom really dress like that and dance like Fred Astaire and believe those pompous, bigoted, red-faced idiot politicians? The old movies, embarrassingly rerunning time backward . . . humiliating celluloid records of parental capers . . . reincarnation history best left unstudied if you want to preserve naïveté and enthusiasm for the social game and really cheer and cheat and struggle for liberty and Notre Dame and the boys on the battlefield fighting the Kaiser.

Spin faster and faster . . . flip on . . . switch over . . . turn on . . . compress time . . . this is CBC in Saigon . . . space out . . . tune in . . . focus . . . change channels . . . adjust brilliance . . . stroboscopic on-off . . . reality is a flickering grid of electronic images . . . narrow beam . . . stereophonic . . . sonic boom . . . freak out . . . put on . . . make out . . . turn on . . . drop out . . . now-then . . . here-infinity. Wow! The electronic-atomic age is an IBM psychedelic trip kaleidoscopic rocket blast multiphonic and there is no escape and no cop-out, and at age thirteen you are confronted with the choice which the slow linear game of the past allowed you to avoid—robot or Buddha, grin and groove with it or you freeze like the smile on Shirley Temple's face on that late-night flick.

Mao and Ho and Grand Charles and LBJ and Nasser are old mannikin figures from a pre-1914 world which is over. Ta-ta. Good-bye now. A shadowy, dusty, jerky black and white newsreel where men strutted and killed for patriotic virtue, manifest destiny, abstract values, national prestige, revolted against the wicked and conquered the devil enemy who believed in czarism, Communism, Fascism, Hooverism, Catholicism, and all the old,

dated chess moves. Mao and LBJ are blood-nerve brothers, twins of the same steel bosom; they think alike. Their world view is basically the same. Like intertwined quarreling lovers, they are both committed to the same marriage—capitalism-Communism. Both drank oil from the same maternal spigot. All the statesmen in the world have more in common with each other than with their own grandchildren. Ho loves Reagan; they share the same game consciousness, and they both avoid the bright, far-seeing eyes of their turned-on teen-agers. De Gaulle waltzes with Prime Minister Wilson, and they both turn off rock 'n' roll.

I remember the phone ringing at Millbrook and a voice with a Russian accent, strange to me but full of love and confidence in my love. "Hello, Tim? This is Andrey. Andrey Voznesensky. We have never met but we are old friends. We have much in common. When can we talk? They are giving me trouble, too."

And I remember the story of Allen Ginsberg being elected the King of the Carnival in Prague and riding in the float cheered by a hundred thousand Czech students while the old World War II Gestapo-style secret police watched and waited to bust Allen alone on the streets at midnight and deport him.

To a large segment, perhaps a majority, of our youth the social reality of the United States makes little sense. They are tuned to a different electronic channel. The reality of a middle-aged American is a fabrication of mass media. TV, newspapers, magazines determine what Mom and Dad believe, like, dislike, desire, value. CBS-UPI-AP-Luce—a million-mouthed monster blindly feeding on its own public-opinion-poll estimates of its own desires. Romney down. Reagan up. Filter cigarettes up. American Motors down. This social reality defined by electronic feedback is a completely artificial closed circuit—a consensual paranoia fabricating its own illusions. The struggle of images.

Romney and Reagan may fascinate middle-aged reporters who write for middle-aged editors in papers supported by middle-aged advertisers and purchased by middle-aged readers—all of whom convince each other that there is something real

about the game of Romney and Reagan. But the majority of youth under twenty-five don't read these papers. To them the ridiculous sequence of posture, bluff, deceit, bluster we force upon Romneys and Reagans is as dimly remote and insane as the thrashings of Mao and anti-Mao forces far away in China.

Who cares which impotent, tired old man grabs the power? Johnson? Kosygin? What's the difference? To a growing number of youngsters in America and Russia the political games of the menopausal are ridiculous and immoral. American and Russian editorial writers, equally middle-aged, denounce youth for hooliganism and disrespect for the law. Exactly. The hip youngsters on either side of the Iron Curtain feel amused contempt for police, politicians, educators, generals who struggle to maintain by force a preelectronic, prepsychedelic social ethic of war, worry, competition, threat and fear.

The American youngster is beginning to catch on to the frightening fact (already known by the veterans of the underground, the Negroes, the free artists, the delinquent poor, and the kids of Cuba and Russia) that the affluence and bribery of things and the carnival of televised athletic and political spectacles are the come-on for grim monolithic mind-copping social machines, and for those rebels who spurn the seductive bribe there awaits, on either side of the Iron Curtain, the gun and steel to coerce those who will not conform.

The American youngster who chooses not to buy the system is confronted with a consciousness-control tyranny classically Soviet in its disregard for his individuality. Compulsory education. Can you really believe this phrase, *compulsory education*? This means that if you don't go to the state brainwashing institutes built by the aging, you and your parents are arrested by policemen who carry guns.

Compulsory draft. If you don't want to kill to support the frightened policies of belligerent politicians (hawks, they are called), you'll go behind steel bars.

Compulsory inhibition of individual freedom to dress and move. The teen-age curfew. Armed police arrest kids for being in the street even with parents' permission. My son Jack was

arrested and jailed along with 50 other youngsters for walking along Haight Street in San Francisco. I phoned the juvenile prison.

"Why are you holding my son?"

"He's a suspected runaway."

"He was there with my permission. Now will you release him?"

"No. The law says he must be held until his parent picks him up."

"But I'm in New York."

"Sorry, that's the law."

"You mean he has no civil rights in California? They can be held for no crime?"

"That's right. Until they're eighteen they have no civil rights."

"And after eighteen you'll draft them, right?"

Remember the photographs in your paper last September of the high school principal on his hands and knees measuring the length on the little girl's mini-skirt? And the compulsory cutting of hair?

The average Mom and Dad, sitting gently in front of the television set, are unaware of the complex guerrilla skirmishes raging in the streets outside the door between the kids and the menopausal society. The reflex instinct of distrust and suspicion of the establishment, the underground—Negroes, Mexicans, artists, Puerto Ricans, hippies, kids.

The youngsters see it. Skillful and experienced at handling the media and psychedelic drugs (on which they were nursed), they know how to react. Take, for example, the classic case of the Monkees.

Hollywood executives decide to invent and market an American version of the Beatles—the early, preprophetic, cute, yeh-yeh Beatles. Got it? They audition a hallful of candidates and type-cast four cute kids. Hire some songwriters. Wire up the Hooper-rating computer. What do the screaming teeny-boppers want? Crank out the product and promote it. Feed the great consumer monster what it thinks it wants, plastic, syrupy, tasty,

marshmallow-filled, chocolate-coated, Saran-wrapped, and sell it. No controversy, no protest. No thinking strange, unique thoughts. No offending Mom and Dad and the advertisers. Make it silly, sun-tanned, grinning ABC-TV.

And what happened? The same thing that happened to the Beatles. The four young Monkees weren't fooled for a moment. They went along with the system but didn't buy it. Like all the beautiful young sons of the new age—Peter Fonda and Robert Walker and young John Barrymore and young Steinbeck and the wise young Hitchcocks—the Monkees use the new energies to sing the new songs and pass on the new message.

The Monkees' television show, for example. Oh, you thought that was silly teen-age entertainment? Don't be fooled. While it lasted, it was a classic Sufi put-on. An early-Christian electronic satire. A mystic-magic show. A jolly Buddha laugh at hypocrisy. At early evening kiddie-time on Monday the Monkees would rush through a parody drama, burlesquing the very shows that glue Mom and Dad to the set during prime time. Spoofing the movies and the violence and the down-heavy-conflict-emotion themes that fascinate the middle-aged.

And woven into the fast-moving psychedelic stream of action were the prophetic, holy, challenging words. Mickey was rapping quickly, dropping literary names, making scholarly references; then the sudden psychedelic switch of the reality channel. He looked straight at the camera, right into your living room, and up-leveled the comedy by saying: "Pretty good talking for a long-haired weirdo, huh, Mr. and Mrs. America?" And then—zap. Flash. Back to the innocuous comedy.

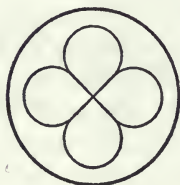
Or, in a spy drama, Mickey warned Peter: "Why, this involves the responsibility for blowing up the entire world!"

Peter, confidentially: "I'll take that responsibility!"

And Mickey, with a glance at the camera, said, "Wow! With a little more ego he'll be ready to run for President."

Why, it all happened so fast, LBJ, you didn't ever see it. Suddenly a whole generation disappeared right from view. Flick. They're gone! They won't vote and they won't listen to the good old promises and threats, and they won't answer

Gallup polls, and they just smile when we arrest them, and they won't be clean-cut, hard-working, sincere, frightened, ambitious boys like Khrushchev and I were. Hey! Where did they go? Flick. Hey, McNamara, fix this set! Ban LSD! Adjust the focus back, call a joint meeting of Congress. McNamara, dammit, boy, fix this set. All I get are flickering, dancing flower swirls of color, and shut off that loud rock 'n' roll beat. McNamara! Westmoreland! Dammit, fix this set! All I hear is the steady drumming beat and laughter, and it's getting softer and it's fading away in the distance. Hey, wait a minute! Come back! Hey, where did they all go?



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

*Poet of the Interior Journey**

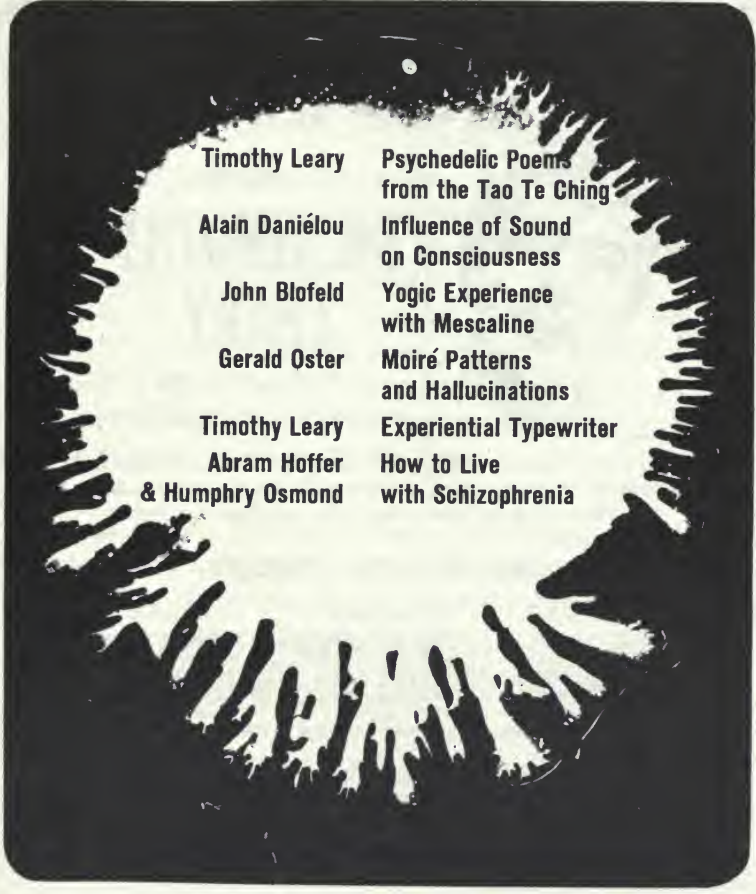
Hermann Hesse was born in July 1877 in the little Swabian town of Calw, the son of Protestant missionaries. His home background and education were pietistic, intellectual, classical. He entered a theological seminary at the age of fourteen with the intention of taking orders and left two years later. In Basel he learned the book trade and made his living as a bookseller and editor of classical German literary texts. He became acquainted with Jacob Burckhardt, the great Swiss historian and philosopher, who later served as the model for the portrait of Father Jacobus in *The Bead Game*. In 1914 Hesse's "unpatriotic" antiwar attitude brought him official censure and newspaper attacks. Two months after the outbreak of the war, an essay entitled "O Freunde, nicht diese Töne" ("O Friends, not these tones") was published in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*; it was an appeal to the youth of Germany, deploring the stampede to disaster.

In 1911 he traveled in India. From 1914 to 1919 he lived in Bern, working in the German embassy as an assistant for prisoners of war. A series of personal crises accompanied the external crisis of the war: his father died; his youngest son fell seriously ill; his wife suffered a nervous breakdown and was hospitalized. In 1919, the year of the publication of *Demian*, he moved to the small village of Montagnola by the Lake of Lugano and remained there till the end of his life. In 1923 he

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Alain Daniélou	Influence of Sound on Consciousness
John Blofeld	Yogic Experience with Mescaline
Gerald Oster	Moiré Patterns and Hallucinations
Timothy Leary	Experiential Typewriter
Abram Hoffer & Humphry Osmond	How to Live with Schizophrenia

Timothy Leary was a co-editor and frequent contributor
to *The Psychedelic Review*.

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acquired Swiss citizenship and in 1927 remarried. Hesse steeped himself in Indian and Chinese literature and philosophy, the latter particularly through the masterful translations of Chinese texts by Richard Wilhelm. In 1931 he remarried a third time and moved to another house in Montagnola which had been provided for him by his friend H. C. Bodmer. In 1946 he was awarded the Nobel Prize; in 1962, at the age of eighty-five, he died. Asked once what were the most important influences in his life, he said they were "the Christian and completely non-nationalist spirit of my parents' home," the "reading of the great Chinese masters," and the figure of the historian Jacob Burckhardt.

Few writers have chronicled with such dispassionate lucidity and fearless honesty the progress of the soul through the states of life. *Peter Camenzind* (1904), *Demian* (1919), *Siddhartha* (1922), *Steppenwolf* (1927), *Narziss und Goldmund* (1930), *Journey to the East* (1932), *Magister Ludi* (1943)—different versions of spiritual autobiography, different maps of the interior path. Each new step revises the picture of all the previous steps; each experience opens up new worlds of discovery in a constant effort to communicate the vision.

As John Cage is fond of reminding us, writing is one thing and reading is another. All writings, all authors are thoroughly misunderstood. Most wise men do not write because they know this. The wise man has penetrated through the verbal curtain, seen and known and felt the life process. We owe him our gratitude when he remains with us and tries to induce us to share the joy.

The great writer is the wise man who feels compelled to translate the message into words. The message is, of course, around us and in us at all moments. Everything is a clue. Everything contains all the message. To pass it on in symbols is unnecessary but perhaps the greatest performance of man.

Wise men write (with deliberation) in the esoteric. It's the way of making a rose or a baby. The exoteric form is maya, the

hallucinatory facade. The meaning is within. The greatness of a great book lies in the esoteric, the seed meaning concealed behind the net of symbols. All great writers write the same book, changing only the exoteric trappings of their time and tribe.

Hermann Hesse is one of the great writers of our time. He wrote Finnegan's Wake in several German versions. In addition to being a wise man, he could manipulate words well enough to win the Nobel Prize.

Most readers miss the message of Hesse. Entranced by the pretty dance of plot and theme, they overlook the seed message. Hesse is a trickster. Like nature in April, he dresses up his code in fancy plumage. The literary reader picks the fruit, eats quickly, and tosses the core to the ground. But the seed, the electrical message, the code, is in the core.

Take *Siddhartha*¹—the primer for young bodhisattvas, written when Hesse was forty-five. Watch the old magician warming up to his work. We are introduced to a proud young man, strong, handsome, supple-limbed, graceful. Siddhartha is young and ambitious. He seeks to attain the greatest prize of all—enlightenment. Cosmic one-upmanship. He masters each of the otherworldly games. The Vedas. Asceticism. Matches his wits against the Buddha himself. Tantric worldly success. “We find consolations, we learn tricks with which we deceive ourselves, but the essential thing—the way—we do not find.” “Wisdom is not communicable.” “I can love a stone, Govinda, and a tree or a piece of bark. These are things and one can love things. But one cannot love words. . . . Nirvana is not a thing; there is only the word Nirvana.” Then in the last pages of the book, Hermann Hesse, Nobel Prize novelist, uses words to describe the wonderful illumination of Govinda, who

no longer saw the face of his friend Siddhartha. Instead he saw other faces, many faces, a long series, a continuous stream of faces—hundreds, thousands, which all came and disappeared and yet all seemed to be there at the same time, which all con-

tinually changed and renewed themselves and which were yet all Siddhartha. He saw the face of a fish, of a carp, with tremendous painfully opened mouth, a dying fish with dimmed eyes. He saw the face of a newly born child, red and full of wrinkles, ready to cry. He saw the face of a murderer, saw him plunge a knife into the body of a man; at the same moment he saw this criminal kneeling down, bound, and his head cut off by an executioner. He saw the naked bodies of men and women in the postures and transports of passionate love. He saw corpses stretched out, still, cold, empty. He saw the heads of animals, boars, crocodiles, elephants, oxen, birds. He saw Krishna and Agni. He saw all these forms and faces in a thousand relationships to each other, all helping each other, loving, hating and destroying each other and become newly born. Each one was mortal, a passionate, painful example of all that is transitory. Yet none of them died, they only changed, were always reborn, continually had a new face: only time stood between one face and another. And all these forms and faces rested, flowed, reproduced, swam past and merged into each other, and over them all there was continually something thin, unreal and yet existing, stretched across like thin glass or ice, like a transparent skin, shell, form or mask of water—and this mask was Siddhartha's smiling face which Govinda touched with his lips at that moment. And Govinda saw that this mask-like smile, this smile of unity over the flowing forms, this smile of simultaneousness over the thousands of births and deaths—this smile of Siddhartha—was exactly the same as the calm, delicate, impenetrable, perhaps gracious, perhaps mocking, wise, thousand-fold smile of Gotama, the Buddha, as he had perceived it with awe a hundred times. It was in such a manner, Govinda knew, that the Perfect One smiled.

Those who have taken one of the psychedelic drugs may recognize Govinda's vision as a classic LSD sequence. The direct visual confrontation with the unity of all men, the unity of life. That Hesse can write words such as unity, love, Nirvana is easily understood. Every Hindu textbook gives you the jargon. But his description of the visual details of the cosmic vision, the retinal specifics, is more impressive. Whence came to Hesse

these concrete sensations? The similarity to the consciousness-expanding drug experience is startling. The specific, concrete "is-ness" of the illuminated moment usually escapes the abstract philosopher of mysticism. Did Hesse reach this visionary state himself? By meditation? Spontaneously? Did H.H., the novelist himself, use the chemical path to enlightenment?

The answer to these questions is suggested in the next lesson of the master: *Steppenwolf*²—a novel of crisis, pain, conflict, torture—at least on the surface. Hesse writes in a letter: "If my life were not a dangerous painful experiment, if I did not constantly skirt the abyss and feel the void under my feet, my life would have no meaning and I would not have been able to write anything." Most readers sophisticated in psychodynamics recognize the drama presented—the conflict between ego and id, between spirit and material civilization, the "wolfish, satanic instincts that lurk within even our civilized selves," as the jacket of the paperback edition has it. "These readers [writes Hesse] have completely overlooked that above the *Steppenwolf* and his problematical life there exists a second, higher, timeless world . . . which contrasts the suffering of the *Steppenwolf* with a transpersonal and transtemporal world of faith, that the book certainly tells of pain and suffering but is the story of a believer not a tale of despair."

As in *Siddhartha*, Hesse involves the reader in his fantastic tale, his ideas, his mental acrobatics, only to show at the end that the whole structure is illusory mind play. The mental rug is suddenly pulled out from under the gullible psychodynamic reader. This Zen trick is evident on at least two levels in the *Steppenwolf*. First, in the little "Treatise," a brilliant portrait of Harry, the man with two souls: the man—refined, clever and interesting; and the wolf—savage, untamable, dangerous and strong. The treatise describes his swings of mood, his bursts of creativity, his ambivalent relationship to the bourgeoisie, his fascination with suicide, his inability to reconcile the two con-

flicting selves. A breathtakingly subtle psychological analysis. Then, the sleight of hand:

There is . . . a fundamental delusion to make clear. All interpretation, all psychology, all attempts to make things comprehensible, require the medium of theories, mythologies and lies; and a self-respecting author should . . . dissipate these lies so far as may be in his power. . . . Harry consists of a hundred or a thousand selves, not of two. His life oscillates, as everyone's does, not merely between two poles, such as the body and the spirit, the saint and the sinner, but between thousands. . . .

Man is an onion made up of a hundred integuments, a texture made up of many threads. The ancient Asiatics knew this well enough, and in the Buddhist Yoga an exact technique was devised for unmasking the illusion of the personality. The human merry-go-round sees many changes: the illusion that cost India the efforts of thousands of years to unmask is the same illusion that the West has labored just as hard to maintain and strengthen.

The dualistic self-image is described—the fascinating and compelling Freudian metaphor—and is then exposed as a delusion, a limited, pitiful perspective, a mind game. The second example of this trick occurs at the end of the book. We have followed Hesse in his descriptions of Harry as he runs through a series of vain attempts to conquer his despair—through alcohol, through sex, through music, through friendship with the exotic musician Pablo; finally he enters the Magic Theater. “Price of Admission, your Mind.” In other words, a mind-loss experience.

From a recess in the wall [Pablo] took three glasses and a quaint little bottle. . . . He filled the three glasses from the bottle and taking three long thin yellow cigarettes from the box and a box of matches from the pocket of his silk jacket he gave us a light. . . . Its effect was immeasurably enlivening and delightful—as though one were filled with gas and had no longer any gravity.

Pablo says:

You were striving, were you not, for escape? You have a longing to forsake this world and its reality and to penetrate to a reality more native to you, to a world beyond time. . . . You know, of course, where this other world lies hidden. It is the world of your own soul that you seek. Only within yourself exists that other reality for which you long. . . . All I can give you is the opportunity, the impulse, the key. I help you to make your own world visible. . . . This . . . theatre has as many doors into as many boxes as you please, ten or a hundred or a thousand, and behind each door exactly what you seek awaits you. . . . You have no doubt guessed long since that the conquest of time and the escape from reality, or however else it may be that you choose to describe your longing, means simply the wish to be relieved of your so-called personality. That is the prison where you lie. And if you enter the theatre as you are, you would see everything through the eyes of Harry and the old spectacles of the Steppenwolf. You are therefore requested to lay these spectacles aside and to be so kind as to leave your highly esteemed personality here in the cloak-room, where you will find it again when you wish. The pleasant dance from which you have just come, the treatise on the Steppenwolf, and the little stimulant that we have only this moment partaken of may have sufficiently prepared you.

It seems clear that Hesse is describing a psychedelic experience, a drug-induced loss of self, a journey to the inner world. Each door in the Magic Theater has a sign on it, indicating the endless possibilities of the experience. A sign called "Jolly Hunting. Great Automobile Hunt" initiates a fantastic orgy of mechanical destruction in which Harry becomes a lustful murderer. A second sign reads: "Guidance in the Building Up of the Personality. Success Guaranteed," which indicates a kind of chess game in which the pieces are the part of the personality. Cosmic psychotherapy. "We demonstrate to anyone whose soul has fallen to pieces that he can rearrange these pieces of a previous self in what order he pleases, and so attain to an endless multi-

plicity of moves in the game of life." Another sign reads: "All Girls Are Yours," and carries Harry into inexhaustible sexual fantasies. The crisis of the Steppenwolf, his inner conflicts, his despair, his morbidity and unsatisfied longing are dissolved in a whirling kaleidoscope of hallucinations. "I knew that all the hundred thousand pieces of life's game were in my pocket. A glimpse of its meaning had stirred my reason and I was determined to begin the game afresh. I would sample its tortures once more and shudder again at its senselessness. I would traverse not once more, but often, the hell of my inner being. One day I would be a better hand at the game. One day I would learn how to laugh. Pablo was waiting for me, and Mozart too."

So Harry Haller, the Steppenwolf, had his psychedelic session, discovered instead of one reality, infinite realities within the brain. He is admitted into the select group of those who have passed through the verbal curtain into other modes of consciousness. He has joined the elite brotherhood of the illuminati.

And then what? Where do you go from there? How can the holy sense of unity and revelation be maintained? Does one sink back into the somnambulant world of rote passion, automated action, egocentricity? The poignant cry of ex-league member H.H.: "That almost all of us—and also I, even I—should again lose myself in the soundless deserts of mapped out reality, just like officials and shop assistants who, after a party or a Sunday outing, adapt themselves again to everyday business life!" These are issues faced by everyone who has passed into a deep, trans-ego experience. How can we preserve the freshness, illuminate each second of subsequent life? How can we maintain the ecstatic oneness with others?

Throughout the ages mystical groups have formed to provide social structure and support for transcendence. The magic circle. Often secret, always persecuted by the sleepwalking majority, these cults move quietly in the background shadows of history. The problem is, of course, the amount of structure

surrounding the mystical spark. Too much too soon, and you have priesthood ritual on your hands. And the flame is gone. Too little, and the teaching function is lost; the interpersonal unity drifts into gaseous anarchy. The bohemians. The beats. The lonely arrogants.

Free from attachment to self, to social games, to anthropomorphic humanism, even to life itself, the illuminated soul can sustain the heightened charge of energy released by transcendent experiences. But such men are rare in any century. The rest of us seem to need support on the way. Men who attempt to pursue the psychedelic-drug path on their own are underestimating the power and the scope of the nervous system. A variety of LSD casualties results: breakdown, confusion, grandiosity, prima-donna individualism, disorganized eccentricity, sincere knavery and retreat to conformity. It makes no more sense to blame the drug for such casualties than it does to blame the nuclear process for the bomb. Would it not be more accurate to lament our primitive tribal pressures toward personal power, success, individualism?

Huston Smith has remarked that of the eightfold path of the Buddha, the ninth and greatest is right association. The transpersonal group. The consciousness-expansion community. Surround yourself after the vision, after the psychedelic session, with friends who share the goal, who can up-level you by example or unitive love, who can help reinstate the illumination.

The sociology of transcendence. Hesse takes up the problem of the transpersonal community in the form of the League of Eastern Wayfarers.³

"It was my destiny to join in a great experience. Having had the good fortune to belong to the League, I was permitted to be a participant in a unique journey." The narrator, H.H., tells that the starting place of the journey was Germany, and the time shortly after World War I. "Our people at that time were

lured by many phantoms, but there were also many real spiritual advances. There were bacchanalian dance societies and Anabaptist groups, there was one thing after another that seemed to point to what was wonderful and beyond the veil." There were also scientific and artistic groups engaged in the exploration of consciousness-expanding drugs. Kurt Beringer's monograph *Der Meskalinrausch*⁴ describes some of the scientific experiments and the creative applications. René Daumal's novel *Le Mont Analogue*⁵ is a symbolic account of a similar league journey in France. The participants were experimenting widely with drugs such as hashish, mescaline and carbon tetrachloride.

Hesse never explicitly names any drugs in his writings, but the passages quoted earlier from the *Steppenwolf* are fairly unequivocal in stating that some chemical was involved and that it had a rather direct relationship to the subsequent experience. Now, after this first enlightenment, in *Journey to the East*, H.H. tells of subsequent visits to the Magical Theater.

We not only wandered through Space, but also through Time. We moved towards the East, but we also traveled into the Middle Ages and the Golden Age; we roamed through Italy or Switzerland, but at times we also spent the night in the 10th century and dwelt with the patriarchs or the fairies. During the times I remained alone, I often found again places and people of my own past. I wandered with my former betrothed along the edges of the forest of the Upper Rhine, caroused with friends of my youth in Tübingen, in Basle or in Florence, or I was a boy and went with my school-friends to catch butterflies or to watch an otter, or my company consisted of the beloved characters of my books; . . . For our goal was not only the East, or rather the East was not only a country and something geographical, but it was the home and youth of the soul, it was everywhere and nowhere, it was the union of all times.

Later the link between the *Steppenwolf*'s drug liberation and the league becomes more specific:

When something precious and irretrievable is lost, we have the feeling of having awakened from a dream. In my case this feeling is strangely correct, for my happiness did indeed arise from the same secret as the happiness in dreams; it arose from the freedom to experience everything imaginable simultaneously, to exchange outward and inward easily, to move Time and Space about like scenes in a theatre.

Hesse is always the esoteric hand, but there seems to be little doubt that beneath the surface of his Eastern allegory runs the history of a real-life psychedelic brotherhood. The visionary experiences described in *Journey to the East* are identified by location and name of participants. A recently published biography⁶ traces the connections between these names and locations and Hesse's friends and activities at the time.

And again and again, in Swabia, at Bodensee, in Switzerland, everywhere, we met people who understood us, or were in some way thankful that we and our League and our Journey to the East existed. Amid the tramways and banks of Zürich we came across Noah's Ark guarded by several old dogs which all had the same name, and which were bravely guided across the dangerous depths of a calm period by Hans C., Noah's descendant, friend of the arts.

Hans C. Bodmer is Hesse's friend, to whom the book is dedicated, and who later bought the house in Montagnola for Hesse. He lived at the time in a house in Zurich named the Ark.

One of the most beautiful experiences was the League's celebration in Bremgarten; the magic circle surrounded us closely there. Received by Max and Tilli, the lords of the castle. . . .

Castle Bremgarten, near Bern, was the house of Max Wassmer, where Hesse was often a guest. The "Black King" in Winterthur refers to another friend, Georg Reinhart, to whose house, "filled with secrets," Hesse was often invited. The names of

artists and writers which occur in *Journey to the East* are all either directly the names of actual historical persons or immediately derived from them: Lauscher, Klingsor, Paul Klee, Ninon (Hesse's wife), Hugo Wolf, Brentano, Lindhorst, etc. In other words, it appears likely that the scenes described are based on the actual experiences of a very close group of friends who met in each other's homes in southern Germany and Switzerland and pursued the journey to what was "not only a country and something geographical, but it was the home and youth of the soul, it was everywhere and nowhere, it was the union of all times."

So the clues suggest that for a moment in "historical reality" a writer named Hermann Hesse and his friends wandered together through the limitless pageants of expanded consciousness, down through the evolutionary archives. Then apparently H.H. loses contact, slips back to his mind and his egocentric perspectives. "The pilgrimage had shattered . . . the magic had then vanished more and more." He has stumbled out of the the life stream into robot rationality. H.H. wants to become an author, spin in words the story of his life. "I, in my simplicity, wanted to write the story of the league, I, who could not decipher or understand one-thousandth part of those millions of scripts, books, pictures and references in the archives!" Archives? The cortical library?

What then was, is, the league? Is it the exoteric society with a golden-clad president, Leo, maker of ointments and herbal cures, and a speaker, and a high throne, and an extended council hall? These are but the exoteric trappings. Is not the league rather the "procession of believers and disciples . . . incessantly . . . moving towards the East, towards the Home of Light"? The eternal stream of life ever unfolding. The unity of the evolutionary process, too easily fragmented and frozen by illusions of individuality. "A very slow, smooth but continuous flowing or melting; . . . It seemed that, in time, all the substance from one image would flow into the other and only one would remain . . ."

Many who have made direct contact with the life process through a psychedelic or spontaneous mystical experience find themselves yearning for a social structure. Some external form to do justice to transcendental experiences. Hermann Hesse again provides us with the esoteric instructions. Look within. The league is within. So is the 2-billion-year-old historical archive, your brain. Play it out with those who will dance with you, but remember, the external differentiating forms are illusory. The union is internal. The league is in and around you at all times.

But to be human is to be rational. *Homo sapiens* wants to know. Here is the ancient tension. To be. To know. Well, the magician has a spell to weave here, too. The intellect divorced from old-fashioned neurosis, freed from egocentricity, from semantic reification. The mind illuminated by meditation ready to play with the lawful rhythm of concepts. The bead game.

The Bead Game (Magister Ludi),⁷ begun in 1931, finished eleven years later, was published six months after its completion, but in Switzerland, not Germany. "In opposition to the present world I had to show the realm of mind and of spirit, show it as real and unconquerable; thus my work became a Utopia, the image was projected into the future, and to my surprise the world of Castalia emerged almost by itself. Without my knowledge, it was already preformed in my soul." Thus wrote Hesse in 1955. *The Bead Game* is the synthesis and end point of Hesse's developing thought; all the strands begun in *Siddhartha*, *Journey to the East*, *Steppenwolf* are woven together into a vision of a future society of mystic game players. The "players with pearls of glass" are an elite of intellectual mystics who, analogously to the monastic orders of the Middle Ages, have created a mountain retreat to preserve cultural and spiritual values. The core of their practice is the bead game, "a device that comprises the complete contents and values of our culture." The game consists in the manipulation of a complex archive of symbols and formulas, based in their structure on

music and mathematics, by means of which all knowledge, science, art and culture can be represented.

This Game of games . . . has developed into a kind of universal speech, through the medium of which the players are enabled to express values in lucid symbols and to place them in relation to each other. . . . A Game can originate, for example, from a given astronomical configuration, a theme from a Bach fugue, a phrase of Leibnitz or from the *Upnishads*, and the fundamental idea awakened can, according to the intention and talent of the player, either proceed further and be built up or enriched through assonances to relative concepts. While a moderate beginner can, through these symbols, formulate parallels between a piece of classical music and the formula of a natural law, the adept and Master of the Game can lead the opening theme into the freedom of boundless combinations.

The old dream of a *universitas*, a synthesis of human knowledge, combining analysis and intuition, science and art, the play of the free intellect, governed by aesthetic and structural analogies, not by the demands of application and technology. Again, on the intellectual plane, the problem is always just how much structure the mind game should have. If there are no overall goals or rules, we have ever-increasing specialization and dispersion, breakdown in communication, a Babel of cultures, multiple constrictions of the range in favor of deepening the specialized field. Psychology. If there is too much structure or overinvestment in the game goals, we have dogmatism, stifling conformity, ever-increasing triviality of concerns, adulation of sheer techniques, virtuosity at the expense of understanding. Psychoanalysis.

In the history of the bead game, the author explains, the practice of meditation was introduced by the League of Eastern Wayfarers in reaction against mere intellectual virtuosity. After each move in the game a period of silent meditation was observed; the origins and meanings of the symbols involved were slowly absorbed by the players. Joseph Knecht, the Game

Master, whose life is described in the book, sums up the effect as follows:

The Game, as I interpret it, encompasses the player at the conclusion of his meditation in the same way as the surface of a sphere encloses its centre, and leaves him with the feeling of having resolved the fortuitous and chaotic world into one that is symmetrical and harmonious.

Groups which attempt to apply psychedelic experiences to social living will find in the story of Castalia all the features and problems which such attempts inevitably encounter: the need for a new language or set of symbols to do justice to the incredible complexity and power of the human cerebral machinery; the central importance of maintaining direct contact with the regenerative forces of the life process through meditation or other methods of altering consciousness; the crucial and essentially insoluble problem of the relation of the mystic community to the world at large. Can the order remain an educative, spiritual force in the society, or must it degenerate through isolation and inattention to a detached, alienated group of idealists? Every major and minor social renaissance has had to face this problem. Hesse's answer is clear: the last part of the book consists of three tales, allegedly written by Knecht, describing his life in different incarnations. In each one the hero devotes himself wholeheartedly to the service and pursuit of an idealist, spiritual goal, only to recognize at the end that he has become the slave of his own delusions. In "The Indian Life" this is clearest: Dasa, the young Brahmin, meets a yogi who asks him to fetch water; by the stream Dasa falls asleep. Later he marries, becomes a prince, has children, wages war, pursues learning, is defeated, hurt, humiliated, imprisoned, dies—and wakes up by the stream in the forest to discover that everything had been an illusion.

Everything had been displaced in time and everything had been telescoped within the twinkling of an eye: everything was a dream, even that which had seemed dire truth and perhaps

also all that which had happened previously—the story of the prince's son Dasa, his cowherd's life, his marriage, his revenge upon Nala and his sojourn with the Yogi. They were all pictures such as one may admire on a carved palace wall, where flowers, stars, birds, apes and gods can be seen portrayed in bas-relief. Was not all that which he had most recently experienced and now had before his eyes—this awakening out of his dream of princehood, war and prison, this standing by the spring, this water bowl which he had just shaken, along with the thoughts he was now thinking—ultimately woven of the same stuff? Was it not dream, illusion, Maya? And what he was about to live in the future, see with his eyes and feel with his hands until death should come—was that of other stuff, of some other fashion? It was a game and a delusion, foam and dream, it was Maya, the whole beautiful, dreadful, enchanting and desperate kaleidoscope of life with its burning joys and sorrows.

The life of Joseph Knecht is described as a series of awakenings from the time he is “called” to enter the Castalian hierarchy (“Knecht” in German means “servant”), through his period as Magister Ludi, to his eventual renunciation of the order and the game. Castalia is essentially the league, frozen into a social institution. Again the trickster involves us in his magnificent utopian vision, the “Game of games,” only to show at the end the transience of this form as of all others. Having reached the highest position possible in the order, Knecht resigns his post. He warns the order of its lack of contact with the outside world and points out that Castalia, like any other social form, is limited in time. In his justificatory speech he refers to “a kind of spiritual experience which I have undergone from time to time and which I call ‘awakening.’”

I have never thought of these awakenings as manifestations of a God or a demon or even of an absolute truth. What gives them weight and credibility is not their contact with truth, their high origin, their divinity or anything in that nature, but their reality. They are monstrously real in their presence and inescapability, like some violent bodily pain or surprising natural phenomenon. . . . My life, as I saw it, was to be a

transcendence, a progress from step to step, a series of realms to be traversed and left behind one after another, just as a piece of music perfects, completes and leaves behind theme after theme, tempo after tempo, never tired, never sleeping, always aware and always perfect in the present. I had noticed that, coincidental with the experience of awakening, there actually were such steps and realms, and that each time a life stage was coming to an end it was fraught with decay and a desire for death before leading to a new realm, and awakening and to a new beginning.

The mystic or visionary is always in opposition to or outside of social institutions, and even if the institution is the most perfect imaginable, the game of games, even if it is the one created by oneself, this too is transient, limited, another realm to be traversed. After leaving Castalia, Knecht wanders off on foot:

It was all perfectly new again, mysterious and of great promise; everything that had once been could be revived, and much that was new besides. It seemed ages since the day and the world had looked so beautiful, innocent and undismayed. The joy of freedom and independence flowed through his veins like a strong potion, and he recalled how long it was since he had felt this precious sensation, this lovely and enchanting illusion!

So there it is. The saga of H.H. The critics tell us that Hesse is the master novelist. Well, maybe. But the novel is a social form, and the social in Hesse is exoteric. At another level Hesse is the master guide to the psychedelic experience and its application. Before your LSD session, read *Siddhartha* and *Steppenwolf*. The last part of the *Steppenwolf* is a priceless manual.

Then when you face the problem of integrating your visions with the plastic-doll routine of your life, study *Journey to the East*. Find yourself a magic circle. League members await you on all sides. With more psychedelic experience, you will grapple with the problem of language and communication, and your thoughts and your actions will be multiplied in creative complexity as you learn how to play with the interdisciplinary symbols, the multilevel metaphors. *The bead game*.

But always, Hesse reminds us, stay close to the internal core. The mystic formulas, the league, the staggeringly rich intellectual potentials are deadening traps if the internal flame is not kept burning. The flame is of course always there, within and without, surrounding us, keeping us alive. Our only task is to keep tuned in.

Did Hesse Use Mind-Changing Drugs?

Although the argument of the preceding commentary does not depend on the answer to this question, there are sufficient clues in Hesse's writings to make the matter of some historical and literary interest. In Germany, at the time Hesse was writing, considerable research on mescaline was going on. This has been reported in a monograph by Kurt Beringer, *Der Meskalin-rausch*. Much of the material was also analyzed in Heinrich Klüver's monograph, *Mescal*, the first book on mescaline published in English.*

In response to our inquiry, Professor Klüver, now at the University of Chicago, has written:

To my knowledge Hermann Hesse never took mescaline (I once raised this question in Switzerland). I do not know whether he even knew of the mescaline experiments going on under the direction of Beringer in Heidelberg. You know, of course, that Hesse (and his family) was intimately acquainted with the world and ideas of India. This no doubt has colored many scenes in his books.

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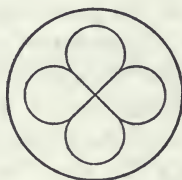
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SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

*A Trip with Paul Krassner**

KRASSNER: I'd like to try not posing a single question you've ever been asked before.

LEARY: Okay, and I'll try not to give any answer I've ever given before.

KRASSNER: Do you think you would've been fired by Harvard for being AWOL if you hadn't conducted experiments with LSD that resulted in unfavorable publicity?

LEARY: Of course not.

KRASSNER: A lot of people smoke pot for what they consider pleasure, simply to get high. Are you copping out on them by fighting your marijuana case on the grounds of religious freedom?

LEARY: They have a perfect right to defend their use of marijuana or LSD as an instrument for getting high. The pursuit of happiness is the first sentence in the Declaration of Independence, which founded this republic. But most people who use LSD and marijuana to get high don't really know how to *do* it, because the science and discipline of ecstasy is probably *the* most demanding yoga that I can think of.

People who criticize my use of the First Amendment—that is, religious belief and practice—as a defense of my smoking marijuana and using LSD simply don't understand what religion *means*, or they have a very narrow Western, Protestant-Catholic-Jewish concept of religion.

* Reprinted from the *Realist*, September 1966.

My philosophy of life has been tremendously influenced by my study of oriental philosophy and religion. Of course, what the American, regardless of his religious belief, doesn't understand is that the aim of oriental religion is to *get high*, to have an ecstasy, to tune in, to turn on, to contact incredible diversity, beauty, living, pulsating meaning of the sense organs, and the much more complicated and pleasurable and revelatory messages of cellular energy.

To a Hindu, the spiritual quest is internal.

Different sects of oriental religion use different methods and different body organs to find God. The Shivites use the senses; the followers of Vishnu are concerned with cellular wisdom, contacting the endless flow of reincarnation wisdom which biochemists would call protein wisdom of the DNA code; Buddhist manuals on consciousness expansion are concerned with the *flash*, the white light of the void, the ecstatic union that comes when you're completely turned on, beyond the senses, beyond the body.

Another misconception about religion and my use of the First Amendment has to do with the institutional and establishment concept that Westerners have of religion. People that use marijuana and LSD in their own homes or their own gardens say, "What does this have to do with religion?" Because religion to them means priests, Bibles, churches, Sunday schools, sects, rules and regulations.

To most Orientals the sacred temple of religion is your own *body*. The shrine is in your own *home*. Your priest or teacher or guru is someone with whom you live and share most of the joys and frustrations of daily life.

There's another aspect of this religious definition of the cellular experience: it requires time, training, practice and discipline to really use your sense organs, to be able to focus in on your cells; to move your consciousness from one type of ecstasy to another requires knowledge and guidance.

To really use the instrument of your body and the millions of sensory and cellular cameras with which you're endowed re-

quires know-how, and in the East these technical manuals are called textbooks of yoga or religious illumination.

So just turning on with pot or LSD in a spontaneous manner in your home can be pleasant and even revealing. For most people, it's a failure to pay respect to the potentialities of the nervous system and the cells and the powers of the psychedelic drugs like marijuana and LSD to open up these complex realms.

KRASSNER: Let's assume you win your case; what would be the implications for the pot smoker who wouldn't use religious freedom as a defense?

LEARY: It just so happened that I had been initiated by a Hindu guru, but you can join Art Kleps' Neo-American Church, you can declare your own religion with you and your wife. There is a lot of precedent, Supreme Court rulings, that religious beliefs and practices are an individual matter. The atheist who believes in pacifism can claim to be a conscientious objector. This was a monumental decision by Justice Douglas. I don't want to come on as a lawyer, but . . .

KRASSNER: Lenny Bruce did, why not you?

LEARY: Lenny did it, so why *should* I? But I would like to tell your readers that it's left to *them* to work out their solution, and if they believe in it, they will win.

The great lesson you learn from LSD, from contacting your cells, is that every generation has to reenact the whole evolutionary drama, and to live a full life you have to go through the *whole* sequence yourself. If you don't, you've sold out on the range of possibilities and challenges.

You have to be Moses, you have to hammer out your own ethical code. You have to be Bishop Berkeley and hammer out your solution to the problem of matter and idea. You have to be Plato. All the solutions you read about in textbooks are canned, static and meaningless.

You've got to fight your own defense of your religion because *every* man in history has to do it. Most people in history, most Americans, don't realize this and aren't *willing* to do it.

I'm fighting my case on the unique constellation of activities that I've engaged in—and it's a damn good case—but I would think that any pot smoker who *really understands* the potentialities of the energies he's releasing and the *power* of that benign plant he inhales has got a constitutional case.

If he doesn't understand it, he's just smoking pot, not for kicks, but because it's the hip game to play, and if that's the level he wants to stay on, then *he's* going to cop out, and he won't fight his case in his own mind or with the law.

KRASSNER: But don't you think that winning your case on religious grounds might preclude their legal right to smoke pot simply for kicks?

LEARY: My case is not based just on the religious belief. There are three issues involved:

My right to pursue my spiritual quests with the methods and the maps that make sense to me—that's the religious.

Number two, I have a right to pursue knowledge—not just because I'm a psychologist, but because a psychologist *should* be doing (most of them aren't) what *every* human being should be doing—trying to figure out, what is it all about? Pursuit of knowledge.

The third ground upon which I defend my use of marijuana is my right to live in my home and raise my kids and live my family life according to *my* best beliefs and my conscience.

So long as none of these three—religious, scientific or personal—activities produce any visible harm to my fellow man.

Now, the lawyers have picked up on the first—that is, the spiritual quest, or the religious issue—because as lawyers, they want to win the case, and there's a long tradition in our country of religious freedom. So there's *precedent* there.

I've had several debates with my lawyers. I've said, "Well, really, I'd rather go up on the *scientific* issue because most of my adult life has been devoted to this quest." They say, "Yes, but you're *really* writing totally new law there."

Granted that the Constitution should provide for the right to pursue knowledge, and it does—in religion. When you get to the right to raise your kids and to live your family life the way

you want to, that may come into the Ninth Amendment, which is vaguely the constitutional right to privacy, but each of these issues requires an enormous amount of legal scholarship, and the lawyers have chosen the religious, admitting that the scientific and the personal will have *their* day in court.

I cannot fight all of these cases, and I cannot test all of the ambiguities and the blind spots in constitutional protection, but my case is going to be the first of *many* victories on all of these constitutional rights, which come down to the issue of if you want to smoke marijuana because you and your wife can make love more effectively that way, or because it tunes you on to music more, or because you enjoy your garden more, you have a constitutional right to *do* that. But I can't fight all these issues, and my lawyers can't.

We see this as a *broad* civil liberties campaign, and as I try to explain to my hipster friends, everything in life takes place cell by cell, step by step, and you have to win case by case. I predict that there will be *hundreds* of civil liberties cases concerning the right of an individual to change his own consciousness for *exactly* the goals and purposes that he wants.

See, I don't pretend to be a lawyer, but I do have a cellular, intuitive sense about where law, which is necessary to protect society, stops and where individual growth, which is necessary to keep society going, begins.

KRASSNER: Now your hipster friends will accuse you of coping out because you said that some day there'll come a case based on the right to smoke pot because a man and his wife can make love more effectively—you know, why do they have to be married?

LEARY: Well, the district attorneys were questioning children in my household today in a grand jury hearing about sleeping habits in my house, so we're already *into* that, but I'm sure that will come up.

KRASSNER: Someone in the Timothy Leary Defense Fund office earlier said, "Why, that's corrupting the morals of a minor. It's putting thoughts into her mind which might not have been there."

LEARY: They're there. Because the younger the person, the more in tune they are with their cells.

KRASSNER: I wonder if what I would call your form of mysticism isn't just a semantic difference between us. Now I believe that there are only individual consciousnesses; do you believe that God—or if you will, the universe—is conscious of its existence?

LEARY: I think that there are exquisite and complex harmonies at many different levels of energy in the universe and that this harmony involves a consciousness of the interwovenness of organic life and inorganic life. I think, though, that this incredible process of evolution is continually surprising itself and amazing itself and delighting itself and freaking itself out with what it's doing. But is there one central computer that's planning it all or can sum it all up in one moment? I don't think so.

KRASSNER: When you say "delighting itself, amazing itself," you're implying that there's an awareness of what it's doing.

LEARY: But it's out of control. There's an awareness not of what it's *doing*; there's an awareness of what's *happening*. God exists at every level of consciousness.

At the verbal symbolic level, God is the word g-o-d which is the center of the verbal network of the verbal mandala.

At the level of your senses, God is the central drone or the center of the sensory mandala—is the orgasm center, if you will.

At the level of cell, God is the DNA code because the DNA code, as biochemists describe it, is all the attributes that we have attributed to God: the all-powerful, ever-changing intelligence far greater than man's mind which is continually manifesting itself in different forms. Well, man, that's what the genetic code has been doing for 2 billion years.

Then very sophisticated biophysicists like Andrew Cochran tell us that so-called inorganic matter—molecules and atomic structures—have the same game going, that the nucleus of the atom is God at that level, it's always invisible, God is always the smallest and the most central. . . .

KRASSNER: Wait, before we get too abstract. What I'm really

asking boils down to this: You've gone on record as saying that you talk to trees; what I want to know is, do the trees hear what you're saying to them?

LEARY: Well, I hear what the trees are telling *me*. I *listen* to trees. Whether they hear me, I don't know. You'd have to ask a tree. I think they do.

There was an expert gardener in a little orchard we have at Millbrook, who was talking about cutting down some of the apple trees that I've been pruning and talking to for a couple of years now, because they're old and not producing and the apples are sour—he had all sorts of reasons. He wanted to bring in a lot of dwarf apples to make a lot of money.

I looked around and I said, "You realize this is a very reckless conversation you're involved in."

"Yeah, the trees can hear, right?"

And I said, "You notice that I've said nothing except friendly and protective things about these trees. There's no testimony from *me*. . . ."

Yes, I listen to the trees and hear what *they* say and I think that they hear what I say. Not what I *say*, since trees don't speak English, but the trees are very aware of what I'm doing to them and to the ground around them. And by me I don't mean Timothy Leary. They don't talk that language.

KRASSNER: Look, you're deaf in one ear, so if you lie with your good ear to the pillow, you can shut out sound—you can't hear a tree or a person. Now if a tree has no ears, by what process does it get your message?

LEARY: A tree doesn't speak in sound waves. When I listen to a tree, I don't listen with my ear. When I talk to the trees, I don't talk in words or language.

KRASSNER: But you really do believe that the tree is aware?

LEARY: Yes. When I walk out in any garden or field in Millbrook, I'm convinced that the vegetative life there is aware of my presence, and I'm sending out vibrations which they pick up.

KRASSNER: And somebody else would send out different vibrations?

LEARY: Yup.

KRASSNER: Then maybe there's truth to the old superstition that a menstruating woman can affect plant growth?

LEARY: I think it's possible. I would parenthetically suggest that we review a lot of so-called superstitions and primitive beliefs, and we'd find they're based upon cellular wisdom.

But you see, the embarrassing facts of the matter are that the DNA code which designed you is not that different from the DNA code that designed a tree. There are some obvious product-packaging differences, but they're both strands of living protein planfulness that go back to a common origin.

KRASSNER: But without the brain I would have no consciousness . . . or don't you accept that premise?

LEARY: My dear Paul, every cell in your *body* is acutely conscious, is decoding energy, has access to wisdom which dwarfs the mental, prefrontal symbolic aspect that you consider normal waking consciousness.

You called me a mystic, and you could call yourself a rationalist. I agree, you are a rationalist because you rely mainly on symbols. And you're a very acute and beautiful game analyst. But I don't consider myself a mystic; I consider myself a *real* realist in that I'm accepting the empirical evidence of modern biochemistry and the intuitive experiential evidence of what I've learned by taking LSD 300 times.

The Paul Krassner mind is about thirty years old, but there are energy systems, blueprinting facilities and memory systems within your cells and your nervous system which are hundreds of millions of years old, which have a language and a politics which are much more complicated than English and modern Democrat-Republican politics.

What we're doing for the mind is what the microbiologists did for the external sciences 300 years ago when they discovered the microscope. And they made this incredible discovery that life, health, growth, every form of organic life, is based on the cell, which is invisible.

You've never seen a cell; what do you think of that? Yet it's the key to everything that happens to a living creature. I'm

simply saying that same thing from the mental, psychological standpoint, that there are wisdoms, lawful units inside the nervous system, invisible to the symbolic mind, which determine almost everything.

And I don't consider that mystical—unless you'd call someone who looks through a microscope a mystic, because he's telling you about something for which you don't have the symbols. Or the astronomer who detects a quasar and speculates about it.

KRASSNER: All right, but I don't consider it rationalistic to be hung up on symbols. I think we agree on the artificiality of symbols.

LEARY: Right.

KRASSNER: But I would go to the extent that a man perhaps could not be considered mentally healthy, or free—or cellular, to use your metaphor—if he couldn't . . . the most blatant example would be, let's say, if he couldn't spit on a crucifix just to show that the symbol itself is really an artifact.

LEARY: Yes, but in another sense I consider myself a rationalist because I believe that it is man's challenge to develop new symbol systems for these new levels of internal consciousness. Just as we had to develop a new symbol system for the invisible, uncharted world which was opened up with the microscope, the task now is to develop symbol systems for the new invisible worlds which are opened up by psychedelic drugs.

We're used to having many symbol systems on the macroscopic level. We use one symbol system for chess, another for baseball, another for politics. So is it necessary to have symbol systems for the different levels of consciousness.

Another fascinating challenge is to weave these multilevel symbol systems together into symphonic harmonies, which the psychiatrist would call hallucination and which I would call a fulfilled level of symphonic harmony, where you select the macroscopic symbol which fits the sensory orgasm, which harmonizes with the cellular dialect at the moment—you get them all flowing together.

And just as humor at the level of normal symbols is the juxtaposition of two game counters from different games, and

we laugh, there's a cosmic humor in which you bring together inappropriate symbols from different levels. So with all the games we have going in the social-mental world, we can exquisitely complicate and multiply them in fascinating diversity as we add these new symbol systems, of the many senses and of the *infinite* number of cellular dialects.

KRASSNER: There's a slightly cosmic irony in all this. Because of the cutting off of LSD from reliable sources, the black market will increase, with inferior products as a result, so that some people may end up just getting a sort of escalated high, maybe higher than pot, but never experiencing the kind of profound insight into levels of reality that you talk about.

LEARY: I can't be terribly alarmed by that.

KRASSNER: Except that they might think, "We must be doing something wrong."

LEARY: Well, anyone who buys LSD on the black market and assumes that he's buying what the seller tells him he's getting, unless he *knows* that seller, is naïve.

Or the person who has an LSD session in a surrounding which is ugly and disharmonious, whether that be a psychiatric clinic or a pad or a penthouse, is naïve and foolish.

I can't take the responsibility for, or devote any of my energy to, lamenting the inevitable torrent of millions of unprepared, foolishly organized LSD sessions. More than anyone else in the world, I've been lecturing to the point of exhaustion to tell people to know what they're doing.

KRASSNER: On the other hand, is there a danger from an overdose?

LEARY: No. There's no such thing as an overdose of LSD. There's no known lethal quantity. Obviously, the more you take, the harder the first hit. But another one of the beautiful things about LSD, it even up-levels the numbers game on dosage, once you get beyond 100, 200 gamma. It's very hard to play games with LSD within the quantity game.

But if someone buys a sugar cube and finds that they're getting a pot high, they should realize that they've just gotten enough, maybe 25 or 50 gamma, which is going to bring them

to the sensory level, and enjoy it, and not feel there's something wrong with *me* that I can't find God in the pill, what's going on? Common sense and careful preparation will guide you through these dilemmas.

In the early days of LSD research, we all had to struggle with these problems. In the early days of any new form of energy, you run into these problems. When you think of the reckless danger of unprepared people who went in those canvas and wood airplanes that the Wright brothers turned up, that was absolute madness, but they did it and they had a *right* to do it, knowing they were taking a risk.

In the early days of our research, I took all sorts of strange drugs that came from the South Seas and from South America and from Morocco to find out what they did and about dosage.

The early people who discovered the microscopes, before they really knew how to grind lenses, were getting different amplifications and flaws in the lens. There's no security and there's no guarantee of complete safety in life—and the realistic attitude, the scientific attitude, is to check out, recognize, compare, but keep *doing* it, because you're only going to learn by trial and error.

KRASSNER: Recently I spoke at Harvard Law School, and when someone asked about the five-year-old girl who accidentally ate an LSD sugar cube left in the refrigerator by her uncle, I replied that she's back in school now and was assigned to write a composition called "My Trip."

LEARY: Is that true?

KRASSNER: No, I was being facetious, but the significant thing is that you thought it might be possible.

LEARY: Well, first of all, about that little girl, the facts of the matter are that she is back in school, she was discharged from the hospital and there's no evidence that she was harmed. The scandal of that case was not the poor uncle, who left his cube around and was made to feel guilty and criminal about it; the scandal of that case were the politically minded doctors and district attorneys who made dramatic announcements about danger and "ruined for life."

We don't know what the effect would be on a little girl, and from all of the evidence so far, we would be led to believe that her reaction to that LSD depends entirely upon the attitude of the adults around her, and if when they discovered that she'd taken LSD, they treated it as a rare opportunity and turned off *their* fear and *their* guilt and *their* selfishness as bad mothers and bad uncles and bad fathers, and spent the next 12 hours really being *with* that kid, it would have been a glorious experience.

Even under the circumstances of ruthlessly dragging this poor little girl down to the hospital, pumping her stomach—which has *no* medical meaning because the LSD takes over within a few seconds and is metabolized very quickly (of course that's just to make the doctors feel better, pumping out the girl's stomach)—even in spite of all that, there were points where she was alternately laughing and crying. Well, I could understand that; I'd be doing the same.

But in spite of all of the brutal mishandling and the selfish copping out on almost everyone's part—I can't comment on the uncle or the parents because I don't know what they did—but the public health officials who were protecting their interests and using this as part of their campaign, *still* there's no reason to believe that this girl won't look back on it in the future as a great experience and that she won't be more likely to be a tuned-in, turned-on person in the future. There's more chance of that than there is that there'll be any damage, in spite of the emotional brutality to which she was subjected.

KRASSNER: Do you think that drugs will be given to young children some day?

LEARY: In general, I predict that psychedelic drugs will be used in all schools in the very near future as educational devices—not only drugs like marijuana and LSD, to teach kids how to use their sense organs and their cellular equipment effectively, but new and more powerful psychochemicals like RNA and other proteins which are really going to revolutionize our concepts of ourselves and education.

So that the notion about writing an essay in the first grade on

your trip is not just science fiction, it's definitely going to happen. People should learn to use their nervous system and their cellular equipment before they're taught reading and writing and symbolic techniques. Because if you don't know how to handle your *native* equipment, you're going to be addicted to, and limited by, the artifacts of symbols.

I intend to have more children, and I'll tell you this, that I'm not going to push symbols on my kids—I won't keep anything *away* from them, but I'm not going to push symbols on my kids till they're ten, twelve, maybe fifteen years old.

I will never encourage them to read a book. I will encourage them to tune in on their own internal vocabularies and cellular Libraries of Congress. I'll teach them how to live as an animal and as a creature of nature and decode and communicate with the many energies around them, before I will force artifactual symbols—which are only 200 or 300 years old at best—on their 2-billion-year-old cellular machineries. And my kids feel the same way and will probably be doing that with *their* children.

KRASSNER: Can you see that being declared unconstitutional in a case brought by a psychedelic Madalyn Murray, claiming that it's a violation of separation of church and state, and that she doesn't mind if kids take LSD at home but it shouldn't be compulsory in public schools?

LEARY: Well, it's conceivable, and of course Madalyn Murray is playing a fascinating role in society today testing out game situations. I don't intend to send my future children to schools. I'd rather have them take heroin than go to a first-grade grammar school in this country.

KRASSNER: Would you set any age limit—working backward chronologically—as to a child taking LSD?

LEARY: I think this has to be tested. LSD should be used at that moment when the kid's symbol system freezes, because what LSD does is allow you to unhook and regroup your symbol system. I have no evidence on this, but I hope in the future that we will have.

KRASSNER: [Scene II: Millbrook, a week later] Here's a typical reporter's question: How do you feel about your indict-

ment in Poughkeepsie this morning for possession of marijuana?

LEARY: It had almost no effect on me. I would've been more interested to learn that the Mets had won their third straight game, probably because I know I'm probably never going to come to trial and that I'm not terribly involved in the legal technicalities.

KRASSNER: Being back here in Millbrook, I was thinking about your second wife. I assume you took LSD together—reimprinting on each other every week—increasing the depth of your relationship. And yet the marriage broke up on the honeymoon trip. . . .

LEARY: As I said when I was on trial in Laredo and I was asked who gave me the pot, I'll be glad to describe any of my own experiences, but I don't want to make any comments which involve other people. Any comments about my marriage would be involving someone who's very dear and sacred to me, whose privacy should not be violated.

KRASSNER: I appreciate that. The relevance I had in mind was the apparent failure of LSD imprinting.

LEARY: I'll be glad to talk about the effects of imprinting on interpersonal relationships. I consider this the most important aspect of the LSD challenge—the business of imprinting and reimprinting.

Every time you take LSD you completely suspend—you step outside of—the symbolic chessboard which you have built up over the long years of social conditioning. And you whirl through different levels of neurological and cellular energy, continually flowing and changing.

Your symbolic mind is flashing in and out. You never *lose* your mind during an LSD session. It's always there, but it's one of a thousand cameras that are flashing away. Of course, the LSD freak-out, or paranoia, is where the symbolic mind freezes any aspect of the LSD session and defines a new reality, which can be positive or negative.

And toward the end of an LSD session you begin to re-imprint. This is a very crucial time in the LSD session because

you take a new picture of yourself, of the world and of the people around you, both real and remembered. It's particularly tricky, because what you're doing during this imprinting period is getting a new perspective of yourself and the other people. Now this is tricky, because you may come out of an LSD session with a very different picture of yourself.

If the LSD session has been microscopically revealing of your own shortcomings and you're not experienced enough to be able to let this flow, too, and accept these aspects in yourself as a fragmentary part of a great, endlessly changing design, then you come out depressed. You've taken a bad picture of yourself. This accounts for the LSD depression, which can last for many days and for many months.

You can also take a negative picture of LSD itself, and you come out of the session saying, "Never again." So the challenge, number one, is to make a neurological contract with yourself that you're not going to take too finally and dogmatically any picture that you click or come out with during an LSD session because you have to dedicate yourself to the ongoing yoga of taking LSD many times, and not copping out just because you've taken one bad picture. If you do that, you have lost the opportunity to continue to use your neurological camera.

Now the same thing is true if you have an LSD session with somebody else, particularly with your wife or with a person with whom you have an ongoing relationship. It's perfectly possible after any LSD session to come out with a *negative* picture of the other person. You may have had many LSD sessions with someone, but that 13th session may close on a note of horror.

A natural reaction, of course, after this is to say, "Well, I never want to take LSD with that person again," because of that last freaky session. That is, from the standpoint of neurological ethics, a game violation. The neurological contract should have provisions for continuing the sessions together until you get to that point where you're both convinced that you've explored all the relevant areas in each other and in the relationship.

KRASSNER: There's a man who shall remain nameless who has

taken LSD and continues his game of professional war planning for the Pentagon. . . .

LEARY: Why don't you name him?

KRASSNER: I don't want to betray a confidence.

LEARY: Can I name him?

KRASSNER: If you want to, sure.

LEARY: Herman Kahn.

KRASSNER: Aren't you violating his privacy?

LEARY: That's no confidence. I didn't give him LSD. Many people I know have told me about his taking LSD.

KRASSNER: Each one of whom he told in confidence, probably.

LEARY: Do you think the time has come to share with a waiting world the names of the prominent people whose lives have been changed by taking LSD?

KRASSNER: If you don't think it's unethical, I think the time has come.

LEARY: That's why I admire Steve Allen. Because he has not let his narrower secular games—and they're highly sensitive, public and even political now—interfere with his basic integrity. He has said on television that he has taken LSD and it was the most important experience of his life. The main question is whether in the Senate hearings on May 25th [*due to legal problems Leary was unable to testify*] I should illustrate the effectiveness of LSD by describing the positive effects on famous people who have used LSD.

I testified in Washington last week before the Senate Juvenile Delinquency Committee. I brought down my son and daughter to sit next to me, for many reasons. I wanted them to share my—they've been in jail with me, they've been deported from several countries with me, they were indicted with me—they might as well live through the paranoia of the Senate hearings with me; but also as a living illustration of two famous juvenile delinquents—my daughter, eighteen, who is under a heavy sentence at the present time, and my son, sixteen, who has been arrested and jailed ten times.

During these hearings, a police captain [Alfred Trembly] from Los Angeles went through the same dreary dance of the

cases that his agents had arrested during LSD sessions. He was reading from case histories—"We received a tip from an informer about an LSD party on a beach near Los Angeles. Two of my agents discovered two men sitting by the ocean staring out over the sea. As they approached and the two men saw them coming, they fell upon their knees, and when the agents walked up to them, they turned up and said, 'We love you.' At this point, or shortly thereafter, the two men ran into the water, and my police officers had to rush into the tide to save their lives."

Now I was sitting next to my two children at these hearings, and as each of these so-called horror stories developed, we leaned back and said, "Why, of course, we understand exactly how and why such highly harmonious and natural developments would occur, like falling on your knees at the approach of two police officers."

I realize that Senator Dodd and Senator Kennedy were much more impressed by these stories of horror, so that when I testified about the philosophic and political realities involved, my testimony seemed tame and professorial, and that's why I'm suggesting that perhaps at the next Senate hearing, I should bring some case histories of my own.

One would illustrate how Bill Wilson, who founded Alcoholics Anonymous, has told many of his friends that LSD is a natural and inevitable cure for alcoholism.

Or I could tell the interesting case history of Chuck Dederich, who founded Synanon—and this is not a breach of confidence, by the way. He's told reporters that the insights which cured his alcoholism and led to the founding of the only institutional cure for heroin addiction came from his LSD session.

Or I could tell the story of Herman Kahn, who by the way is often misunderstood, but Herman is not a war planner, he's a civil defense planner. Herman's claim is that he is one of the few highly placed Americans who's willing to gaze with naked eyes upon the possibilities of atomic warfare and come up with solutions to this horrible possibility. Perhaps his LSD sessions have given him this revelation and courage. And even his phrase "spasm war," which to the intellectual liberal sounds

gruesome, is a powerful, cellular metaphor describing an event which the very phrase itself, "spasm war," might prevent.

Or I could remind the Senate and the American public of Cary Grant, whose first child was born in his sixties after renewal and revigoration which he attributes to LSD.

Or I could mention Henry Luce and Clare Boothe Luce, two Americans whose power and game-playing skill can hardly be discounted and who have always been obsessed with a religious quest, both of whom have taken LSD many times.

KRASSNER: Which may well be why *Life* magazine had a let's-not-be-too-hasty editorial. But you can't really generalize about this wound between the generations, then.

LEARY: I testified in Washington last week before the Senate Juvenile Delinquency Committee. I was welcomed by Senator Dodd with affectionate and respectful comments, and then I began my short statement, which had to do with the breakdown of communication between the generations, the middle-aged and the young. And just as I was toward the end of this, Teddy Kennedy—who had rushed back into town unexpectedly to appear at these televised hearings—interrupted me by saying, "Mr. Leary, I don't understand what you're talking about." Exactly!

KRASSNER: That's because he doesn't know which generation to identify with.

LEARY: That's the particular problem I was talking about, the breakdown of communication. But I was disturbed by the obvious hostility on the part of Edward Kennedy. He didn't know what he was talking about. He hadn't researched the subject because I can be challenged on many levels on many issues. This seemed to be an unprepared and instinctive attack on Teddy Kennedy's part, upon what he obviously felt was an unpopular and non-vote-getting position.

I was disturbed by this because I've been saying over and over again that the position that one takes on the LSD controversy and the sexual freedom issue is the most perfectly predicted by the person's age. A Supreme Court of seventeen-year-olds would never have convicted Ralph Ginzburg.

KRASSNER: I think you're wrong. It depends on which seventeen-year-olds. The ones you and I know wouldn't have, but I don't think you can be that rigid. . . .

LEARY: I'm obviously wrong, because Teddy Kennedy is one of the youngest members of the Senate, whom I would hopefully expect to be most alert to the needs and impulses of the younger generation. He proved to be hostile, whereas Senator Dodd, much his senior, was courteous, although bewildered.

KRASSNER: Dr. Nathan Kline was quoted in *Newsweek*: "Under drugs like pot you tend to feel that you love everyone and the world is a great place. And if anyone wants to go to bed with you, it's just one more great experience to share. Pregnancy becomes the most frequent side effect of pot." Now, you've said that the closer one communicates with his cells—with or without consciousness-expanding drugs—one knows when one is making a baby. How would you reconcile—

LEARY: Well, pot does not turn you on to your cells; pot turns you on to your senses. It's true that marijuana is a fantastically effective aphrodisiac, and the person who understands pot can weave together a symphony of visual, auditory, olfactory, gustatory, tactual sensitivity to make lovemaking an adventure which dwarfs the imagination of the pornographers.

This has nothing to do with pregnancy.

I would suggest that before believing what Dr. Kline says about marijuana, we ask him, has he ever smoked it, and has he done a serious study of the effects of this fascinating and holy drug? The answer, of course, would be no.

I would say that the drug that gets you knocked up, blindly and unconsciously, is alcohol. Alcohol does reduce inhibitions—people become aggressive, indiscriminately loving or hostile, weepily self-pitying or self-expansive. Alcohol stimulates the social emotions, and it's well-known that alcohol is a seductive instrument which will produce round heels in any woman.

This has nothing to do with sensual enhancement, which marijuana produces. Alcohol dulls the senses, reduces everything to a crude wrestling match. I would say that alcohol has produced more unplanned pregnancies than any drug around.

Under marijuana, with your senses *heightened*, you're not about to go to bed with a crude seducer.

KRASSNER: And yet, for some, pot has taken the place of alcohol as part of the seduction process.

LEARY: Yes, but it's a much higher-level form of seduction. It's not seduction at all, it's a highly intricate, delicate, exquisite enhancer of communication. If you have an alcoholic man coming on to a girl who is smoking marijuana, nothing's going to happen except the horrified shrinking back on the part of the marijuana smoker.

KRASSNER: According to the *Wall Street Journal*, "Hallucinatory drugs, including LSD, have joined nerve gases and a multitude of disabling germs in the nation's arsenal of chemical and biological weapons. . . ."

LEARY: The fascinating thing about LSD is that everyone wants to control it.

The person who doesn't want to use it wants to control it so nobody else can use it. The cops want to take it away from youngsters and put them in jail for controlling it and keep it themselves. The researchers want it to do research; the psychiatrists want it as an adjunct to psychotherapy. I've had dozens of ministers tell me, "This is an authentic religious experience, but its use in any other context except the spiritual is a sacrilege." The artist wants to control it to win the Nobel Prize.

No matter *why* they want to use it, what *gain* they have that's going to be facilitated by it, they all want to have it in their hands. And I, for one, think they're *all* right, that *everyone* should have it in their little hot hands, for whatever use they want.

And another statement about LSD came in the Senate committee hearing when Senator Dodd said, "Well, this material *has* to be controlled because I understand it's odorless, colorless, and . . ." He started fumbling, and I said, "Tasteless, Senator Dodd." He said, "Oh, yes, tasteless."

I said, "Senator Dodd, in addition to that, it's *free*. You can make 20,000 doses of LSD for about a hundred dollars, which means that LSD is less expensive than pure water itself"—and at

this point I held up a glass of water. He said, "All the more reason to control it." I said, "Yes, Senator, and all the clearer that you can't *possibly* control it."

KRASSNER: Every time I laugh I get high.

LEARY: Laughing is definitely antiadministration.

KRASSNER: A couple of years ago you told me that the free-speech movement in Berkeley was playing right onto the game boards of the administration and the police, and that the students could shake up the establishment much more by just staying in their rooms and changing their nervous systems. But now that you're involved in the fighting-the-law game, do you still feel that way?

LEARY: Yes. Any external or social action, unless it's based on expanded consciousness, is a robot behavior—including political action in favor of LSD and marijuana.

And you will notice that I have not suggested traditional political action in defense of marijuana and LSD. I'm involved in legal action to protect myself and other people from going to jail. But my attitude toward this legal skirmishing is extremely detached.

My advice to myself and to everyone else, particularly young people, is to turn on, tune in and drop out. By drop out, I mean to detach yourself from involvement in secular, external social games. But the dropping out has to occur *internally* before it occurs externally. I'm not telling kids just to quit school; I'm not telling people just to quit their jobs. That is an inevitable development in the process of turning on and tuning in.

Mostly all social decisions are made on the basis of symbolic pressure—symbolic reactions. Most men and women who drop out of the secular game to become monks and nuns are doing it under the pressure of freaky sexual or social game harassments. Such decisions are blind and unconscious.

American society's an insane and destructive enterprise. But before you can take any posture in relationship to this society, you have to sanitize yourself internally. Then you drop out, not in rebellion but as an act of harmony.

My comments about the student rebellion, and even the civil

rights movement, stem from these convictions. I have no interest in students rebelling against university authorities to make a better university, because they can't. I have no sympathy with a civil rights movement which attempts to "raise" the Negro to the level of the middle-class white American.

The university is an institution for consciousness contraction, and any attempt to give students more power and responsibility in running universities is a growth of collective insanity. The most hopeful development in the last 10 years has been the drop-out phenomenon. This is unique in human history.

For thousands of years the goal of children of poor people, of politically impoverished people, has been to get more education, because education means power, wealth, control. Now for the first time we have a generation which is dropping out—a tremendously exciting, revolutionary symptom.

It means to me that many of the young people are dealing themselves *out* of the power game and the control game.

Instead of picketing university administration buildings, I think young people should first turn on, then tune in, and then walk off the campus. While I have great sympathy for the draft-card burners, I would still prefer them to sit in front of a psychedelic shrine in their own home and burn a dollar bill. Or, as the ironic John Bircher has suggested, burn their Social Security cards.

KRASSNER: I want to relate "The Spring Grove Experiment" which we watched on TV to your comments about turning on and dropping out. Now one of the patients, an alcoholic, was given LSD in a psychotherapeutic context, and his cure—as far as the program was concerned—was dropping in.

LEARY: Right. He was going to night school, learning—of all things—accounting, and he was going to get a better job. [*Leary makes a strange sound.*]

KRASSNER: I won't know how to spell that.

LEARY: B-r-e-u-o-o-o-g-h! That's what I just said, which is Vishnu's laugh of cosmic horror.

Sanford Unger [*the psychiatrist on the CBS-TV show*] took LSD the first time in my house at Newton five years ago. Half-

way through the session, he sat up in the room, and he said to me something to this effect: "*Whooooo-osh!* What do we do now? Where do we go with this? How do we get it across to people?"

Now there are several ways in which you can diagnose one of our graduates in the LSD profession. If they sit on the floor with a patient, they're one of our graduates. If they hold hands with or touch the patient physically during the session, they're one of our graduates. If they use religious and philosophic metaphors, they're one of our graduates, and you will note all of these themes running through the television program tonight. The psychiatric approach to the selling of the psychedelic experience is like selling Christ because He makes you happier, gets you a better job, makes you more money. Everyone receives the message of LSD at the level to which their receptive apparatus is tuned, and I've no objection to and considerable admiration for the mental health approach. Although it's shortsighted, narrow, it obviously gets to more people in the middle-aged bracket than *I* get to; I horrify and terrorize middle-aged people.

And you'll notice that the theme of that TV show was pitched directly to the heart of the middle-aged neurosis—the meaninglessness of life, the breakdown of communication with the husband, the feeling of emptiness and being a fake, the feeling of having consistently failed, the notion of "Can I die and be reborn again?" These are the spiritual and psychological terrors of the middle-aged, and Dr. Sanford Unger and his television collaborators accurately sensed and effectively talked *to* these anguishing dilemmas.

KRASSNER: What did you learn from your spiritual quest in India?

LEARY: I spent four months on my honeymoon in a little cottage on a ridge which looked out at the Himalayas. This cottage had no electricity, gas or water, and was rented from the Methodist Church, which also supplied a Moslem cook, who also supplied me once a week, after his shopping trip to the village, with a finger-size stick of attar or hashish.

This was one of the most serene and productive periods of my

life. I spent at least two hours a day in meditation, an hour of which was facilitated by the use of this excellent village-grown and hand-rolled hashish. And I spent 1 day a week, as I have for the last 6 years, in an LSD session. I spent about 2 hours a day listening to Lama Anagarika Govinda talk about the *I Ching* and Tibetan yoga. And I spent several hours a day thinking about how man can get back into harmonious interaction with nature.

During this period I worked out very detailed notes and blueprints for the next 500 years. It's an interesting thing about man and man's mind and man's intellectual productions. Rarely if ever have men produced a blueprint for the future which goes beyond their own life.

We are encouraged at the present time in America to revere and admire such far-seeing organizations as Rand Corporation, which is planning our military defense as far as 10 years ahead. Occasionally, in the last hundred years, men called conservationists have pleaded with legislators to pay some attention to our rape of the rivers, forests, prairies, and skies. Until very recently, such men were considered kooks and far-out do-gooders.

Before I went to India, I talked to many men who are in strategic planning positions in our intellectual establishment—the top officials of Xerox and IBM, for example—and I asked them, who's planning for the future? Are the Chinese Communists? Are the Russians? Are we? Now it's possible, and I hope it's probable, that there are secret agencies in our government, and the Chinese government, planning for the future, but I doubt it. And furthermore, I suspect that whatever planning is done is at the lowest level of imperialistic politics.

It's my ambition to be the holiest, wisest, most beneficial man alive today. Now this may sound megalomaniac, but I don't see why. I don't see why every one of your readers, every person who lives in the world, shouldn't have that ambition. What else should you try to be? The president of the board, or the chairman of the department, or the owner of this and that?

KRASSNER: But why not drop out of even that?

LEARY: I'm ready. And do *what*? You've got to name me a

better game. And this has been my challenge for the last six years. I'm ready to give up LSD at a moment's notice if someone will suggest to me a game which is more exciting, more promising, more expansive, more ecstatic. Tell me, Paul. I'll take off my shoes and follow you.

KRASSNER: Suppose I suggest the possibility of a better game—which I might not have been qualified to do a year ago, because I hadn't taken LSD yet, but I've had it three times now, which gives me the arrogance to ask—wouldn't a better game, ideally, be to do it without LSD?

LEARY: Yes, that's part of my plan. LSD . . . what is LSD? LSD is not a thing, a drug. LSD is simply a key to opening up sensory, cellular and precellular consciousness so that you flow and harmonize with these different levels.

Now if we understood how to raise children so that they wouldn't be addicted to symbols and they wouldn't be addicted to stupefacent drugs such as television, alcohol, then we wouldn't need LSD. Nature always produces the cure for the particular disease which has evolved.

The disease that is crushing and oppressing this planet today is man's possessive and manipulatory symbolic mind and the cure for the disease has been provided. I have no illusions. I've *never* made any great claims for LSD. It's simply a particular evolutionary molecule at exactly that moment when it's needed.

The young generation needs LSD to cure the symbolic plague. Their children won't need LSD except for the mentally ill. The mentally ill in the second generation to come will be those who get addicted to symbols, power.

Some of my visionary colleagues think that we're going to have to kill the members of our species who get addicted to control and power in the future. I don't. I think that LSD treatment will bring them back in harmony.

But the third generation from now will not need LSD. The fourth generation from now will be in such perfect harmony with every form of molecular, cellular, seed and sensory energy that LSD will be unnecessary.

KRASSNER: Aren't you ignoring human nature?

LEARY: What do you mean by human nature?

KRASSNER: I mean—in addition to all the cooperative and compassionate qualities—the orneriness, the power drives, the aggressiveness, the hostility that realistically . . .

LEARY: Who are you to say what's real?

KRASSNER: I'm describing what exists by my perception.

LEARY: It is an unfortunate aspect of recent human history that those human beings who are addicted or driven to power, control and murder have tried to kill off the gentle, harmonious, open people. But they haven't; they've just pushed them underground. The present spasm of control, power and murder is *not* human nature.

It is true that as animals, and as carnivorous animals, we have had to kill to live. And it's true at every level of life that species have to eat each other, species have to combat each other to find their place in the overall scheme. But this is a harmonious and fully conscious procedure.

Now you called me on my eating steak in New York the other night. I feel that part of me *is* mammalian and does demand and need animal fiber. In my plan for the future, there will be some carnivorous activity. We will be food-conscious, and we'll pay respect to the rights of the other species.

As a matter of fact, starting next week, we're going to have animals on this property here in Millbrook. Some of these animals we will raise to slaughter, but we will not kill these animals until we know them well and have had LSD sessions with them, until we have seen that they have produced offspring. We will then preserve their offspring.

We will keep the sacred soul of the animal alive, because the soul of the living organism is its genetic code, and it's perfectly natural and right that one species eat another species as long as they don't wipe the species out.

Now man's use of animals, when you raise them just for slaughter—anonymously, impersonally and in robot fashion—produces a robot species, which is modern civilized man. In a fully conscious society, we're aware of the fact that we're going to have to eat each other.

My plan for Millbrook and my blueprint for the world is that we will exist in harmonious, interspecies interactions. I plan to have in Millbrook this spring members of 7 species, who'll all be feeding off each other and supporting each other. We'll have fungi, plants, insects, amphibia, reptiles, fish, mammals.

We'll feed each other, we'll protect each other, we'll protect each other's offspring and we'll build up a cycle of interspecies harmony and mutual collaboration. And we'll pay respect to the facts that the symbolic human mind can't face—one, that we all die; two, that we all eat each other; three, we must all provide for each other's genetic or soul growth.

So I see no ambiguities or conflicts in the plan which I suggest and what *you* say is human nature I see as a freaky, recently faddist and, in the long run, irrelevant tendency to blindly, ruthlessly destroy other forms of human life and other forms of species life on this planet, which in the long run is obviously suicidal.

Human nature is like every other nature of living creature on this planet, basically alert, open, conscious, collaborative.

KRASSNER: And competitive.

LEARY: And competitive, right. But there's a difference between competition and murder. The New York Yankees compete with the Washington Senators and they don't want to kill them with baseball bats, because they realize that if the Yankees were to beanball and baseball-bat out of existence the Senators, there'd be no more game of baseball.

And that, dear Paul, is the lesson of evolution which my cells have taught me. Balance: competition, mutual cannibalism and, above all, protection of the young of all species.

Start Your Own Religion

The Purpose of Life Is Religious Discovery

That intermediate manifestation of the divine process which we call the DNA code has spent the last 2 billion years making this planet a Garden of Eden. An intricate web has been woven, a delicate fabric of chemical-electrical-seed-tissue-organism-species. A dancing, joyous harmony of energy transactions is rooted in the 12 inches of topsoil which covers the rock

metal
fire

core of this planet.


Into this Garden of Eden each human being is born perfect. We were all born divine mutants, the DNA code's best answer to joyful survival on this planet. An exquisite package for adaptation based on 2 billion years of consumer research (RNA) and product design (DNA).

But each baby, although born perfect, immediately finds himself in an imperfect, artificial, disharmonious social system which systematically robs him of his divinity.

And the social systems—where did they come from?

Individual societies begin in harmonious adaptation to the environment and, like individuals, quickly get trapped into nonadaptive, artificial, repetitive sequences.

When the individual's behavior and consciousness get hooked to a routine sequence of external actions, he is a dead robot, and



Start
your own



Religion

By Timothy
Leary Ph.D.

Cover of the first privately printed edition of
Start Your Own Religion (1967).

PSYCHEDELIC
DR. RELIGIOUS
CELEBRATION

TIMOTHY LEARY

PSYCHEDELIC
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STERN

a re-enactment
of a great religious
myth using psychedelic
methods: sensory medi-
tation, symbol-overload,
media-mix, molecular
and cellular phrasing,
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"Death of the Mind" Advertisement for a "psychedelic
celebration" in the *San Francisco Oracle* (Dec. 1966).

When the individual's behavior and consciousness get hooked to a routine sequence of external actions, he is a dead robot, and

When the individual's behavior and consciousness get hooked to a routine sequence of external actions, he is a dead robot, and it is time for him to die and be reborn. Time to "drop out," "turn on," and "tune in." This period of robotization is called the Kali Yuga, the Age of Strife and Empire, the peak of so-called civilization, the Johnson Administration, etc. This relentless law of death, life, change is the rhythm of the galaxies and the seasons, the rhythm of the seed. It never stops.

Drop Out. Turn On. Tune In

Drop Out—detach yourself from the external social drama which is as dehydrated and ersatz as TV.

Turn On—find a sacrament which returns you to the temple of God, your own body. Go out of your mind. Get high.

Tune In—be reborn. Drop back in to express it. Start a new sequence of behavior that reflects your vision.

But the sequence must continue. You cannot stand still.

Death. Life. Structure.

D. L. S.

D. L. S. D. L. S. D.

L. S. D. L. S. D. L.

S. D. L. S. D.

Any action that is not a conscious expression of the drop-out-turn-on-tune-in-drop-out rhythm is the dead posturing of robot actors on the fake-prop TV studio stage set that is called American reality.

Actions which are conscious expressions of the turn-on, tune-in, drop-out rhythm are religious.

The wise person devotes his life exclusively to the religious search—for therein is found the only ecstasy, the only meaning.

Anything else is a competitive quarrel over (or Hollywood-love sharing of) television studio props.

How to Turn On

To turn on is to detach from the rigid addictive focus on the fake-prop TV studio set and to refocus on the natural energies within the body.

To turn on, you go out of your mind and:

1. Come to your senses—focus on sensory energies.
2. Resurrect your body—focus on somatic energies.
3. Drift down cellular memory tracks beyond the body's space-time—focus on cellular energies.
4. Decode the genetic code.

Note well: at each of these levels (sensory, somatic, cellular, molecular), attention can be directed at energy changes within or without the body. If attention is directed externally during the session, the outside world is experienced in terms of a non-symbolic energy—language focus. Be careful. This can be shocking. The props of the TV studio stage set are suddenly experienced:

1. As sensory (e.g., the room is alive, out of control, exploding with light and sound)
2. As somatic (e.g., the room is alive, undulating with digestive rhythm)
3. As cellular (e.g., all props and actors take on a stylized, mythic, reincarnate hue)
4. As molecular (e.g., all props and actors shimmer impersonally as vibratory mosaics)

Recognition eliminates fear and confusion. To turn on, you need maps and manuals.

To turn on, you must learn how to pray. Prayer is the compass, the gyroscope for centering and stillness.

Turning on is a complex, demanding, frightening, confusing process. It requires diligent yoga.

Turning on requires a guide who can center you at the TV-

stage-prop level and at the sensory, somatic, cellular, and molecular levels.

When you turn on, remember: you are not a naughty boy getting high for kicks.

You are a spiritual voyager furthering the most ancient, noble quest of man. When you turn on, you shed the fake-prop TV studio and costume and join the holy dance of the visionaries. You leave LBJ and Bob Hope; you join Lao-tse, Christ, Blake. Never underestimate the sacred meaning of the turn-on.

To turn on, you need a sacrament. A sacrament is a visible external thing which turns the key to the inner doors. A sacrament must bring about bodily changes. A sacrament flips you out of the TV-studio game and harnesses you to the 2-billion-year-old flow inside.

A sacrament which works is dangerous to the establishment which runs the fake-prop TV studio—and to that part of your mind which is hooked to the studio game.

Each TV-prop society produces exactly that body-changing sacrament which will flip out the mind of the society.

Today the sacrament is LSD. New sacraments are coming along.

Sacraments wear out. They become part of the social TV-studio game. Treasure LSD while it still works. In fifteen years it will be tame, socialized, and routine.

How to Tune In

You cannot stay turned on all the time. You cannot stay anyplace all the time. That's a law of evolution. After the revelation it is necessary to drop back in, return to the fake-prop TV studio and initiate small changes which reflect the glory and the meaning of the turn-on. You change the way you move, the way you dress, and you change your corner of the TV-studio society. You begin to look like a happy saint. Your home slowly becomes a shrine. Slowly, gently, you start seed transformations

around you. Psychedelic art. Psychedelic style. Psychedelic music. Psychedelic dance.

Suddenly you discover you have dropped out.

How to Drop Out

Drop out means exactly that: drop out.

Most of the activity of most Americans goes into robot performances on the TV-studio stage. Fake. Unnatural. Automatic.

Drop out means detach yourself from every TV drama which is not in the rhythm of the turn-on, tune-in, drop-out cycle.

Quit school. Quit your job. Don't vote. Avoid all politics. Do not waste conscious thinking on TV-studio games. Political choices are meaningless.

To postpone the drop-out is to cop out.

Dismiss your fantasies of infiltrating the social stage-set game. Any control you have over television props is their control over you.

Dismiss the Judaic-Christian-Marxist-puritan-literary-existentialist suggestion that the drop-out is escape and that the conformist cop-out is reality. Dropping out is the hardest yoga of all.

Make your drop-out invisible. No rebellion—please!

To Drop Out, You Must Form Your Own Religion

The drop-out, turn-on, tune-in rhythm is most naturally done in small groups of family members, lovers, and seed friends.

For both psychedelic and legal reasons, you must form your own cult.

The directors of the TV studio do not want you to live a religious life. They will apply every pressure (including prison) to keep you in their game.

Your own mind, which has been corrupted and neurologically damaged by years of education in fake-prop TV-studio games, will also keep you trapped in the game.

A group liberation cult is required.

You must form that most ancient and sacred of human structures—the clan. A clan or cult is a small group of human beings organized around a religious goal.

Remember, you are basically a primate. You are designed by the 2-billion-year blueprint to live in a small band.

You cannot accept the political or spiritual leadership of anyone you cannot touch, con-spire (breathe) with, worship with, get high with.

Your clan must be centered on a shrine and a totem spiritual energy source. To the clan you dedicate your highest loyalty, and to you the clan offers its complete protection.

But the clan must be centered on religious goals. Religion means being tuned in to the natural rhythm. Religion is the turn-on, tune-in, drop-out process.

Because you and your clan brothers are turned on, you will radiate energy. You will attract attention—hostility from the TV establishment, enthusiastic interest from rootless TV actors who wish to join your clan. Everyone basically wants to turn on, tune in, and drop out.

Avoid conflict with the establishment. Avoid recruiting and rapid growth. Preserve clan harmony.

Your clan must be limited to essential friends.

You must guard against the TV power tendency toward expansion.

Your clan cannot become a mail-order, mass-numbers organization.

The structure of your clan must be cellular.

The center of your religion must be a private, holy place.

The activities of your religion must be limited to the turn-on, tune-in, drop-out sequence. Avoid commitments to TV-studio power games.

You must start your own religion. You are God—but only you can discover and nurture your divinity. No one can start your religion for you.

In particular, those Americans who use psychedelic chemicals—marijuana, peyote, LSD—must appraise their goals and

games realistically. You smoke pot? Good. But why? As part of your personality game? As part of the American TV-studio perspective? To enhance your ego? As part of your TV role as hipster, sophisticate, rebel? Because it is the in-thing to do in your stage set? Because it is a social-psychological habit? Good. Keep on. The "pot game" is a fascinating scenario to act out, the entertaining game of illicit kicks.

There is another way of viewing psychedelic drugs, including pot: from the perspective of history. For thousands of years the greatest artists, poets, philosophers, and lovers have used consciousness-expanding substances to turn on, tune in, drop out. As part of the search for the meaning of life. As tools to reach new levels of awareness. To see beyond the immediate social game. For revelation. For light in the darkness of the long voyage.

Every great burst of activity has grown out of a psychedelic turn-on. The visionary then rushes back to tune in, to pass on the message. A new art form. A new mode of expression. He turns others on. A cult is formed. A new TV stage set is designed, one that is closer to the family-clan-tribal cell structure of our species.

Do you wish to use marijuana and LSD to get beyond the TV scenario? To enhance creativity? As catalysts to deepen wisdom?

If so, you will be helped by making explicit the religious nature of your psychedelic activities. To give meaning to your own script, to clarify your relationships with others, and to cope with the present legal setup, you will do well to start your own religion.

How to Start Your Own Religion

First, decide with whom you will make the voyage of discovery. If you have a family, certainly you will include them. If you have close friends, you will certainly want to include them. The question, with whom do I league for spiritual discovery? is a fascinating exercise.

Next, sit down with your spiritual companions and put on a page the plan for your trip. Write down and define your:

Goals

Roles

Rituals

Rules

Vocabulary

Values

Space-time locales

Mythic context

Here is an interesting exercise. You will learn a lot about yourself and your companions. You will see where you are and where you are not.

You will find it necessary to be explicit about the way your clan handles authority, responsibility, sexual relations, money, economics, defense, communication.

In short, you are forming not only your own religion but your own natural political unit. This is inevitable because the basic political unit is exactly the same as the basic spiritual grouping—the clan. Did you really believe that church was only where you went for an hour on Sunday morning?

Make your clan unique. Do not slavishly copy the roles and language of other groups. The beauty of cellular life is that each unit is both so incredibly complexly similar and also so unique. The more you understand the infinite complexity of life, the more you treasure both the similarities and the differences. But you have to be turned on to see it. At the level of the studio-prop game, both the similarities and the differences are trivial.

In defining the goal of your religion, you need not use conventional religious language. You don't have to make your spiritual journey sound "religious." Religion cannot be pompous and high-flown. Religion is consciousness expansion, centered in the body and defined exactly the way it sounds best to you. Don't be intimidated by Caesar's Hollywood fake versions of religiosity. If life has a meaning for you beyond the TV-studio game, you are religious. Spell it out.

So write out your own language for the trip: *God* or *evolu-*

tion, acid or sacrament, guide or guru, purgatorial redemption or bad trip, mystic revelation or good high. Say it naturally.

Develop your own rituals and costumes. Robes or gray flannel suits, amulets or tattoos. You will eventually find yourself engaged in a series of sacred moments which feel right to you.

Step by step

all your actions

will take on a sacra

mental meaning. Inevit

ably you will create a ritual

sequence for each sense organ

and for each of the basic energy ex

changes—eating, bathing, mating, etc.

You must be explicit about the space-time arrangement for your God game. Each room in your home will contain a shrine. Your house will not be a TV actor's dressing room but rather a spiritual center. Regular rhythms of worship will emerge—daily meditation (turn-on) sessions (with or without marijuana), and once a week or once a month you will devote a whole day to turning on. Time your worship to the rhythm of the seasons, to the planetary calendar.

Spell out on paper explicit plan\$ for handling financial interaction\$. Money i\$ a completely irrational focu\$ for mo\$t We\$terner\$. A\$ \$oon a\$ your clan member\$ detach them\$elve\$ emotionally from money, you will discover how easy it is to survive economically. There must be a complete and collabora-tive pooling of money and work energy. Any \$elfi\$h holding back of dollar\$ or muscular energy will weaken the clan. Each clan, as it drops out of the American game, must appraise its resources and figure out how to barter with other groups. Each clan will develop its own productivity.

Sexuality is the downfall of most religious cults. Clarity and honesty are necessary. Karmic accidental differences exist in people's sexual makeup. Basically, each man is made to mate with one woman. Heterosexual monogamous fidelity is the only natural way of sexual union. However, because this is the Kali

Yuga, and because we live in the final stages of a sick society, sexual variations are inevitable.

Your mode of sexual union is the key to your religion. You cannot escape this. The way you ball (or avoid balling) is your central sacramental activity. The sexual proclivity of the clan must be explicit and inflexible. Do not attempt to establish clan relationships with persons of a different sexual persuasion. There is no value judgment here. Sex is sacred. People of like sexual temperament must form their own spiritual cults. Homosexuality is not an illness. It is a religious way of life. Homosexuals should accept their state as a religious path. Homosexuals cannot join heterosexual clans. Homosexuals should treasure, glorify, their own sexual yoga. Their right to pursue their sacred bodily yoga is guaranteed to them. Heterosexual clans can support, help, learn from, teach homosexual clans, but the difference must be preserved—with mutual respect.

Some spiritual people are not compatible with the monogamous union and prefer a freer sexual regime, the group marriage. Good! Many tribes and clans throughout the planet have flourished in complete and holy promiscuity. But be explicit. Painful confusions occur if sexual orientations and sexual taboos (cellular and physical, not psychological or cultural) are disregarded in forming clans.

Select clan members who share or complement your style, your way of tuning in, your temperament, your sexual orientation.

The aim of clan living is to subordinate the ego game to the family game—the clan game.

You will do well to have an explicit connection to a mythic figure. You must select a historical psychedelic guide. You must know your mythic origins. Facts and news are reports from the current TV drama. They have no relevance to your 2-billion-year-old divinity. Myth is the report from the cellular memory bank. Myths humanize the recurrent themes of evolution.

You select a myth as a reminder that you are part of an ancient and holy process. You select a myth to guide you when

you drop out of the narrow confines of the fake-prop studio set.

Your mythic guide must be one who has solved the death-rebirth riddle. A TV drama hero cannot help you. Caesar, Napoleon, Kennedy are no help to your cellular orientation. Christ, Lao-tse, Hermes Trismegistus, Socrates are recurrent turn-on figures.

You will find it absolutely necessary to leave the city. Urban living is spiritually suicidal. The cities of America are about to crumble as did Rome and Babylon. Go to the land. Go to the sea.

Psychedelic centers located in cities will serve as collecting areas. Thousands of spiritual seekers are coming to urban districts where they meet in meditation centers and psychedelic assembly places.* There they form their clans. They migrate from the city.

The Legal Question

Unless you form your own new religion and devote an increasing amount of your energies to it, you are (however exciting your personality TV role) a robot. Your new religion can be formed only by you. Do not wait for a messiah. Do it yourself. Now.

The goals, roles, rules, rituals, values, language, space-tie locale, and mythic context of your religion must be put on paper for two reasons. One, to make the journey clear and explicit for yourself and your clan members, and two, to deal with Caesar.

The relationship between Caesar and the God seeker has

* Psychedelic centers are rapidly springing up in metropolitan areas, and this tendency must be encouraged. A simple format for a psychedelic enterprise may involve a shop front with a meditation room in the rear. Numerous shops calling themselves "psychedelic" are springing up throughout the country. This development is inevitable, but one should be skeptical about the spiritual nature of such commercial enterprises unless they include a meditation room. Psychedelic businesses should support spiritual communities and provide centers for clan formation.

always been uneasy. But the boundaries of the tension can be defined precisely, and if you are clear in your mind, there can be no confusion. You can move with exactness and confidence.

Everything that exists outside your body and your shrine belongs to Caesar. Caesar has constructed the fake-prop studio for his king-of-the-mountain game, and he can have it. Highways, property, status, power, money, weapons, all things, all external man-made objects belong to him. The spiritual life is completely detached from these props. Obey Caesar's TV studio rules when you are in his studios. Avoid any participation in his dramas.

But remember, your body is the kingdom of heaven, and your home is the shrine in which the kingdom of heaven is to be found. What you do inside your body, what energies you let contact your sense organs, and what you put into your body is your business.*

All you need do to protect the divinity of your body and the sanctity of your shrine is to be explicit—and to worship with dignity and courage.

Write down an eightfold definition of your religion (goal, role, rule, ritual, value, language, myth, space-time locale). By doing so, you have formed your religion. The First Amendment to the Constitution, the charter of the UN, and the ancient traditions of human history give you protection to alter your own consciousness inside your shrine.

If you take a psychedelic sacrament, leave your house and commit a disorder on Caesar's streets; let him arrest you for overt crime. But your right to turn on in your home is sacred. You make your home a shrine by writing it into the charter of your religion.

In writing your charter, you must specify where you will take the sacrament and with whom. The charter does not permit you to turn on anywhere. You must respect the possessive claims of Caesar to his fake-front stage sets. And you must also specify visible objects of worship which will be found in your shrine—a

* You are God: Remember!

statue of Buddha, a picture of Christ, a rock, a wooden carving. You choose, but be explicit.

Get your charter notarized, or mail it to yourself in a post-marked envelope. You have thereby established, before possible conflict with Caesar's police, your religion. These are the minimum steps required to protect your use of psychedelic drugs. If you don't care enough to do this, you don't care enough.

But further steps are preferable. It is highly advisable, and quite simple, to incorporate your religion under the laws of your state. Consult a lawyer—a psychedelic lawyer if possible. There are thousands of them around. How? Well, he'll be under the age of thirty. Your local ACLU would be a good place to start. Ask him to file incorporation papers which are standard and which every lawyer has in mimeographed outline.

Follow the simple steps necessary to complete the forms, and in short order, you are a legally incorporated religion. Your own sense of dignity and commitment to the spiritual life is encouraged. Your posture and confidence vis-à-vis Caesar's Keystone Kops is immeasurably strengthened.

But you must play it straight. Don't sign anything you aren't going to live up to. On the other hand, leave room in your charter for easy revision of your religious practices. You are a young, growing religion. For God's sake, don't get caught in rigidities at the beginning.

Use psychedelic sacraments only in designated shrines and only with members of a psychedelic religion. If you are going to be naughty and smoke pot in the washroom of one of Caesar's stage sets, why that's all right—but be clear; you waive your religious rights. Do what you will, but be conscious and don't mix up your naughty game with your religious game.

After you have incorporated your religion, you can file the application forms and a description of methods of worship in the attorney's office. In case of any misunderstanding with Caesar's cops, you will be effectively prepared. Don't be surprised at the idea of having a lawyer to handle your psychedelic affairs. Psychedelic lawyers will be the most numerous and popular segment of the legal profession in 15 years. For a small amount of money you can have ongoing legal protection for

your religion. You'd do it for your business, wouldn't you? It's better yet if you find a lawyer who is ready to join your clan.*

There is a third legal step which many psychedelic religionists will want to take—the licensing for the importation and distribution of illegal sacraments such as marijuana and LSD. The legal procedure involved in obtaining permission to use drugs is called a declaratory judgment. This procedure can result in a court declaration that an individual or a group may, with the sanction of law, use drugs freely for religious purposes.

In requesting a declaratory judgment to import and distribute illegal sacraments (and remember here that alcohol, nicotine, and automobiles are also illegal—except to licensed operators), you are asking nothing more than was permitted to Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis during alcohol prohibition. These religionists were allowed to import and distribute an illegal drug—booze—for distribution only by priests and only in designated shrines. The quarter of a million members of the Native American Church are similarly licensed to use peyote, a plant much more powerful than marijuana.

The filing for a declaratory judgment requires more commitment and energy—and thus becomes the third test of your religious stamina. How much do you care?

By the end of 1968 we expect that thousands of such applications will be flooding the courts. In each case, the decision as to whether the applicants are entitled to a license to smoke marijuana and use LSD will have to be made on the merits of the case. Each judge and jury will have to rule on the sincerity of the applicants. What a wonderful exercise! Thousands of groups of young Americans will choose to present and defend their new religions in the courts. What a beautiful forum for free debate on the values of marijuana as opposed to booze!

Thousands of jury members and hundreds of judges will be converted.

In all of these activities there is no hostility, no competition, no conflict with Caesar. Love and humor are the means. The ends will follow.

* Your lawyer can write to the League for Spiritual Discovery for further legal information, relevant briefs, precedents, etc.

Dr. Leary, What Will Happen to Society After Everyone Turns On, Tunes In, and Drops Out?

An interesting indication of the “miraculous” growth of LSD comes in the form of the question: What will happen to society after everyone turns on, tunes in, and drops out?

At the surface, the question seems naïve. Nowhere and never does everyone do the same thing at the same time. It’s all planned in cycles by the DNA code. Organic changes occur gradually and invisibly.

This question reflects the sudden panic of the TV bit player. What will happen to me if the show goes off the air? Will I lose my little part? What an incomparable tragedy if these cardboard studio walls were to fall down!

The emotional response to this game terror is reassurance. Don’t worry. Your life begins when your TV game ends. Turn on, tune in, drop out. Then you are free to walk out of the studio—a god in the Garden of Eden.

The intellectual answer to the question is infinitely complex, depending upon how much time and energy one can mobilize for utopian planning. The League for Spiritual Discovery has worked out detailed blueprints for the next cycle of man’s social evolution. Future manuals will be published by the league describing the year-by-year unfolding.

In summary: be prepared for a complete change of American urban technology. Grass will grow in Times Square within ten years. The great soil-murdering lethal skyscrapers will come down. Didn’t you know they were stage sets? Didn’t you know they had to come down? The transition will come either violently (by war) or gently, aesthetically, through a psychedelic drop-out process.

In any case, there is nothing for you to do in a collective political sense. Turn on, tune in, drop out. Discover and nurture your own divinity and that of your friends and family members.

Center on your clan and the natural order will prevail.

*American Education as an Addictive Process and Its Cure**

The topic is the individual in the college, his commitments and his work. A broad subject indeed! Let us define the task more specifically. Let's aim the dialogue to each of you, who are, after all, individuals in the college. Let's talk directly and prophetically to your situation.

Let's set an ambitious goal to present the most important message you have ever listened to, to present a challenge which will change some of your lives. This may sound immodest but it's not, really, because what we shall consider has nothing to do with me personally. Like the other speakers, I, too, have been sent over by Central Casting to read my lines in the scenario we are working on today. I am simply a temporary mouthpiece for the message you are about to hear. Another reason for setting a bold goal is that this is my last performance in this particular drama. This is my last lecture as a college teacher to a college audience, and after the performance I'm going to take off the greasepaint and change uniform and move on to another show.

The third reason for claiming that my ambition today is not immodest is that I am saying nothing new. I didn't write the

* This chapter is a revision of a lecture given by Dr. Timothy Leary at the Second Annual Symposium on American Values, Central Washington State College, Ellensburg, Washington, April 1963. One week following the lecture, the speaker was fired from Harvard University for being absent from class, a paradoxical charge since his regularly scheduled courses had been assigned to other professors the preceding September.

script. The lines were written by the oldest playwright in the business. I am simply repeating the oldest message in human history. We know, of course, that the wise men don't talk. The Book of Tao tells us that he who knows, speaks not and he who speaks, knows not. When the wise men in the past did talk, they have always written the same book. They have always told us the same message, repeated in a different dialect, using the metaphor of their time, using the vocabulary of their tribe, but it is always the same message. "Turn off your mind. Step for a moment or two out of your own ego. Stop your robot activity for a while. Stop the game you are in. Look within."

Oh, words! More good advice! The words that I have just given you are pretty trite and cliché today in the twentieth century, aren't they? But 3,000 years ago, when they were first enunciated, they were tremendously exciting. They probably brought about biochemical changes in the neurosystems of the people that heard these chants for the first time. Of course, now in the twentieth century, we are bombarded by words, thousands of words an hour, so that what I've just said is only another tattoo of syllables bouncing off your ears. Today we don't know what to look for if we try to get out of our game, and we don't know how to do it.

Now if you look at some of the metaphors that were used by these men in the past who changed the course of human history, the great visionaries, the great religious leaders, the great poets, you find an interesting correlation, a similarity. They all found the same thing when they looked within. They talked about the inner light, about the soul, the divine flame, the spark, or the seed of life, or the white light of the void. You will recognize that I have just ranged in these metaphors through several great philosophers, both Eastern and Western. All of these metaphors rang true and were right at the time. We can recognize now that they were clumsy metaphors for what are actually physiological processes within our nervous system. Listen! Each of those poetic images within the next 2 to 5 years is going to be validated by modern biochemistry and modern pharmacology.

Let me define the problem as I see it. I want to define it first of all ontologically, in the scientific sense, and then later I'll talk about the social aspects of the problem which we now face.

Ontologically there are an infinite number of realities, each one defined by the particular space-time dimension which you use. From the standpoint of one reality, we may think that the other realities are hallucinatory, or psychotic, or far out, or mysterious, but that is just because we're caught at the level of one space-time perception.

For many people it's an infuriating thought that there are many, many realities. Last week, I was giving a lecture on consciousness expansion with Professor Alpert at the Aero-Space Institute in Los Angeles. A young engineer happened to be in the building that night, busy with some aerospace activity, and as he was leaving the building, he saw this crowd in a large room, and he came in to listen. After the lecture was over and we were on the way out, he stopped us and started to argue about reality. He could hardly talk, he was so mad. He said, "There is only one reality, the reality that is here, the reality of our physical laws, and for you to say that there is a range of realities, and particularly to say that this range might be brought about by drugs, is intellectual fraud, deceiving your fellow man!" It seemed to disturb him and make him angry to think that this solidity (which we are convinced exists around us) is perhaps just one level of an enormously complex continuum of realities. Now it's bad enough to say that there are other realities, but it's really intolerable if we suggest that some of the other realities are more conducive to ecstasy, happiness, wisdom, to more effective activity, than our familiar reality. So much for the general ontological situation. Let us try to spell this out in more exact terms.

The social reality in which we have been brought up and which we have been taught to perceive and deal with is a fairly gross and static affair. But it misses the real excitement. The real hum and drama, the beauty of the electronic, cellular, somatic, sensory energy process have no part in our usual picture of reality. We can't see the life process. We are surrounded by it

all the time. It is exploding inside of us in a billion cells in our body, but most of the time we can't experience it. We are blind to it. For example, how do we know when another person is alive? We have to poke his robot body and listen to his heart, look for some movement. If he breathes, he is alive. But that is not the life process. That is just the external symptom. It's like seeing that the car moves, and from the fact that the body of the car moves, inferring that the motor is going inside. We can hear the car motor, we can brake, but we can't tune in on the machinery of life inside ourselves or around us. Now at this point you must be thinking, well, poor Leary, he has gone too far out. But really I don't think that it should be this difficult to accept logically the fact that there are many realities and that the most exciting things that happen, cellular and nuclear processes, the manufacture of protein from DNA blueprints, are not at the level of our routine perception. And for that matter, that the most complex communications, the most creative processes, exist at levels of which we are not ordinarily aware.

Let's take an analogy. Suppose that you had never heard of the microscope, and I came before you and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have an instrument which brings into view an entirely different picture of reality, according to which this world around us which seems to have solidity and symmetry and certain form is actually made up of organisms, each of which is a universe; there is a world inside a drop of water. A drop of blood is like a galaxy. A leaf is a fantastic organization perhaps more complicated than our own social structure." You would think that I was pretty far out, until that moment when I could persuade you to put your eye down to the microscope, show you how to focus, and then you would share the wonder which I had tried to communicate to you. All right, we know that cellular activity is infinitely complex.

We tend to think of our external, leatherlike skin body as the basic ontological frame of reference. The center of our universe. This foolish egocentricity becomes apparent when we compare our body with a tractor. We usually think of a tractor or a harvesting machine as a clumsy, crude instrument which just

organizes and brings food for us to feed our mouths. But from the standpoint of the cell, the animal's body, the human being's body, your body, is a clumsy instrument, the function of which is to transport the necessary supplies to keep the cellular life process going. And we realize, when we study biology textbooks, that our body is actually a complex set of soft-divine machines serving in myriad ways the needs of the cell. These concepts can be a little disturbing to our egocentric and our anthropocentric point of view.

But then we've just started, because the fellow with the electron microscope comes along. And he says, "Well, your microscope and your cell is nothing! Sure, the cell is complicated, but there's a whole universe inside the atom in which activities move with the speed of light, and talk about excitement, talk about fun, talk about communication, well, now here at the electron level we're just getting into it." And then the astronomer comes along with his instruments, and off we go again!

The interesting thing to me about this new vision of many realities that science confronts us with (however unwilling we are to look at it) is this: the closer and closer connection between the cosmology of modern science and the cosmology of some of the Eastern religions, in particular, Hinduism and Buddhism. I have a strong suspicion that within the next few years, we are going to see many of the hypotheses of our Christian mystics and many of the cosmological and ontological theories of Eastern philosophers spelled out objectively in biochemical terms. Now, all of these phenomena "out there" made visible by the electron microscope, the telescope, are wounding enough to our pride and our anthropomorphism (which Robert Ardrey calls the "romantic fallacy"), but here, perhaps the most disturbing of all, comes modern pharmacology. Now we have evidence which suggests that by ingesting a tiny bit of substance which will change biochemical balances inside our nervous system, it's possible to experience directly some of the things which we externally view through the lenses of the microscope.

I will have more to say about the applications and implications of educational chemistry shortly. I'd like to stop and consider briefly the social-political and educational problems which are the subject of our symposium. We have told each other over and over again during the last two days of the conference that we're in pretty bad shape. Well, I'm not quite that pessimistic. What's in bad shape? The cellular process isn't in bad shape. The supreme intelligence, if you want to use that corny twentieth-century phrase for the DNA molecule, isn't in bad shape. For that matter, the human species is going to survive, probably in some mutated form. What's in bad shape? Our social games. Our secular traditions, our favorite concepts, our cultural systems. These transitory phenomena are collapsing and will have to give way to more advanced evolutionary products.

I'm very optimistic about the cellular process and the human species because they are part, we are part of the fantastic rushing flow which has been pounding along from one incredible climax to another for some 2 billion years. And you can't stay back there, hanging on to a rock in the stream. You've got to go along with the flow; you've got to trust the process, and you've got to adapt to it, and you might as well try to understand it and enjoy it. I have some suggestions in a moment as to how to do exactly that.

We are all caught in a social situation which is getting increasingly set and inflexible and frozen. A social process which is hanging on to a rock back there somewhere and keeping us from flowing along with the process. All the classic symptoms are there: professionalism, bureaucracy, reliance and overreliance on the old clichés, too much attention to the external and material, the uniformity and conformity caused by mass communication. The old drama is repeating itself. It happened in Rome and it happened to the Persian Empire and the Turkish Empire and it happened in Athens. The same symptoms. We're caught in what seems like an air-conditioned anthill, and we see that we're drifting helplessly toward war, overpopulation, plastic stereotyping. We're diverted by our circuses—the space race

and television—but we're getting scared, and what's worse, we're getting bored and we're ready for a new page in the story. The next evolutionary step.

And what is the next step? Where is the new direction to be found? The wise men have been telling us for 3,000 years: it's going to come from *within*, from within your head.

The human being, we know, is a very recent addition to the animal kingdom. Sometime around 70,000 years ago (a mere fraction of a second in terms of the evolutionary time scale), the erect primate with the large cranium seems to have appeared. In a sudden mutational leap the size of the skull and the brain is swiftly doubled. A strange cerebral explosion. According to one paleo-neurological theory (Dr. Tilly Edinger), "Enlargement of the cerebral hemisphere by 50 percent seems to have taken place without having been accompanied by any major increase in body size."

Thus we come to the fascinating possibility that man, in the short infancy of his existence, has never learned to use this new neurological machinery. That perhaps, like a child turned loose in the control room of a billion-tube computer, man is just beginning to catch on to the idea, just beginning to discover that there is an infinity of meaning and complex power in the equipment he carries around behind his own eyebrows.

The first intimation of this incredible situation was given by Alfred Russel Wallace, co-discoverer with Charles Darwin of what we call the theory of evolution. Wallace was the first to point out that the so-called savage—the Eskimo, the African tribesman—far from being an offshoot of a primitive and never-developed species, had the same neural equipment as the literate European. He just wasn't using it the same way. He hadn't developed it linguistically and in other symbolic game sequences. "We may safely infer," said Wallace, "that the savage possesses a brain capable, if cultivated and developed, of performing work of a kind and degree far beyond what he is ever required to do." We shall omit discussion of the ethnocentric assumptions (Protestant ethic, primitive-civilized) which are betrayed in this quote and follow the logic to its next step.

Here we face the embarrassing probability that the same is true of us. In spite of our mechanical sophistication we may well be savages, simple brutes quite unaware of the potential within. It is highly likely that coming generations will look back at us and wonder: how could they so childishly play with their simple toys and primitive words and remain ignorant of the speed, power, and relational potential within? How could they fail to use the equipment they possessed?

According to Loren Eiseley (whose argument I have been following in the last few paragraphs), "When these released potentialities for brain growth began, they carried man into a new world where the old laws no longer held. With every advance in language, in symbolic thought, the brain paths multiplied. Significantly enough, these which are most recently acquired and less specialized regions of the brain, the 'silent areas,' mature last. Some neurologists, not without reason, suspect that here may lie other potentialities which only the future of the race may reveal."

We are using, then, a very small percentage of the neural equipment, the brain capacity which we have available. We perceive and act at one level of reality when there are any number of places, any number of directions in which we can move.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time to wake up! It's time to really use our heads. But how? Let's consider our topic: the individual in college. Can the college help us use our heads? To think about the function of the college, we have to think about the university as a place which spawns new ideas or breaks through to new visions. A place where we can learn how to use our neurological equipment.

The university, and for that matter, every aspect of the educational system, is paid for by adult society to train young people to keep the same game going. To be sure that you do not use your heads. Students, this institution and all educational institutions are set up to anesthetize you, to put you to sleep. To make sure that you will leave here and walk out into the bigger game and take your place in the line. A robot like your

parents, an obedient, efficient, well-adapted social game player. A replaceable part in the machine.

Now you *are* allowed to be a tiny bit rebellious. You can have fancy ways of dress, you can become a cute teen-ager, you can have panty raids, and that sort of thing. There is a little leeway to let you think that you are doing things differently. But don't let that kid you.

I looked at television last night for a few minutes and watched a round table of high school students discussing problems. Very serious social problems. They were discussing teenage drinking. Now the problem seems to be that young people want to do the grown-up things a little too fast. You want to start using the grown-ups' narcotics before you're old enough. Well, don't be in such a hurry! You'll be doing the adult drinking pretty soon. You'll be performing all the other standardized adult robot sequences because that is what they're training you to do. The last thing that an institution of education wants to allow you to do is to expand your consciousness, to use the untapped potential in your head, to experience directly. They don't want you to evolve, to grow, to really grow. They don't want you to move on to a different level of reality. They don't want you to take life seriously, they want you to take their game seriously. Education, dear students, is anesthetic, a narcotic procedure which is very likely to blunt your sensitivity and to immobilize your brain and your behavior for the rest of your lives.

I also would like to suggest that our educational process is an especially dangerous narcotic because it probably does direct physiological damage to your nervous system. Let me explain what I mean by that. Your brain, like any organ of your body, is a perfect instrument. When you were born, you brought into the world this organ which is almost perfectly adapted to sense what is going on around you and inside of you. Just as the heart knows its job, your brain is ready to do its job. But what education does to your head would be like taking your heart and wrapping rubber bands around it and putting springs on it to make sure it can pump. What education does is to put a series of

filters over your awareness so that year by year, step by step, you experience less and less and less. A baby, we're convinced, sees much more than we do. A kid of ten or twelve is still playing and moving around with some flexibility. But an adult has filtered experience down to just the plastic reactions. This is a biochemical phenomenon. There's considerable evidence showing that a habit is a neural network of feedback loops. Like grooves in a record, like muscles, the more you use any one of the loops, the more likely you are to use it again. If there were time, I could spell out exactly how this conditioning process, this educational process, works, how it is based on early, accidental, imprinted emotions.

So here we are once again. The monolithic, frozen empire is about to fall. We have been in this position many times in the last few thousand years. What can we do about educational narcosis? How can you "kick" the conformist habit? How can you learn to use your head?

We're all caught in this social addictive process. You young people know that it's not working out the way it could. You know you're hooked. You dread the robot sequence. But there is always the promise, isn't there? There's always the come-on. "Keep coming. It's going to get better. Something great is going to happen tomorrow if you're good today." It's not! As a matter of fact, it gets worse, dear robots.

All right, where do we go? What can we do? I have two answers to those questions. The first is: *drop out!* Go out where you are closer to reality, to direct experience. Go out to where things are really happening. Go out to the frontier. Go out to those focal points where important issues are being played out. Why don't you pick out the most important problem in the world, as you see it, and go exactly to the center of the place where it's happening, where it is being studied and worked on? Why not? Someone has to be there, in the center. Why not you?

Now, there's a risk to this. The first risk is that you'll lose your foothold on the ladder that you've been climbing. You'll lose your social connection.

Undergraduates come to me very often and say, "I want to go on to graduate school in psychology. Where should I go?" And I always ask them the question, "Why do you want to study psychology?" And as I listen to them, usually one of two answers develops. Answer number one is: "I want to become a psychologist. I want to play the psychology game. I want to be able to play the role and use the terms you use, and I want to be an assistant professor and then an associate professor and then a full professor, and I want to get tenure, and maybe if I'm really ambitious, I might get to be president of the American Psychological Association." Well, that's fair enough, and for someone who has that ambition I can give them advice about the strategic universities to go to, like go to Michigan or Yale but don't go to XYZ.

Some students, though, will say, "I want to study psychology because I want to study human nature" or "I want to find out what's what." To do some good. And then I can tell them, well, forget about graduate school. What kind of good do you want to do? Do you want to help the mentally ill? Then get yourself committed to a mental hospital. Stay there for a year or two; you'll learn more about mental illness in that two years than our profession has learned in a hundred years. If you want to learn about delinquency and reducing crime, go down to the tough section, learn the crime game, learn how to make a man-to-man contact with tough guys, learn from them why they are crooks and criminals. Spend a year in prison, not as a psychologist, but maybe as a guard, or cleaning up the garbage, and you'll learn more than you will ever learn in a criminology textbook. That is how it goes. There is no problem that can't be best solved and best worked out at this stage of ignorance by getting right into the reality.

Of course, another objection to this suggestion is: "After all, we do need some information and we do need facts and we have to learn them in university courses." And I say, "Sure, there are existential problems; there are certain times when in trying to solve an existential problem you will want to borrow the experience and the data of previous investigators." You can use

the library, but again, beware, it's just like a narcotic. Library books are very dangerous addictive substances. Like heroin, books become an end in themselves. I made the suggestion two years ago at Harvard University that they lock up Widener Library, put chains on the doors, and have little holes in the wall like in bank tellers' windows, and if a student wanted to get a book, he would have to come with a little slip made out showing that he had some existential, practical question. He wouldn't say that he wanted to stuff a lot of facts in his mind so that he could impress a teacher or be one up on the other students in the intellectual game. No. But if he had an existential problem, then the library would help him get all the information that could be brought to bear on that problem. Needless to say, this plan didn't make much of a hit, and the doors of the Harvard Library are still open. You can still get dangerous narcotic volumes without a prescription at Harvard.

Where can we go?

Answer number one is to get out into the world, go to where the really important events, the events that you think are important, are happening and climb into them. That, by the way, is how all the great advances in science as well as politics have taken place.

Answer number two to the question, where can we go, is: Go inside. Go into your own brain; start using the untapped region of your head. Here, my friends, is the real frontier, the real challenge, the real opportunity.

Well, how do we do that? For centuries, for thousands of years, men have been studying this problem of how to expand their own consciousness, how to get into their own brains. One of the classic methods of doing it is the simple process of meditation. But today in 1963 this method seems far out. You'd be called eccentric if you said to an American that it would be useful for him to spend one hour a day alone—not thinking but just turning off all of the outside stimulation and the internal mental machinery and seeing where that will take him. We have to remind ourselves that meditation has been the classic psychological technique for thousands of years for most of the

human race. Every one of our great visionaries, every one of the men who changed the course of human history, worked it out during a meditative experience.

Modern psychology calls this "turning on" by the fancy name "sensory deprivation." A few years ago psychologists discovered that if you took an American and you put him in a dark room and you cut off all the sound and you cut off all the light and you cut off all tactile stimulation, in other words, if you turned off all the outside games, he couldn't keep his mind going and strange things would take place in his consciousness and he would begin to have hallucinations, revelations, visions, or he'd get in a panic and leap out of the room and shout "Help!" The reason for this is (and now we are getting back into neuropsychology) that your mind, your game-playing verbal mind, like a drug habit, requires continual stimulation. You have to keep feeding it. In order to keep up the pretense that you are you and that your level of reality is really reality, you have to have feedback all the time. You have to have people around you reminding you that you are you; you have to have people around you participating in the same immediate realities, sharing the same social delusion, to keep this social reality going.

Now whenever you get out there, away from the social and sensory stimulation (as with men who are shipwrecked, men who are lost in a desert, men who are lost in the snow, men who go into monasteries, men who go into cells), there are withdrawal symptoms. The people panic because they are moving on to a different level of reality. How many of our great visionaries, our great history-making decisions, have come from men who have gone off in the desert? Jesus Christ went off in a cave in the mountain; Mohammed sat alone in a cave; Buddha lived in solitude for many years, so did St. John of the Cross. So have most of our other great visionaries. The problem now is that it is getting harder to let these physiological events happen. To be alone in order to look within.

Recently our technology, which has done so much to narrow our consciousness and to produce this robotlike conformity, has turned up two very disturbing processes which are going to

cause all of us to do a lot of serious thinking in the next few years. These processes are electrical stimulation of the brain, and the new drugs, which also allow for increased control of consciousness, either by you or by someone else. The next evolutionary step is going to come through these two means, both of which involve greater knowledge, greater control, greater use and application of that major portion of our brain which we now do not use and of which we are only dimly aware.

These potentialities and these promises aren't going to go away. Your head, with its unused neurons, is there. Electrical stimulation and biochemical expansion of the neural processes are here, too. They aren't going to go away just because they upset our theories of psychology or our new words of education.

In 1943, a most dramatic event took place in a laboratory in Switzerland when Dr. Albert Hoffman accidentally ingested a tiny amount of semisynthetic ergot fungus known as LSD 25 and found himself thrown onto a level of reality which he had never experienced before. This had probably happened to many chemists in the past and to many other people in the past. Hoffman was the man on the spot who was able to understand what was going on. And because of Albert Hoffman of Sandoz Laboratory, we face today the challenge and dilemma of consciousness-expanding drugs. They are not addictive in the sense that there is no physiological attachment to them. I must point out that the very question of addiction is humorous to those of us that feel that we are all hopelessly addicted to words and to our tribal games. These drugs are physiologically safe. Over two thousand studies have been published, and as of 1968 despite the rumors there is no evidence of somatic or physical side effects. But they are *dangerous*; the sociopolitical dangers are there. We have incontrovertible evidence that these drugs cause panic, poor judgment, and irrational behavior on the part of some college deans, psychiatrists and government administrators *who have not taken them*.

What we think is going to happen is that a system of licensing and training will be developed, very similar to the way we train

and license people to use motorcars and airplanes. People have to demonstrate that they can use their expanded neural machinery without hurting themselves and without danger to their fellow men. They will have to demonstrate proficiency, experience, training, and then we feel it is their right to be licensed. As in the case of airplane and auto, the license can be taken away from those who injure themselves or injure their fellow men.

There are many new by-products of this research in consciousness expansion and these studies. First of all, it is inevitable that a new language will develop to communicate the new aspect of experience. The language of words we now use is extremely clumsy, static, and heavy. We are going to have to develop, as chemistry has developed, a language that will pay respect to the fact that our experience, our behavior, our social forms are flowing all the time. And if your language isn't equipped to change and flow with them, then you are in trouble, you're hooked. You're drugged by the educational system. There are going to be new values, rest assured, based on a broader range of reality. Our present values, based on certain ethnocentric tribal goals, are going to recede in importance after we see where man really belongs in the biological evolutionary process. There are going to be new social forms; there are going to be new methods of education.

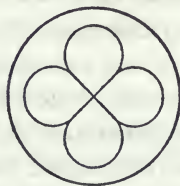
I'll give you one example here. In the last few months, we have been studying accelerated learning by the use of the expanded consciousness. It's your trained mind, you remember, which prevents you from learning. If a professor of linguistics who doesn't know any French goes to France with his five-year-old son and they both spend equal time with the French people, who is going to learn French faster? The five-year-old son will quickly outstrip his dad even with that Ph.D. in linguistics. Why? Because Dad has stuffed his mind with all sorts of censoring and filtering concepts that prevent him from grooving with the French process. The psychedelic experience can release these learning blocks. We took, for example, a brilliant woman who had an emotional block against learning language. She

wanted to learn Spanish. We gave her a very heavy dose of LSD, put her in a quiet room and put earphones on her, and for eight hours she was flooded with spoken Spanish from records. Every hour or so, we would go in and take the earphones off and say, "How are you?" She answered ecstatically in Spanish! She had been wallowing in Spanish for a thousand years. By the sixth or seventh hour, she was repeating back the Spanish words with the right enunciation, the dialectic tempo and so forth. The problem now is that when she hears Spanish spoken, she is likely to go into another level of consciousness, to get suddenly very high, which leads to other interesting possibilities of auto-conditioning. All of us, adults and students, have been censored so much, the filters have been applied for so long, the neurophysiological processes are so firmly set that if we want to expand our consciousness, we are probably going to have to use chemical means. We adults, if we are going to move on to different levels of reality, are going to have to rely on some direct means of this sort. We have high hopes for the next generation, and particularly the next generation after that. It is the goal of our research and of our educational experiments that in one or two generations, we will be witnessing the appearance of human beings who have much more access, without drugs, to a much greater percentage of their nervous systems.

So there you have it. I'm sure that a few or none of you will follow the advice and the prophetic warnings that I have been giving. I have had to tell you with words. But I'm also going to take my own advice. I'm dropping out of the university and educational setup. I'm breaking the habit. I hope in the coming years as you drift into somnambulance that some of you will remember our meeting this morning and will break your addiction to the system. I'll be waiting for you.

I want to leave one final warning. There will be many people who will see the utility of the electrical and chemical techniques I have been talking about and will want to use them, as the Western, scientific mind has always wanted to use them, for their own power and their own control. Whenever new frontiers open up, you have the new problem of exploitation and

selfish use. There will be no lack of people who will be delighted to use the underdeveloped areas of *your* cortex. We have coined the term "internal freedom." It is a political, didactic device; we want to warn you not to give up the freedom which you may not even know you have. In the Seattle paper yesterday, in one of the columns, I read a very interesting item to the effect that the Russians were developing extrasensory-perception techniques and studying ways which can eventually control consciousness. We can do that, of course, with television now. If 60 million people all watch one program, they are being controlled. But still we have that choice of turning it on or off. The next step, and I warn you it is not far off, involves some fellow using electrical implants and drugs to control consciousness. Then, dear friends, it may be too late. We won't know where the buttons are to turn them off. The open access to these methods is the key to internal freedom. If we know what we are doing, do it openly and collaboratively, free from government control, then we will be free to explore the tremendous worlds which lie within.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

*Soul Session**

SOL: As a former professor at Harvard University, and at the time before the experiments with hallucinogens came up, a recognized figure in the field of psychology, you seem to have had a radical about-face when you started talking recently about "drop out, turn on, and tune in." Would you explain to us what you mean by this?

LEARY: Well, to begin with, I don't think I've made any radical about-face. My use of the psychedelic chemicals stems directly from my endeavors in psychology. I have found better ways of understanding man's consciousness leading to a better control of his inner environment. The techniques of modern psychiatry and psychology don't do this. In my search for new methods, I was led to the study of the drug.

SOL: From being a member ostensibly of the academic in-group, you seemed to have evolved an "in" beyond that.

LEARY: If you study the careers of men that are the central figures in our culture, and I'm not saying I am one, but I model myself after them, you will find that as they pursue their data they get further and further removed from Main Street morality and from the dogmas of the academy. Anyone who takes his work seriously has to expect that he will be led into that frightening and insecure area on the fringe. If he doesn't want to be led out of his mind, he must look at himself in the mirror

* This interview was conducted by Ken Garrison, editor of *SOL* magazine, Valley State College, California.

and realize that he is not a true scientist—he's playing the game of the academy and academic corrosion. Far from being unconventional, I see my unfolding as highly orthodox and predictable for anyone who takes truth and knowledge seriously.

SOL: It was my understanding you were dismissed from Harvard for continuing psychedelic experiments on or with students there at the college. Would you explain the circumstances under which you left?

LEARY: One cannot ever believe what you hear in the newspapers. I was not fired by Harvard for giving drugs to undergraduates. I never gave drugs to any undergraduate at Harvard. I had been offered tenure from Harvard twice under the condition that I stop doing research or tone down the research of LSD. I refused to do this. I didn't want to be a professor at Harvard, I wanted to find out where it's at and what's what, and you usually can't always do that at a university.

SOL: Were you simply not granted tenure, and therefore you had to leave the college? We have a very similar circumstance at Valley State. An instructor has been there past the time that you either have to be granted tenure or you have to leave. Is that—?

LEARY: No, the technicality on which I was fired with only two months to go on my salary, on my contract, was because I was absent from classes.

SOL: If you had the opportunity to—

LEARY: I was absent from all my classes because they had taken all my classes away from me. [*Laughter*] So I left, and they knew I was leaving.

SOL: If you had the opportunity to practice the psychedelic research which you are engaged in now, would you accept a position at an American college or university?

LEARY: Absolutely not. I consider American education to be a highly dangerous, addictive, contracting process. I'm quite serious about this, and I urge all students at every level of education to drop out. You're going to learn very little of value and meaning in high school and college, and your mind is going to be trapped and hooked. We are urging young people to drop out of the very new and radical institution of American educa-

tion and find a teacher, a tutor, and you learn what is appropriate and relevant.

SOL: In other words, if I interpret you correctly, you are proposing for the millions of students and young people a system of individual, small-clan tutor-learner situations, and that you propose, as far as learning processes go, that this is the form, or rather this is the lack of form it should have?

LEARY: Yes, but let's not take any statement I make out of context. Obviously, when I say the kid shouldn't go to school, I'm implying changes in the broader social fabric of our country which we foresee coming. What we have in the United States today is a typical centralization and urbanization which happened in Rome, which happened in Constantinople, which has happened throughout human history, in which enormous masses of people crowd together in the anonymous robotlike anthill of city life. Now, if you want to be an IBM computer robot or a bit actor in the American television studio of American society, go to school and they'll teach you all the little rules of rote behavior that'll get you right out in the TV studio. If you want to be a machine, go to college. But we are anticipating and predicting a change in our society. There is going to be a return to the basic human unit which is the clan or the cult, or the tribe. What I'm predicting and urging is the most orthodox American model. We try to become self-sufficient rather than depend on government paychecks and Social Security.

SOL: You talk about the nonlearning situation in our schools. How do you apply this to the advanced sciences such as medicine, neurological surgery—some of these things which are tremendously intricate and tremendously advanced, at least from the point of view of the typical medical scientist?

LEARY: Which requires training—

SOL: Right, which requires, in fact, maybe a systemized, formalized training institution.

LEARY: No, no. I don't go along with that at all. It is true that more and more of the professions require long, disciplined periods of training. I'm not advocating the return to some romantic life of savagery. We can't do away with modern

science. It's here to stay, and it's going to continue to develop. I'm simply against the mass impersonal granting of thousands of Ph.D.'s in physics to men who never really experienced energy inside their own body, but simply memorize canned equations. Such anthill mentalities, no matter how clever they are at engineering, are going to develop bombs or faster and faster robot vehicles and are going to take man further and further away from his ultimate being, his living, organic nature. Knowledge doesn't depend upon these huge public-supported mind machines that we now call universities. In particular, the State of California is much more susceptible to this type of impersonal "learning" factory.

SOL: Now we've covered the drop-out phase of your slogan—

LEARY: I'd like to say more about the drop-out. People think when we say drop-out, we mean become just a lazy, idle person; just take LSD and contemplate the beauty of your navel. The facts are that dropping out is hard work; dropping out requires courage; dropping out releases your energy so that you turn on and release energies. What are you going to do with these energies? Are you going to go back to Valley State College and learn how to be a Ph.D. robot? You drop out of the fake-television American game to find a way of harnessing the energies you are releasing. The people here at Millbrook are full of energy, as you have noticed as you move around the house. They're extremely healthy and they're very hard-working. It takes a considerable amount of energy to convert a sort of jungle like this place to a place of harmony and beauty. You drop out to free your energies for high-level functioning. By drop out, we don't mean fall out; if you want to fall out, be a nice conforming robot and stay in college, and you just drift along the addictive path of middle-class success—that's the easy way.

SOL: Would you care to comment upon the "turn on" phase of your slogan?

LEARY: Well, it's been known for thousands of years that man can change consciousness and the levels of energy and wisdom inside, or what is sometimes called revelation—that is, direct

personal experience. In every culture there have been men who have studied consciousness. They have been called shamans or gurus or alchemists. These men have studied the science of expanding consciousness. Most people don't realize that consciousness expansion is as equally complex a problem as the study of physics, because the nervous system and the levels of consciousness available to man are infinite in their complexities. And the techniques and methods of turning on and controlling the flow and energies of awareness and of mapping where you have gone and of helping others to make these explorations is very similar to the use of the microscope, because the microscope turns you on to levels of energy which are invisible to the naked eye. Turning on requires a change in the physiology of the human body. You can't turn yourself on with your mind; you can't turn yourself on with work. You have to have something to bring about the biochemical change; it's called a sacrament. Today we turn on with chemicals because we live in a chemical society. In 10 or 15 years, chemicals such as LSD will be outmoded. We will be using electronic and electrical methods of expanding consciousness because like it or not, consciousness is a biochemical electrical network, and the way to trigger this off and use it to its fullest extent is through chemical electrical technique.

SOL: Would you care to . . . You mentioned that through thousands of years, man has sought ways to turn on. What various ways have there been other than the current LSD method? I think we're all familiar with peyote.

LEARY: Well, we mustn't just think of LSD. There are 80-some known substances in the United States today that can give you the psychedelic effect. There are new chemicals that are being developed in our alchemy laboratories each month. I heard recently of 32 new compounds which are ready to be released when it is appropriate to do so. All these are legal, and they don't even exist in any of the statutes; they don't even exist in the patent office. But in addition to the chemical means of turning on, there are many nondrug methods which all eventually involve the way the dervishes do in the Middle East.

SOL: Do you feel that in this same interpretation or same meaning, the dances that teen-agers do today and for the past several thousand years are a form of turning on and are not viewed in this perspective?

LEARY: Well, the dance was originally a psychedelic way of expressing one's self, a way of getting high. Unfortunately, most of these early sacramental methods get worn out and routinized so that the Catholic goes to mass today, follows through a series of routine steps, failing to realize that the Catholic mass is an incredibly powerful psychedelic trip, involving transubstantiation of energy, involving a death-birth sequence, and using all sorts of sensory techniques: incense, genuflection, posture, and so forth.

SOL: Do you feel that there is a potential religion in the dance?

LEARY: I think most of the dances that Americans do today don't get them high. They tend to be stylized fads: the monkey, the slop, the twist, the watusi, and so forth. We are trying to get young people to develop dances which are spiritual. We have Bali Ram, the great Indian dancer, living here. He's teaching us how body movements can get you grooving with your internal energies instead of doing the mash potato and the whip. The movements can be in tune with your ancient cellular-mythic patterns, and the dance itself can be a wild ecstatic turn-on spiritual event.

SOL: "Tune in" is the last part of the slogan which you have, and by this do you mean more than just the turning on . . . do you intend direction?

LEARY: Yes, "tune in" means you take the energies you release when you turn on and you come back to the world and you tune these energies in, you harness them, you express your reactions, reverie, and revelations in works of beauty. The tuning-in process is dropping back in and changing your life, changing the way you dress, changing the way you look, changing the place where you live, changing the sequence of your activities. So that increasingly, every act becomes sanctified. All actions are part of a sacred sequence—eating, making a living—

instead of being robot work all these activities should be tuned in. . . . Hello.

LITTLE GIRL: Hello. Are you taping?

LEARY: Yes, I'm making a tape.

LITTLE GIRL: Oh. Is anything going to come on?

LEARY: No, we're not listening; we're talking, we're making the tape. Then we'll listen to it later, and we'll laugh at ourselves. How wise and pompous and smug we are.

LITTLE GIRL: I wanna say something in that.

LEARY: All right, why don't you say something?

LITTLE GIRL: Hello, Timothy!

LEARY: Hello, Kathy.

LITTLE GIRL: I love you, Timothy!!

LEARY: I love you, Kathy.

SOL: The tune-in phase of the slogan of the key or guide, I think, is something that is probably misunderstood by most people. It's the idea that the person who goes on a psychedelic kick is dropping into an unstructured, unmoving, valueless state of affairs from which there will be no continuation of human progress or human development. Would you explain how you would counter these charges?

LEARY: Yes, because the average American thinks that taking a drug makes you drunk. The average American thinks of getting high as going to a cocktail party because booze is our national sacrament. Now alcohol is a "down" experience. It narrows consciousness and makes you rather sloppy, a rather messy person in thought and action. The psychedelic drugs will take you in the opposite direction. They bring you into levels of reality which aren't structured because your mind can't structure them. But the panoramas and the levels that you get into with LSD are exactly those areas which men have called the confrontation of God. The LSD trip is the classic visionary-mystic voyage. I warn everyone not to take LSD unless they're prepared to have all their certainties and social securities shattered. You can't take LSD and come back to the television studios at San Fernando Valley State College and play that out with the same enthusiasm. You just can't pick up your robot

role again. This means that psychedelic people act differently for the most part when they come back. But they act; they're not just sitting around passively. In the last 6 or 7 years a small group of us, which has grown with almost miraculous rapidity, has brought about a change in the consciousness of the United States. Now we've done this through action and through effective action and through tuned-in action. Lazy, confused, disorganized people don't bring about this sort of revolution in consciousness that we've brought about in this country. However, the sort of action we recommend throws terror into the hearts of the people who direct the television studio in Sacramento or in Washington or in the administration offices of San Fernando Valley State College. Because the kids that come back from these trips just won't buy the middle-aged menopausal mind system.

SOL: Would you care to elaborate on the phrase "menopausal mind"?

LEARY: Yes. I say there's one word which explains politics, economics and social conflict today. It's not "left" or "right"—it's "age." The men who are running your college and your state and your government had their minds frozen somewhere between 1914 and 1920. That's when their vision of God and the world was formed, and baby, they're not going to change it. It's frozen in a World War I-Depression mentality, and we are now in a social process that is a thousand years beyond what they knew in high school and college. If you study the political events of the last two elections, you'll see that this age variable predicted some of the election surprises. Whenever you had a young, virile man whose eyes looked alive and looked as though he was carrying seed and who looked as though he could make love, he almost invariably defeated the older candidate regardless of how liberal the older candidate's words might have sounded. I think we have an ominous situation in the United States today because of this menopausal mentality. The reason we have this insane political setup in the world today is because of these impotent and senile duffers, Mao in China, De Gaulle in France, Johnson here, playing out their visions of 40, 50, and

60 years ago and very eager to send young, seed-carrying men to carry out their chess games of status and prestige. If everyone just took six months or one year and just dropped out, the creaky menopausal structure of the American power will just slowly crumble. I think every teen-age and college kid should go home and turn on their mother and father. "Come, Father, take off your shoes, feel the sand in your feet. Come on, Grandma, and light up, enjoy the beauties of nature around you."

SOL: By "turn on," did you mean psychedelically turn on or enlighten otherwise?

LEARY: Turn them on in any way that you can. To turn on means to come to your senses. Older people start losing the internal power; they lose that connection of the 2-million-year thread of life and they get frightened and they want to have metal around them. The grandmother wants to have a metal kitchen, she wants to have a metal car, she wants to have steel around the country. This is a psychology of fear, fear of death and the fear of the loss of vigor. The kids should go home and turn on their parents by bringing her flowers and by bringing them music and by urging them to enjoy life. I think, for instance, that Johnson should go down and lie in the sun with Adam Clayton Powell, and he should come back to his senses and learn how to make love again. People who are carrying seed are concerned with the perpetuation of seed. It isn't conceivable to me that a young man or woman of twenty-five would do anything to blow up this planet. Though the men of fifty or sixty who are only going to be around for 10 or 15 years, sure, why, they would gladly blow the thing up for some concept of status and prestige.

SOL: Why then, from the way you talk, I think we have jumped over some previous and necessary philosophical analyzation. What, to you, is the most basic, important, and essential point of life? I assume from the way you speak that it is the carrying of the seed, the regeneration of life itself through life and that this should be the central focal point of our lives, instead of such things as power, national honor and things of this sort. What should be the centering element of the energy forces?

LEARY: Well, you've given me the answer to the question. Centering and harmony is the seed concept of all energy and of all life. Tolkien said in his wonderful trilogy *The Fellowship of the Ring*, where you had the forces of metal, fire and power opposed to the people who want to live in harmony with nature and to live free. Freedom and harmony are the keys to our religion and to the political movement to where it evolved in the United States today. Freedom to find your own inner potentiality and to develop it without coercion from an external centralized authoritarian political entity. To get back in harmony with your own body and with life around you. Modern American man is completely out of rhythm with nature; he is out of rhythm with the seasons; he is out of rhythm with the planets; he is out of rhythm with the soil. In the political situation there is going to be, in my opinion, a spiritual regeneration which is going to be brought about by turning on yourself and finding the basic rhythm inside and then turning it back in.

SOL: I would like to talk for a second about the alleged harmful effects of LSD to people biologically, physiologically and also some of the purported good effects it can have upon people. Do you care, first of all, to explain some of the good effects that you think it has had socially or that it can have socially?

LEARY: You seem to equate good with social good. We feel you can't do good unless you feel good. You can't have a good society unless you have individuals who are turned on and are tuning in.

SOL: The specific answer to which I was pointing to earlier was, is there any indication that persons who are or have been narcotic have been helped out of their addiction with LSD?

LEARY: I can introduce you to five of them right on this property, today.

SOL: Is there or has there been any indication that persons who have had sexual hang-ups such as homosexuality, or monosexuality, if you would, can be helped out of this hang-up through LSD?

LEARY: Yes, there have been many studies which have sup-

ported this that we know to be true personally. The psychedelic experience can help a person get back into a harmonious sexual activity. Homosexuality, for the most part, is a psychological or learned distortion. Since man is basically the seed-carrying male, he'll realize that he's been designed by the genetic code to act as the man and to pass on seed in the male way, so LSD may act as a specific aid to homosexuality. But only if the homosexual wants to change; there is no panacea here.

SOL: You feel that there is needed research in this area? Or to your knowledge, is there any research being carried on in this area?

LEARY: Let me say something about research. The term *research* is the biggest sacred cow we got going in our country today. It is 99 percent phony. Any time you hear someone say he is going to do research, watch out because he is likely to be intruding upon your privacy for his own profit. We have no interest in doing research on LSD. Doing research on consciousness is very much like doing research on sex. Occasionally some psychiatrist wants to hook up a couple that he can persuade to perform sexual activities in the laboratory to study heart palpitations and temperature during lovemaking. If people want to do that, it is all right. But you know and I know that research on sex has to be done by you yourself. One of the problems of LSD in the United States today is that psychiatrists have tried to do research on LSD and have gotten nowhere, or they simply haven't had the experience themselves. Their interpretation and explanation of the LSD effect is exactly the interpretation of someone who hasn't had any sexual experience. Suppose some psychiatrist who had never had any sexual experience were to get a couple, and he would hook them up with tachometers and blood-pressure instruments and EKG and give them psychological tests during intercourse, and you see what a picture he paints! "Why, the simple task of performing multiplication and division is lost during sexual intercourse! [Laughter] Blood pressure goes up! . . . You froth at the mouth! . . . You utter strange animal cries! . . . Why, they're hardly civilized human beings! . . . They thrash

around and knock vases off the tables! . . . They wouldn't talk to you in a sensible way! . . . They wouldn't talk about rational things like Nixon versus Reagan! Clearly this is a dangerous, convulsive type of experience, both psychologically and socially, which should be banned!" There have been plenty who would say exactly that about the sexual experience. If you give LSD to someone and he sits there quietly and won't talk to you for three hours, you say, "Oh, he's in a catatonic stupor," but then you talk to him later, and he says, "Stupor? No, I was flipping through revelations and delights of ecstasy. I was more alive than I'd ever been in my life." We're very much against the taboo of sacred cow research. You've got to do the research on your own consciousness. YOU've got to do the research on your own intimate way of life. No Big Brother daddy with an M.D. or Ph.D. can do these things for you. It's this Western engineering technological notion that people can do things for other people with forms of energy.

SOL: What about the rumors of chromosomal disorders that have popped up lately?

LEARY: Well, now we'll get to your second question that has to deal with the dangers, but let me say one thing about the benefits of LSD. LSD is a key to releasing energy. Like any form of energy, it can be misused in the hands of the reckless or in the hands of the foolish, or in the hands of people who want to exploit for their own power motives. The real misuse of LSD is when it's in the hands of someone who would do it to someone else. The only control of LSD is self-control. The only benefits of LSD are the benefits you are willing to discipline yourself to get. You get from an LSD experience only what you bring to it and what you're ready to take away from it. There's a real panacea here. The benefits of LSD get you involved in the most difficult, disciplined yoga of all, 'cause you're learning how to use your head and learning how to use your body. Now the harms and dangers of LSD are mainly its danger to society. There's no evidence yet that LSD brings about any physiological damage. There's no evidence yet that LSD has any effect upon the brain itself in a deleterious way. Now it may, in the future, turn out to

have effects we don't understand yet. Anyone who takes LSD is gambling; it's a risk. Of course, everything in our society is a risk. Putting your nervous system in front of a television tube and being battered by all those radiations may bring about changes that we don't understand. Now as far as the chromosomal or genetic changes brought about by LSD, there was one research done at Buffalo which was a straight out-and-out hoax, and subsequent studies of this sort will demonstrate that this was a political piece of research designed admittedly before the research was done to prove that it was dangerous. It was done by a man named Cohen. These studies were *in vitro*—that means cells that were in tubes, not in the living organism. Changes in those cells could be brought about by any number of substances in the heavy dosages they were using, and it tells nothing about any changes. There's no evidence from these anthropological sources or from the clinical data provided by the hundreds of LSD babies that are being born each year that would suggest danger. . . . There are LSD babies right around this house. They were conceived under LSD and born during LSD experiences.

SOL: You were saying that through thousands of years of usage there is no evidence that hallucinogens have affected our evolutionary code?

LEARY: No, there are specific tribes in Mexico, the Maztec tribe, which uses psilocybin, and I know of no evidence that any harmful mutations have taken place.

SOL: What form of—?

LEARY: On the other hand, I want to make it clear that I'm not saying anything positive about LSD. I'm not saying in this interview that anyone automatically benefits from LSD, and serious questions are raised in our minds all the time about the use of LSD. How much energy and neurological revelation can the frenzied human mind tolerate without flipping out? LSD possibly shouldn't be used in the widespread way in which it is. We seriously concern ourselves about such questions. But we do object to pseudoscientific statements from psychiatrists and public health officials which breed fear and panic in the American

people about scientific questions that won't be answered for decades.

SOL: What form of society do you envision 50 years from today?

LEARY: We have worked out very detailed blueprints, prophecies and predictions as to what we think will happen in the next 50, the next 100, even the next 500 years. But I hesitate to attempt to spell this out now because it sounds too farfetched; it would sound like science fiction, speculation. The profession of the prophet, and anyone who takes LSD is likely to be thrown into this profession, is a very risky one because we see things that can happen, and we have to be careful how much information we feed back to our primitive social system before they think we are nuts, before they blame us for what is inevitably going to happen. We predicted 6 years ago that there was going to be a psychedelic revolution; now they listen to us. We went to Washington and told the FDA that this was going to happen.

Now, when it happened, when millions of kids started turning on, Caesar and his bureaucrats blamed us for the psychedelic inundation. But to go back to your question, with all these preliminary qualifications, man is going to get back in harmony with his body, with fellow man, and with other forms of life on this planet. Man is going to realize that consciousness is the key to human life, and instead of power struggles over territory and possession of weapons, the focus of man's energies is going to be on consciousness. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the great Jesuit philosopher, has spelled out the psychedelic vision in which the world will become unified in one field of consciousness. This will happen through the mass media in the hands of individuals, not networks. It will also happen through the psychedelic experience. The differences which cause conflicts among men and between man and other forms of nature are going to be brought back in harmony. All metal, concrete, electricity and atomic energy is going to go underground. Man is going to realize that his precarious hold on this strange planet depends upon a thin film of about 10 inches of topsoil, and it's a very delicate balance of energies of cellular and different species that

keeps his delicate web of life going. Every time man takes metal or stone from under the ground and puts it in sheets over the delicate, sensitive skin of the planet, he is killing and disrupting this net. So you will find all technology underground. The city of New York 200 years from now will look as it did 200 years ago. The air will recapture the life-giving balance it is supposed to have. The rivers and waters will not be polluted. Man is going to tidy up the mess he's made in this very recent technological fling. Man has just been intoxicated by machines for 200 years. He is going to come off it and sober up. Man is also going to discover that machines are no fun. That fun comes from the senses and from your body and from human interaction and consciousness. Everything is centered on consciousness, and no amount of steel and metal and apparatus is going to give one second of real ecstasy or real communion.

SOL: Where will the people live when this type of a parklike atmosphere or a natural state has returned to the earth?

LEARY: People will live some of the time under the ground and some of the time above the ground in buildings which will be harmonized with the soil and plant life around them. Now this will sound like science fiction or fantasy, but actually we are doing this at Millbrook, and if you look around at this property you will see an embryonic stage of these wild predictions going on. We even have soil on the roof to symbolize to us that this is a cave we live in, this house. And you will find if you go out into the woods today, members of our community building little cottages and tepees, who want to live out in the woods this summer. You will see in our meditation gardens and in our daily activities here a slow cellular development toward this utopia which I have been describing. We think that our prophecies and our scientific fantasies are more likely to come true than any others because if you listen to the government-supported scientific agencies, they are just predicting to the next antimissile missile. Most of your politicians are just interested in predicting to the next election. They are interested in the next intersection of power where their status is going to be concerned, and there are very few people who are thinking

more than 15 or 20 years ahead. But people who are in tune with their own seed energy, like ourselves, are about the only people who are spinning out blueprints; therefore our blueprint is more likely to come about than the more secular and limited blueprints of the politicians.

SOL: Back just a second to the underground, with the steel and concrete and stuff. H. G. Wells formulated a science fiction story called *The Time Machine*, which predicted a world of this sort back about 20 or 30 years ago. I think he said around the year 2000. He visualized a dualized society where the flower people lived on the surface—

LEARY: Oh, really?

SOL: —and the machine people lived underground. Do you foresee this?

LEARY: Yes. That's interesting. I have not read that nor read those phrases but it is exactly my own conception; it just makes organic sense.

SOL: Have you seen the movie *The Time Machine*?

LEARY: No, I didn't.

SOL: As a matter of fact—

LEARY: I would like to see it.

SOL: —it is parallel to what's happening here.

LEARY: What I think will happen is that man will live aboveground and will recapitulate preseed cycles. Seed cycles where one will relive the entire growth process inside your mother's womb. Then you do it again as you grow up as a child, if you live aboveground; and you will do it again, a third time, if you have children. Now in this society, people will start having children when the DNA thought they should, not when they get their Ph.D. but when they start to become adolescents. The DNA code has designed us to have babies at the age of thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, because that is when the seed power is at its height. But of course, our chessboard, artificial society, postpones this, and it's fighting the wisdom of the DNA code. It is purely possible for someone to have completed the three seed cycles—once in the womb, once growing up yourself, and once growing up with your children—at the age of twenty-three or

twenty-four; you are ready to live out of the cycle. I don't think people should be taught control of metal and these potentially antilife energies until they have completed three seed cycles and have enough reverence for, and understanding of life that they can then be allowed to deal with life-killing instruments. The problem is that the person doesn't really—hasn't been turned on to his life seed thing. He thinks nothing of taking these instruments of death into his hands—like the gas engine—and killing life with it. So we have teen-age kids with guns and autos, and this doesn't make sense to our DNA code. At the age of twenty-five or twenty-six you say, well, you have a choice. You can live aboveground, or if you would like to go on to the next level, if you are at that stage of holiness and you understand the sacredness of life, you can be trusted with the more powerful sacraments of electricity and energy. Then you go belowground, and our understanding of the nervous system acceleration, chemically and electronically, is such that you can be taught the symbols of electronic physics. You know, our educational systems are so brutally inefficient and so shamefully disregard the crux of the matter. When we teach kids in school, we teach them not to learn. At the age of twenty, twenty-four, whenever a person is holy enough to learn these more powerful energies, why, then he can learn very quickly. You can teach someone nuclear physics in three or four months. Then he can live underground, he can do his yoga. There will be breakthroughs in physics so that telepathy in 10 or 15 years will be commonplace. Physics is going to expand as more physicists turn on.

SOL: You have mentioned that in keeping with an attunement with the natural stage of our lives, there is a point at which a person should cease to attempt to continue to control or affect things. I want to talk about the menopausal mind and when a person is entering old age. Do you feel at this point that people should just sit back and enjoy life or what there is of it left?

LEARY: Yes, they should realize that the whole thing is a spiritual journey, and the person over fifty, who is dying anyway, who's half dead, should concentrate on coming to terms

with his own death and getting an overall perspective and gracefully turning it over to the young people. So we've got to get the older people to turn on. We've got to get big reservations for older people instead of these senior citizens places where we surround them with machines. We've got to get them to do nothing but dance and make love with God. They should radiate humor and mellowness, and they don't care about power anymore, and you should be able to go to older people as you did in the village tribe, and the old man is sitting there barefoot, half-naked, with his beard, and he's glowing, and he doesn't care. A holy man is someone who doesn't care about the little chess game of power; he doesn't care about the chess game of possessions; he doesn't care about sex, even; he's beyond all these bodily things and he's radiating the joys of all of everything. That's why we've got to get our older people to turn on.

SOL: Now I know that it's hard to set arbitrary evaluations, but at that stage, do you feel a person begins to step into this realm that you say ends at around fifty or some stage where the menopausal mind sets in? Where does a person first enter life's power zone, as it were?

LEARY: All this has been spelled out in oriental philosophy. The West knows all about machines and fails to realize that all the wisdom has come from the East. The Hindus were dealing with these problems that the psychedelic generation is dealing with 4,000 years ago. It's all spelled out in the sacred teachings of the East, and they say that there are the 4 stages of life in which you've got to learn to use your senses and your seed power, and naturally you're going to enjoy your sensual body. You're going to enjoy making love and to have babies and to support your babies. You're going to have duties, and then you have to have a little power, enough to protect your territory and to feed and support your group. And when your kids are old enough to take over, then you go to the fourth, which is the goal, the end point where you can say, I'm dropping out. I don't have to worry anymore. Now I can just— You go to the holy cities, like Rishikish in India, and there are all these old people there that have been businessmen in Bombay and college professors, and you'll

find some old ex-governor Reagans naked in Rishikish going around barefoot, and they've got these orange robes, and it's just a big LSD session. Everyone's high, and you don't care about the British Empire and taxation; they're beyond that. They're just there to hear the roar of the Ganges reminding them that it's been going on for thousands of years.

SOL: Do you anticipate, then, the evolution of a new type of homogeneous society? H. G. Wells' idea was of a polarized society and that they clashed—

LEARY: Yes.

SOL: Do you anticipate a clash now and later the evolution to a homogeneous society, or do you think that the clash will—?

LEARY: The clash can be avoided by consulting your own energy system and seeing that there is a place for everything—a place for the machine people and a place for the seed, flower people; you just have to arrange your own life so that you can follow a harmonious sequence. Now we are very much against polarization. Conflict. There is a danger, though, that it will go that way, there is a danger that man will evolve into different species. We must realize that evolution is not through, that man is not a final product, and just as there are many species of primate, there may be just as many species evolving from what we now call man, *homo sapiens*. It may well be that we'll have two species. One species, which is the machine species, will like to live in metal buildings and skyscrapers and will get their kicks by just becoming part of a machine. That species of man will become an unnecessary, easily worn-out part of the whole technological machinery. In that case, man will become anonymous—just like the anthill or the beehive. Sex will become very depersonalized. It will become very promiscuous. You won't care who you make love to because they're all just replaceable parts. You know, she's the new pretty blond girl who runs the teletype machine, and you'll ball her, and then tomorrow, the secretary who runs the electronic typewriter; so that we may well get a new species who will be technological. But I do know that our seed-flower species will continue. And we may hang out in new pockets of disease which the machine people haven't

cleaned up with their antiseptics. And we'll be somewhere out in the marshes, or somewhere out in the woods, laughing at the machine and enjoying our senses and having ecstasies and remembering where we came from and teaching our children that, believe it or not, we're not machines and we weren't designed to make machines and we weren't designed to run machines. I think you have to be a very holy man to appreciate and understand and run a machine because the machine is a beautiful yoga and a beautiful ecstasy. I've nothing against machines; it's just incredible that the DNA code could produce us and then produce these machines. It's part of the glory of God's process, but the machine's got to be seen as a sacrament, not as a god.

SOL: The way our society's structured, currently, legally—unfortunately, this is the supranatural structure which is imposed upon us—legally a person attains to and reaches the age of maturity at the age of twenty-one and continues in that state until his death.

LEARY: Right.

SOL: Now, at what point do you believe a person does attain to this realization of himself?

LEARY: Obey the DNA code! I scoff at the chess-game laws of man; they are all old men that rule and pass such laws. There was never a young teen-ager that passed a law against sex. Right! Or a poor young teen-ager that passed laws about guarding a bank. I follow the laws of nature, and nature tells you when someone should vote. Now when a girl menstruates, nature is saying that she is ready, and when a young man reaches puberty, nature is saying that he is ready. One of the terrible things, of course, about the menopausal society is that the older you get, the more brain damaged you are, but in our society, the older you get, the more power you get. So we now have this paradoxical, suicidal situation in the United States, all of the wealth being in the hands of the menopausal people, who are naturally only concerned with protecting this, and that's why we have a very unhappy, violent country. We are physically violent; there is murder, and there's assassination and there is

worry. Look at Johnson's face; he is not a happy man. And look at those old devils in Congress; they're not happy, joyous people. It disturbs me as it disturbs all turned-on prophets—there is so much unnecessary suffering. I think that there should be laws that allow people to vote at puberty, and you should certainly take voting away at menopause. No one over the age of fifty should be allowed to vote. Why should they bother? The reason they vote is because they have no trust in the kids, no trust in the seed bearers. If they really trusted the process, they would gladly give up the vote.

SOL: I still have a few questions. Seems like we keep picking up extra ones as we go along: A few moments ago you used the term "God." From your perspective, who, what, where, when, and why is God? [*General laughter*] Because we have concepts of God and so many young, pseudo- or neo-intellectuals become atheistic or nontheistic or pantheistic.

LEARY: A lot of people think I've sold out because we've started a religion. Some kids think that religion means all the hypocrisy of the Congressman, and the faggot minister and the conservative Sunday school and so forth. I think this is tragic—

SOL: Are you using the ploy of religion to get by the LSD laws?

LEARY: No, we had a religion going long before we started our league formally. We were a religious group 5 or 6 years ago, when we originally came here. Like it or not, or believe it or not, I'm convinced that the religious kick is the only experience that makes life worthwhile. The moment of revelation when you're turned on to the whole process, which men of old called the mystic, is the whole purpose of life. The great religious leaders were the greatest figures of all. Buddha was the most turned-on guy. Buddha wanted to get rid of suffering. All the concepts about virtue, hard work, and being good are part of that old con game. Religion to us is ecstasy. It is freedom and harmony. Kids should not let the fake, television-prop religion they were taught as kids turn them off. The real trip is the God trip. Now to get back to the question as to who is God: For thousands of years skeptics have been asking visionaries like me,

"All right, who is God? Does he speak Latin? Does he speak Greek? Does he have a white skin or a black one?" You think I can use a 3,000-word language like English to define a process which is 5 billion years old on this planet and which operates at the speed of light and manifests itself in ever-changing forms? I can teach you how to find God. I can teach you methods; that's my profession. To talk to God yourself, you are going to have to throw away all your definitions and just surrender to this process, and then you can come back and try to tune in and develop an art form which will communicate your vision. God does exist and is to me this energy process; the language of God is the DNA code. Beyond that, the language of God is the nucleus of the atom. Above that, the language of God is the exquisite, carefully worked out dialogue of the planets and the galaxies, etc. And it does exist and there is an intelligence and there is a planfulness and a wisdom and power that you can tune in to. Men have called this process, for the lack of a better word, "God." I know that when I was at Harvard, God was a dirty word; God is "dog" spelled backward. I don't care what you call it. It took me 5 years of taking LSD before I would say the word "God" out loud. Because you have to feel right to say it, and I feel very comfortable now in saying that I do talk to God and I listen to Him. He is a hipster, He is a musician, and He's got a great beat going. You'll never find Him in an institution or in an American television stage set. He's never legal! And He's got a great sense of humor, too! I digressed, and I repeated myself and I don't pretend to talk in any linear fashion. I'm not writing a book or a paragraph. I'm more like a musician, and I repeat riffs. . . . You can feel free to edit, cut out, or move it around any way that you want. I hope you will, for I've been repeating myself.

SOL: One last question. It is necessary, you said, to protect property rights. It will be necessary for there to be some basic rules.

LEARY: Render unto Caesar everything external.

SOL: What is Caesar?

LEARY: Society, politics, rules.

SOL: How would this be achieved in the projected society which could be achieved, ideally? Would we have to elect 1 out of every 15 persons and have him go and represent those 15? Will there be tribal elders?

LEARY: Democracy is a failure because it is based upon a political unit which is not organic—the individual mind. The political unit should be the tribe; property should be held by the tribe, by the extended family. Voting should be by the extended family. The idea that one man decides to vote for Johnson or Goldwater. Ha, ha! Some choice, right? My mind is going to decide. That's putting too much burden on my mind; it exaggerates my personality. We must return to—advance to—the tribal unit of society.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

God's Secret Agent A.O.S.3*

Rosemary and I had been waiting for Him for five hours. He's always and deliberately erratic about appointments. Science fiction James Bond paranoia. Throw off police surveillance. Suddenly I could feel His presence. A telepathic hit. He really does emit powerful vibrations. A minute later His boots drummed on the walk.

He looked tired, pale, but the furry, quick animal tension was still there. Black leather sleeveless jacket. Wide-sleeved, multicolored theatrical shirt. Jangling bells. The magician. The electronic wizard.

He had been up several days working in his laboratory and was coming off an acid high. He wanted to be warm.

Rosemary and I built up the fire, lit candles and fell out on a low divan. He paced the floor in front of us. He's not tall, and He likes to stay above His listeners, higher than everyone else, moving while they rest.

He started a three-hour rap about energy, electronics, drugs, politics, the nature of God and the place of man in the divine system. Laughing at His own brilliance, turning himself on, turning us on. Einsteinian physics and Buddhist philosophy translated into the fast, right, straight rhythm of acid-rock hip.

The television folk heroes of today are the merry outlaws of the past. The television Robin Hoods of the future, the folk heroes of the twenty-first century, will be the psychedelic drug

* He doesn't want me to use his name.

promoters of the 1960's. A good bet for romantic immortality is A.O.S.3. God's Secret Agent A.O.S.3, acid king, LSD millionaire, test-tube Pancho Villa, is the best-known of a band of dedicated, starry-eyed chemical crusaders who outwitted the wicked, gun-toting federals and bravely turned on the land of the young and the free to the electronic harmony of the future.

In the daily press the Reagans and Romneys merit the adulatory headlines. The Holy Alchemists, if mentioned at all, are denounced as sordid criminals. But the simple truth is that the Reagans and Romneys will soon be forgotten. Can anyone remember which Republicans were struggling for the nomination in 1956?

The mythic folk heroes of our times will be the psychedelic-drug outlaws, the science fiction Johnny Appleseeds who build secret laboratories, scrounge the basic chemicals, experiment, experiment, experiment to develop new ecstasy pills, who test their homemade sacraments on their own bodies and the flesh of their trusting friends, who distribute the precious new waters of life through a network of dedicated colleagues, forever underground, hidden, as the mysteries have always been hidden from the hard-eyed agents of Caesar, Pharaoh, Herod, Pope Paul, Napoleon, Stalin, Lyndon B. Nixon and J. Edgar Hoover.

For the last seven years I have watched with admiration these LSD frontiersmen, the Golden Bootleggers, manufacture and pass on the sacraments. Laughing, pupil-dilated, visionary alchemists who seek nothing less than the sudden mind-blowing liberation of their fellow man.

First, of course, there was reluctant Albert Hoffman of Sandoz, the staid, involuntary agent mysteriously selected to give LSD to the human race. The full story of this remarkable Swiss scientist remains to be told. But this much I have heard. His first LSD trips were deep, revelatory religious experiences. The establishment press tries to tell us that Hoffman's first sessions were accidental and frightening and freaky. The facts are that Hoffman, a spiritual man, grasped immediately the implications of his discovery and initiated a high-level, ethical, gentleman's conspiracy of philosophically minded scientists to

disseminate LSD for the benefit of the human race. His tactical mistake (if, indeed, he made one) was to work through the established professions, failing to see that a complete revision of social form would necessarily follow the use of his discovery.

Rosemary had made tea and put a red sanctuary light on the gold-framed madonna. He paced in front of us like a newly caged animal. (Rosemary, what kind of animal is He? Oh, He's furry, warm, nervous, whiskers twitching, ears alert, carnivorous but gentle. Like a squirrel, but bigger. Perhaps a badger or a raccoon. They are very intelligent.)

He preaches: Oh, man, how beautifully it all fits together. Dig, the first atomic fission occurred in December 1942.

Is that the one in the Chicago squash court?

Yeah. Now dig. The Van Allen belt is a thick blanket of electronic activity protecting this planet. What is the earth? A core of molten metals covered by a thin layer of soft, vulnerable, organic tissue. Life nibbling away, nibbling away at the rock beneath. All life on this planet is a delicate network unified. Each living form feeding on the others. And being eaten. The Van Allen belt is the higher intelligence protecting earth from lethal solar radiation, and it's in touch with every form of living intelligence on the earth—vegetable, animal, human.

I laughed. Alchemist, you are so orthodox! Our Father who art in heaven above! I pointed upward. He really is up there, huh? Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in the Van Allen belt!

He didn't stop to acknowledge my comment. Somehow He records neurologically what I say and reprograms it, and prints it back out to me in endless tapes of electronic poetry, but He never listens.

Now dig. The Supreme Intelligence sees that man has rediscovered atomic energy. Wow! We gotta stop those cats before they disrupt the whole living network. The only thing DNA fears is radiation. That's why the Van Allen belt is there.

OK, now get this. Four months after the first fission, Hoffman accidentally, ha ha, rediscovers LSD, which is now psychoactive. Rediscovers?

Yeah, man. Actually Hoffman first synthesized LSD in 1938, but it gave no hit. No turn-on. Now why is it that Hoffman handles LSD in 1938 and nothing happens and then in 1943, three months after atomic energy is released, he puts his finger on lysergic acid and gets flipped out? What happened? Did Hoffman suddenly get careless? Or had LSD suddenly been changed into a psychedelic chemical? Competent chemists just don't change their handling of compounds. Hoffman's techniques are standard.

His eyes are dancing and He's laughing and his hands and body are moving. He was a ballet dancer once before He started making drugs.

Now dig. The atomic fission in December 1942 changed the whole system of energy in this solar system. The higher intelligence decides to make a few simple changes in the electronic structure of some atoms, and zap! We have LSD, an incredibly powerful substance that is the exact antidote to atomic energy. People take LSD, and flash! They get the message and start putting things back in harmony with the great design. Stop war! Wear flowers! Conservation! Turning on people to LSD is the precise and only way to keep war from blowing up the whole system.

Hoffman's plan was to persuade square psychiatrists and medical researchers to use LSD. But of course, it never happens that way. The respectable researchers were afraid. They didn't get the point. So the first far-out, messianic apostle-chemist of the psychedelic age was a rum-drinking, snake-oil-fundamentalist-Bible Belt salesman type named Hal Lubbard. Like A.O.S.3, Hal Lubbard is a legendary, behind-the-scenes operator whose brilliance was deliberately shielded behind a veil of rumor. This much is known. In the 1950's Lubbard was turned on to LSD and got the message at once. He had made money in uranium mining during the forties and saw the connection right away. (Do you?) Then this incredible shaman playing the role of an uneducated, coarse, blustering, Roman Catholic hillbilly boozier proceeded to turn on several dozen top sophisticated scientists and show them the sacramental meaning of LSD.

When the medical associations complained about nonmedics dispensing drugs, Hal chuckled and bought a doctor's degree from a diploma store in the South for fifty dollars, and as Doctor-Tongue-in-Cheek, Lubbard was accepted admiringly by psychiatrist Osmond, scientist Hofer, and Aldous Huxley and philosopher Gerald Heard and even Sidney Cohen of UCLA. Hal Lubbard was the first psychedelic tactician to see that supply-control of the drug would be a key issue in the future, so he kept up a mysterious schedule of procurement-distribution flights. East Coast–West Coast–East Europe–West Europe, bargaining, wheedling, swapping to build up the first underground supply of the most precious substance the world has ever known. The current retail price of LSD is from \$20,000 to \$50,000 a gram. A million dollars an ounce.

Lubbard's plan was to have a chain of medically approved LSD clinics throughout the country. It was a brilliant, utopian, American-businessman stroke of genius and would have, among other things, ended the threat of war on this planet, but Lubbard failed to realize that spiritual revelations and Buddhist ecstasies were the last thing that the medical associations and government bureaus run by J. Edgar Lyndon were going to approve, and the International Foundation for Advanced Studies, his pilot clinic in Menlo Park, California (which turned on several hundred of the most influential people in the San Francisco Bay area), was ruthlessly closed by the FDA in spite of its impressive psychiatric and medical credentials. So Hal Lubbard dropped out, disappeared and was reincarnated in the new form of Dr. Spaulding.

It was a gray, cold, winter day in 1962. Dick Alpert and I took the day off from Harvard and flew in Dick's plane to New York. Dick's father was president of the New Haven Railroad, and the cop under Grand Central saluted as we got into the huge black Cadillac with the license plate NHRR, which was equipped with two-way radio and an extra set of wheels to run on tracks.

I asked Dick, "Who owns Grand Central Station?"

He said, "Pennsylvania Railroad owns half, and we own half."

Dick was good at throwing away lines. We headed south to visit a chemical factory. Going through the waterfront-Mafia section of Jersey City, I had to laugh. Two Harvard professors driving in a black limousine through the dark slum city to score drugs which would change the world.

In the wood-paneled conference room of Sandoz Laboratories the top pharmaceutical executives laughed uneasily. We are a medical drug house. How can we market an ecstasy pill to be used by God seekers? The vice-president grinned. Let's say LSD isn't a drug. Let's call it a food and bottle it like Coca-Cola! The company lawyer's reflex frown. As a food, it still must be licensed by the FDA, and they think medical.

The conference was a failure. They were sympathetic but weren't going to lose their AMA-FDA respectability by releasing LSD to the public. We shook hands, and Dick said, "Well, gentlemen, we'll have to do your marketing for you." And we all laughed.

One of the crew-cut executives escorted us down to the car. On the elevator, he suddenly pulled a pill bottle out of his pocket and shoved it in my hand. "I've taken LSD. I know what's happening. Here's five grams. Don't say where you got it. Use it wisely."

By this time (1962) we had set up a loose but effective distribution system for free LSD. A university psychologist in the Midwest. A God-intoxicated businessman in Atlanta. A few God-loving ministers and rabbis. David Soloman, at that time editor of the jazz magazine *Metronome*. Allen Ginsberg. Dozens of holy psychiatrists. All giving psychedelics to people they knew were ready for the trip. A responsible network of friends.

Every time our supplies would run low, a new shaman-alchemist would appear.

Like Bernie and Barnie, the flipped-out desert holy men, who had been taking the peyote trip with the Indians for years and writing crazy, brilliant, illiterate books on telepathy and accelerated learning through LSD. Bernie claimed to have mastered the German language in two acid sessions. They had learned how to make LSD, which they distributed in rubber-stopped

bottles, a strange brown elixir with curious green seaweed strands. They sold the sacrament at bargain rates to dozens of famous people in California before they were treacherously betrayed to the feds. They didn't get along well with their defense attorneys and built their case around an insane plot to get the judge and jury to taste their brew, which would have revolutionized jurisprudence forever. But the judge recoiled in horror and gave them 19-year sentences, which they jumped. God be with you, beloved guides, wherever you are.

Some time later (the exact date must be kept vague) I was lecturing in a college town. A note to my hotel. Please call a Doctor Spaulding. Urgent. Had to see me after the lecture.

He was a distinguished-looking man in his fifties. One of the ten leading chemists in the country. Big-boned, handsome, jolly, athlete-scholar type.

He drove his car with strange jungle caution, checking the rear-view mirror, doubling around blocks. He drove to the middle of a deserted supermarket parking lot and stopped the car. Cloak and dagger. He came right to the point. He had taken LSD several times. He knew what it would do. He also knew that the government was alarmed. A lot of high-level people had turned on and knew that LSD was a religious experience. But they were worried. Big power struggle over control of drugs in Washington. The narcotics bureau of the Treasury Department wanted to keep all drugs illegal, to step up law enforcement, add thousands of T-men, G-men and narks to the payroll. On the other hand, the medics and scientists in the government wanted the FDA to handle all drugs, including heroin, pot, LSD. Make it a medical matter. Would I make a deal? Would I tell the FDA all I knew about the black market and smash the underground distribution of LSD? If I cooperated, I'd be guaranteed research approval to use LSD. We had to help the FDA get control of the drugs. Then marijuana and LSD would be legal for licensed use. But we had to keep the kids from getting LSD or the hard-line-cop faction in Washington would get the anti-LSD legislation they wanted. If I didn't cooperate, I'd be busted.

I looked at him and laughed. Not a chance. This is a country of free citizens. LSD and marijuana are none of the government's business to give or take away. If it's a choice, I'd rather have the kids using LSD than the doctors. Kids are holier. And if it's a choice between becoming a government informer or get busted, I'll go to jail.

Dr. Spaulding laughed knowingly. Okay, I had to make the offer, but I knew you wouldn't scare. But you should know that a big government crackdown is coming. All the sources of LSD will be sealed off. You better stock up. How much do you have on hand now?

Not much. A few thousand doses.

How much LSD can you use?

I looked at him in surprise. He starts out like a fed, and now he's offering me acid.

He saw my look and started to explain. A few of us saw this coming several years ago. We started stockpiling the raw lysergic acid base. We have the largest supply of LSD in the world. More than Sandoz, more than Red China, more than our Defense Department. We want to give it away to responsible people who won't try to profit by it and who can get it out to the people. Okay. How much can you distribute in one year?

The scene was surrealistic. This famous, eminently respectable professor offering to set us up with unlimited supplies of acid. It was hard to keep from laughing. I asked him one question—why?

Oh, you know why, Tim. Can you see any hope for this homicidal, neurologically crippled species other than a mass religious ecstatic convulsion? Okay. How much do you want?

We can get rid of 200 grams in a year. That's 2 million doses.

Dr. Spaulding nodded. Fine. You'll receive a four-year supply—a thousand grams in the next few weeks. Each package will contain 100 grams of LSD powder. Get scales to put it in doses. Keep it sterile. Alcohol or even vodka. Dilute it down. If you can't get a pill machine, dilute it down and drop it on sugar cubes.

He started the car and drove back to my hotel. How many people are you distributing to this way? Not many, he answered. In chemistry, every process has to develop at its own natural tempo. We have enough LSD stored now to keep every living American turned on for several years.

That was the only time I met Dr. Spaulding. A week later the acid began arriving at Millbrook—in brown manila envelopes and hollowed-out books mailed from different cities throughout the country. In hardly any time at all we had given away 10 million doses.

It was ten in the evening by now. Rosemary and I were starved. A.O.S.3 was still too high to be hungry, but He was responding telepathically to our stomach pangs. Organic matter nibbling the granite, each life form eating each other. Endless transformation of energy. Galaxies feeding each other.

Alchemist, do us a favor and don't mention eating, okay? We haven't had supper yet.

He was spinning us along an epic-poem trip through the levels of creation. He can really tell it. I've studied with the wisest sages of our times—Huxley, Heard, Lama Govinda, Sri Krishna Prem, Alan Watts—and I have to say that A.O.S.3, college flunk-out, who never wrote anything better (or worse) than a few rubber checks, has the best up-to-date perspective of the divine design I've ever listened to.

To begin with, He begins where they all begin—at the beginning. He had taken the full LSD trip, hurled down through His cellular reincarnations, disintegrated beyond life into pulsing electron grids, whirled down beyond atomic form to that unitary center that is one, pure, radiant humming vibration. Yin. Yin. Yin. Yang. Yang. Yang.

His face was glowing, and He was screaming that full-throated God cry that was torn from the lungs of Moses and shrieked by San Juan de la Cruz and which Rosemary and I heard most recently just after our sunrise wedding on the desert mountain top bellowed by the bone-tissue-blood trumpet of Ted Marckland—the eternal, unmistakable cry of the man who has heard God's voice and shouted back in joyous, insane acceptance. If

you've ever opened your ears to anyone who has surrendered, wide-eyed, to the sound of God, you know what I mean.

He shook his head and laughed. I can't say it in words. God, man, I've got to learn a musical instrument so I can really say what it sounds like.

Yes, A.O.S.3 carries the official stamp on His skin's passport that He has been where all the great mystics have been—that point where you see it all and hear it all and know it all belongs together. But how can you describe an electronic rhythm of which 5 billion years of our planetary evolution is just one beat? He is in the same position as every returned visionary—grabbing at ineffective words. But check His prophetic credentials. High native intelligence coupled with a photographic memory. Solid grasp of electronics. Absorbed biological texts. Knows computer theory. Has hung out with the world's top orientalists and Hindu scholars. Has lived with and designed amplifiers for the farthest-out rock band, the Dateful Gread. As a sniffing, alert, inquisitive mammal of the twentieth century, He has poked His quivering, whiskered nose into all the dialects and systems by which man attempts to explain the divine.

Throughout history the alchemist has always been a magical, awesome figure. The potion. The elixir. The secret formulary. Experimental metaphysics. Those old alchemists weren't really trying to transmute lead to gold. That's just what they told the federal agents. They were actually looking for the philosopher's stone. The waters of life. The herb, root, vine, seed, fruit, powder that would turn on, tune in and drop out.

And every generation or so, someone would rediscover the key. And the key is always chemical. Consciousness is a chemical process. Learning, sensing, remembering, forgetting are alterations in a biochemical book. Life is chemical. Matter is chemical.

His bells jingling as He gesticulates. Everything is hooked together with electrons. And if you study how electrons work, you learn how everything is hooked up. You are close to God. Chemistry is applied theology.

The alchemist-shaman-wizard-medicine man is always a fringe figure. Never part of the conventional social structure. It

has to be. In order to listen to the shuttling, whispering, ancient language of energy (long faint sighs across the millennia), you have to shut out the noise of the marketplace. You flip yourself out deliberately. Voluntary holy alienation. You can't serve God and Caesar. You just can't.

That's why the wizards who have guided and inspired human destiny by means of revelatory vision have always been socially suspect. Always outside the law. Holy outlaws. Reckless, courageous outlaws. Folklore has it that 43 federal agents were assigned to His case before He was arrested on the day before Christmas, 1967. They have to stop this wild man with jingling bells or He'll turn on the whole world. His Christmas acid could have stopped the war.

Messianic certainty. A.O.S.3 is the most moralistic person I have ever met. Everything is labeled good or bad. Every human activity is either right or wrong. He is, in short, a nagging, preaching, intolerable puritan. Right to Him is what is natural, healthy, harmonious. Right gets you high. Wrong brings you down.

Meat is good. Man is a carnivorous animal, but eat your meat rare.

Vegetables are bad. They are for smoking, not eating. God (or the DNA code) designed ruminants and cud chewers to eat leaves. And man to eat their flesh.

Psychedelic drugs are good.

Alcohol is bad. Unhealthy, dulling, damaging to the brain. A "down" trip. He explains this in ominous chemical warnings. I always feel guilty drinking a beer in front of him.

Showers are good. Clean.

Baths are bad. You soak in your own dirt, and your soft pores sponge up foul debris, in a lukewarm liquid, an ideal nutrient for germs.

Rock 'n' roll is good.

Science fiction is bad. Screws up your head. Takes you on weird trips.

Long hair is good. Sign of a free man.

Short hair is bad. Mark of a prisoner, a cop, or a wage slave.

Smoking is bad.

Marijuana is good.

Sex is good.

Sexual abstinence is insane.

He is now sitting against the wall, talking quietly. The red glow flickers on His round glasses. He is a mad saint.

At the higher levels of energy, beyond even the electronic, there is no form. Form is pure energy limiting itself. Form is error.

On one trip they (I'll refer to "they" for lack of a better term), the higher intelligence, beckoned me to leave the living form and to merge with the eternal formless which is all form, and I was tempted. Eternal ecstasy. But I declined regretfully. I wanted to stay in this form for a while longer.

Why?

Oh, to make love. Balling is such a friendly, tender, human thing to do.

How about eating?

Oh, yes, that's tender, too.

Okay. Let's go to a restaurant.

Owsley is a highly conscious man. He is aware at all times of who he is and what's what. Aware of his mythic role. Aware of his past incarnations. Aware of his animal heritage which he wears, preeningly and naturally, like a pure forest creature. His sense of smell. Owsley carefully selects and blends perfumes for himself and his friends. Your nose always recognizes Owsley. Oh, some sandalwood, a dash of musk, a touch of lotus, a taste of civet.

I talked to Him once on the phone after a session. He was in His customary state of intense excitement. "Listen, man, I saw clearly my mystic Karmic assignment. I am Merlin. I'm a mischievous alchemist. A playful redeemer. My essence name is A.O.S.3."

Like any successful wizard, A.O.S.3 is a good scientist. Radar-sensitive in His observations. Exacting, meticulous, pedantic about His procedures. He has grandiose delusions about the quality of His acid. "Listen, man, LSD is a delicate, fragile molecule. It responds to the vibrations of the chemist."

He judges acid and other psychedelics with the fussy, patronizing skill of a Bordeaux wine taster. He is less than kind to upstart rival alchemists. But no jeweler, goldsmith, painter, sculptor, was ever more scrupulous about aesthetic perfection than A.O.S.3.

And like any good journeyman-messiah, His sociological and political perceptions are arrow straight. As do all turned-on persons, A.O.S.3 agonizes over the pollution of the living fabric. He, as well as anyone, sees the mechanization. The robotization.

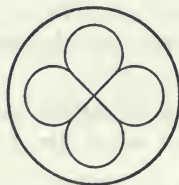
Metal is good. It performs its own technical function. Metal has individuality, soul.

Plastics are evil. Plastic copies the form of plant, mineral, metal, flesh but has no soul.

Owsley's life is a fierce protest against the sickness of our times which inverts man and nature into frozen, brittle plastic. Only a turned-on chemist can appreciate the horror, the ultimate blasphemous horror of plastic.

Owsley is unique. He is himself. His life is a creative struggle for individuality. He longs for a social group, a linkage of minds modeled after the harmonious collaboration of cells and organs of the body. He wants to be the brains of a social love body. The ancient utopian hunger. Only a turned-on chemist can appreciate God's protein plan for society.

A.O.S.3 is that rare species, a realized, living, breathing, smelling, balling, laughing, working, scolding man. A ridiculous, conceited fool, God's fool, dreaming of ways to make us all happy, to turn us all on, to love us and be loved.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

M.I.T. Is T.I.M. Spelled Backward*

It was a beautiful autumn Saturday, with the leaves at their psychedelic best, as we drove up to the large mansion which Dr. Leary and his 30 religious cohorts call home. We arrived as a house meeting was breaking up.

Dr. Leary was in his normal dress (white shirt, white slacks and red socks) and was quite warm and receptive. A half-hour delay before the interview gave us time to take in his home and meet some of the workers, who were preparing for the upcoming Tuesday celebration at New York's Village Theater.

The house was beautifully well kept, with a minimum of traditional furniture and a pleasant abundance of creative artwork all around. The faded tapestries of a flower-type design that had covered the walls for decades were attractively renovated with bright paint in many colors. Even the pay phone in the stairwell was painted in weird green swirls. On the wall next to the door on the way out was an appropriate sign saying, "Those who don't know talk, and those who know don't talk."

The house was alive with small children, whose presence added all the more vitality to the place. The older workers, most of them our age, seemed generally affable, good-humored and well-educated, and certainly dedicated to their artistic and religious endeavors.

After a pleasant buffet of apple cider and nonpsychedelic mushrooms over rice with salad, Dr. Leary came down and in-

* An interview conducted by Jean Smith and Cynthia White for *Innisfree*, the MIT monthly journal of inquiry, published by Massachusetts Institute of Technology students.

LSD:

The Great Debate

Kresge Auditorium, M.I.T.

May 3, 1967




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TIM LEARY'S TURN ON/ TUNE IN/DROP OUT 1st installment Page 5

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YOUTH! THE NEW POLITICS

“Turn On/ Tune In/ Drop Out”) Front page of
The East Village Other (May 15-June 1, 1966).

vited us into his office. The half-hour downstairs had broadened our perspectives, but the greatest broadening was yet to come.

INNISFREE: Dr. Leary, one of your comments in your *Playboy* interview was that if you take LSD in a nuthouse, you will have a nuthouse experience. The modern student seems to be in a rat race and may not feel he can spare more than a day, say a Saturday, for a "trip." If a student were to take LSD in this rat race environment, would he have a rat race experience?

LEARY: Well, you're asking for a wild generalization. No one should take LSD unless he's well prepared, unless he knows what he's getting into, unless he's ready to go out of his mind; and his session should be in a place which will facilitate a positive, serene reaction, and with someone whom he trusts emotionally and spiritually.

INNISFREE: When you were experimenting at Harvard, did you find that students were less prepared to go out of their minds?

LEARY: Well, I never gave drugs to any student at Harvard, contrary to rumor. We did give psychedelic drugs to many graduate students, young professors, and researchers at Harvard. These people were very well trained and prepared for the experience. They were doing it for a serious purpose, that is, to learn more about consciousness, the game of mastering this technique for their own personal life and for their professional work.

INNISFREE: Did you ever publish any of your findings from your Harvard stay?

LEARY: Yes, we have published over 35 scholarly and scientific articles. Many of these were based on our Harvard studies: statistical studies, questionnaire studies, descriptions of our rehabilitation work with prisoners, experimental work in producing visionary and mystical experiences, and so forth.

INNISFREE: One of the greatest areas of controversy in regard to LSD is that many people fear, Professor Teuber at MIT for one, that from taking LSD you might have recurrences of the psychosis without further ingestion of the drug. Would you like to comment on this?

LEARY: Number one, I can't agree with the word *psychosis*.

The aim of taking LSD is to develop yourself spiritually and to open up greater sensitivity. Therefore the aim should be to continue after the session the exciting process you have begun. We're delighted when people tell us that after their LSD sessions they can recapture some of the illumination and the meaning and the beauty. Psychiatrists think they are creating psychoses; therefore, they would be alarmed at having the experience persist. We know that we are producing religious experiences, and we and our subjects aim to have those experiences endure. And if Professor Teuber's worried about the fact that nobody knows exactly what LSD does, and I share that worry, we must realize that scientifically we are not sure of what thousands of energies which we ingest or surround ourselves by are doing: gas fumes, DDT, penicillin, tranquilizers. Nobody knows how these work, what effects they'll have not only on the individual but also on the genetic structure of the species. There are risks involved whenever you take LSD. Nobody should take LSD unless he knows he's going into the unknown. He's laying his blue chips on the line. He's tampering with that most delicate and sacred of all instruments, the human brain. You should know that. But you know that you're taking a risk every time you breathe the air, every time you eat the food that the supermarkets are putting out, every time you fall in love for that matter.

Life is a series of risks. We insist only that the person who goes into it knows that it's a risk, knows what's involved, and we insist also that we have the right to take that risk. No paternalistic society and no paternalistic profession like medicine has the right to prevent us from taking that risk. If you listen to neurologists and psychiatrists, you'd never fall in love.

INNISFREE: A friend of ours told us that he had recurring hallucinations at a time when he really didn't want them and didn't expect them. Are these uncontrollable replays common?

LEARY: I think that everyone who takes LSD is permanently changing his consciousness. That is, there are going to be recurrent memories and recurrent reactions when you hear the same music, when you're with the same people, when you walk into

the same room. Any stimulation may set off a memory. Now a memory is a live, chemical-molecular event in your nervous system. When you take LSD, you're changing that system to a small degree. Now most people are delighted when this happens.

In any thousand people, or perhaps hundred, there's a professional full-time worrier. Now when this person takes LSD, he's going to wonder if he's going crazy, he's going to worry that he's insane, he's going to worry about brain damage, he's going to worry about controlling it. Worriers, of course, are people who want to have everything under control. And life is not under control. Life is a spontaneous, undisciplined, unsupervised event. Your worrying person is going to lay his worrying machinery on LSD.

INNISFREE: You mentioned religion a few minutes ago. Professor Huston Smith of MIT has suggested that the drug-induced religious experience may not be a truly genuine one.

LEARY: You're now sitting in a religious center. About 30 people are devoting their lives and energies to a full-time pursuit of the Divinity through the sacrament of LSD. You're calling our sacramental experience psychotic. LSD, the psychedelic experience, is a religious experience. It can be if the person is looking for it, and can be if the person is not looking for it and doesn't want it. Professor Smith has on several occasions stated his belief that the drug-induced experience is a religious experience. He has questions, as I understand it, about how this can be used and how well we are applying our religious experiences, but he does not doubt that they are religious experiences. Now the religious experience is beyond any creed or ritual, any myth or metaphor. People use different interpretations, different metaphors to describe their religious experience. A Christian person will take LSD and report it in terms of the Christian vocabulary. Buddhists will do likewise.

INNISFREE: Is it true that you yourself are Hindu?

LEARY: Our religious philosophy, or our philosophy about the spiritual meaning of LSD, comes closer to Hinduism than to any other. Hinduism—again, it is difficult to define Hinduism—recognizes the divinity of all manifestations of life, physical,

physiological, chemical, biological, and so forth. So that the Hindu point of view allows for a wide scope of subjects. To a Hindu, Catholicism is a form of Hinduism.

INNISFREE: Your descriptions of the psychedelic experience sound very much like Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha*. How much have you been influenced by his writings?

LEARY: We've been influenced very much by Hermann Hesse's writings. Of course, once you finally get into the field of consciousness, in the philosophic and literary interpretations of the consciousness, then everyone agrees. Everyone is in basic agreement about the necessity of going out of your mind, going within, and about what you find once you get there. The metaphors change from culture to culture. The terminology is different. But every great mystic and every great missionary reports essentially the same thing: the eternal flow, timeless series of evolutions, and so forth, and Hermann Hesse is one of the great visionary spokesmen of the twentieth century. We made it very explicit in our first psychedelic celebration in New York that we were addressing ourselves to the intellectual who is entrapped in his mind, and we were using as our bible for that first celebration *Steppenwolf*, by Hermann Hesse. The next psychedelic celebration was based on the life of Christ, and we used the Catholic missal as the manual for that. But each one of these great myths is based on a psychedelic experience, a death-rebirth sequence.

INNISFREE: Is each of these sessions supposed to appeal to a different kind of person?

LEARY: Each celebration will take up one of the greatest religious traditions. And we attempt to turn on everyone to that religion. And we hope that anyone that comes to all of our celebrations will discover the deep meaning that exists in each of these. But in addition to that, we hope that the Christian will be particularly turned on by our Catholic LSD mass, because it will renew for him the metaphor which for most of us has become rather routine and tired.

INNISFREE: Where did you get for your foundation the name Castalia?

LEARY: Castalia was taken from Hermann Hesse's novel *Magister Ludi*. The Castalia brotherhood in that novel was one of scientist-scholars who were attempting to bring together visionary mysticism and modern science and scholarship. They would also meditate and use the techniques of the East in order to bring together the bead game itself, a means of weaving together poetry, music, mathematics, science, and unifying them. We attempt to do the same. Our psychedelic celebrations and the lectures that Dr. Metzner and I have been giving in the last two years are very much like the bead game. We attempt to weave together modern techniques like electronics and modern scientific theories, pharmacology and biogenetics, with many different forms of Eastern psychology. It's very clearly a bead game that we are weaving in these celebrations. The aim is to turn on not just the mind, but to turn on the sense organs, and even to talk to people's cells and ancient centers of wisdom.

INNISFREE: Yet, a lot of your beliefs do borrow from other cultures. Wouldn't exposure to these other ways of thinking make your religion more meaningful?

LEARY: Well, I was born in the twentieth century. I can't wipe out my whole personal background or change the fact that almost everyone I talk to today is brain-damaged by our education. We're all crippled. We have to accept the fact that in primary school we fell into the hands of addictive drug pushers, namely teachers. They've crippled us. That's part of karma.

Every historical era has its own particular trap which drives man away from his divinity and puts him on the outside, and every historical era has its own sacrament, or its own method, of dealing with it. The DNA code is an impressively resilient and impressive blueprinting process. It always produces the protein molecules that are necessary to adapt to the particular evolutionary bind it has actually trapped itself in. Evolution is a series of accidental surprises.

The genetic code is infinite in its variation and wisdom, and always comes out with the right answer; and exactly the right answer for the particular neurological disease that man has been plagued by for the last 1,000 years is LSD. You see, 3,000 or

4,000 years ago, LSD wouldn't have been necessary. Man was in touch. He was harmoniously dancing along with the change in the planets, the change in the seasons. He was in touch, he was in tune, he was turned on. LSD existed in natural form. LSD has been in morning glory seeds for hundreds of thousands of years. But until now it hasn't been necessary to use because you wouldn't have had to have the effect.

INNISFREE: You don't feel that the LSD culture is compatible with American culture now, then?

LEARY: I don't think the American culture is compatible with anything. Certainly not with anything that's been going on in this planet since the origin of life. The American culture is an insane asylum. You take for granted such things as race prejudice, the Protestant work culture, the professional bureaucracy which exists in this country, the complete loss of euphoria which has developed in the past fifty years. Dropping bombs on natives of Vietnam—well, that's just like a head cold. I mean, that's the way it's supposed to be. It's the current symptom of our insanity.

LSD and the LSD cult is perfectly in tune with the wisdom of the Buddha or the great philosophies of the past. The Buddha could walk up this road to our house here at Millbrook, and he'd see the signs of his profession because we belong to the same profession, people who are changing consciousness, who are pursuing the eternal quest. He would walk in this house and he'd be much more at home here than he would be in hardly any house in the United States because we're in touch with him. We're in touch with the basic cellular and sensory and physical aspects of man.

There are three processes involved that every spiritual teacher has passed onto mankind for the past thousand years. Look within, have the revelation, and then express it in acts of glorification on the outside and detach yourself from the current tribe. We use the six-word motto "Turn on, tune in, drop out." Now after you turn on, you don't spend the rest of your life in an LSD state, just contemplating the inner wonders. You begin immediately expressing your revelation in acts of beauty

without. That's what we're doing in the Village Theater in New York. Every Tuesday night, people come there and we stone them out of their minds.

INNISFREE: What about LSD?

LEARY: Well, it's always biochemical. In order to do anything new, you have to change your nervous system biochemically. Now you can do it through breathing, fasting, flagellation, dancing, solitude, diet. You can do it through any sense organ—visual, auditory, and so forth. There are hundreds of ways of turning on. But at the present time, man is so sick that there are very few people who can use these ancient methods, so that today it is safe to say that drugs are the specific, and almost the only, way that the American is ever going to have a religious experience.

And our Tuesday night celebrations do not take the place of the sacrament. The sacramental process in our religion is the use of marijuana and LSD; and nothing can substitute for that. There's a way of training people, and a way of teaching people, and a way of demonstrating to people what the psychedelic does. We have these public celebrations.

INNISFREE: You don't seem, then, to be advocating the use of LSD for simple "kicks."

LEARY: I don't know what you mean by "kicks." We feel about LSD the way a Catholic priest feels about his host. He doesn't want to have his host sold in vending machines. He doesn't want to have his sacred host in the hands of doctors to decide who's going to use it. He wants his host to be given by trained priests or guides in the temple. We feel exactly the same about LSD. Now, the Catholic host should indeed give you a kick. LSD will give you a kick. The kick to me means an ecstatic revelation. I don't know what a kick means to you. To you a kick may mean going to a cocktail party in Cambridge and flirting with some girl. A kick to me means flirtation—confrontation—with God. Of course, in our puritan society, the word *kick* is a negative term. We're such robots that we think the only thing we should do in life is work, get power, and use this power to control other people. In any sane society, the word

kick could be the ideal. Kick is the ecstasy; it means going beyond, confronting God, getting out of your mind.

INNISFREE: What would LSD achieve, though, that conscientious Hindu-like meditation—if we were capable of it—could not achieve?

LEARY: If meditation works, it will get you the same place that LSD will. But only one person in a hundred thousand can do it through meditation.

INNISFREE: Even to what you call the precellular level of awareness?

LEARY: Well, certainly the Buddha, and certainly the writings of the Hindu philosophers—the Shiva myths—were written by men who had reached the cellular level. The theory of reincarnation in Hinduism is a perfect metaphorical and poetic statement of the DNA code.

INNISFREE: What of the actual biochemical changes that are behind the psychedelic experience?

LEARY: Neurologists do not understand the biochemistry of consciousness. They don't know where consciousness is located. Therefore, the answer to the question of, "What does LSD do?" has to await a breakthrough in neurology. And that breakthrough in neurology will come when neurologists realize that they have to change their *own* consciousness. They're not going to find out where consciousness is located by putting electrodes in the brains of animals or giving LSD to animals for that matter. The breakthrough in neurology is going to come when the scientist puts his eye to the microscope; and the microscope of consciousness is your own nervous system. We have trained hundreds of young graduate students, who are now young psychiatrists and young neurologists, and this next generation of turned-on scientists will produce the great breakthrough in neurology, because they are taking the drug themselves.

INNISFREE: Do you think that the two sciences can coexist side by side?

LEARY: There's a perfect dialogue that goes on between outer and inner. It doesn't do any good to expand your consciousness unless you can accurately express this in some metaphorical or

symbolic form. Now the problem at the present time is that our society and our intellectuals and our scientists completely externalize the psychology of behaviorism. Neurology today is poking at the brains of other people. We're overbalanced this way today. As soon as psychiatrists start taking LSD or more powerful drugs that come along, they will be tuning in on an energy process that will then help them write better equations. You have to experience what you are symbolizing. And when a symbol system gets beyond the experience, then it becomes just a chess game.

When Einstein first worked out that equation $E=MC^2$, it was a very powerful, psychedelic thing. Literally he had to fall down on his knees at that moment when he realized that all matter was energy just in temporary states of change, that there was no structure. Of course, the Hindu philosophers had pointed that out for a thousand years. But I suspect that very few physicists experience what they are symbolizing.

You see, that's the problem. I think that 99 percent of the people who call themselves scientists, including 99 percent of the people at your institution, are not really scientists. There are never more than a hundred people who deserve the term *scientist* in any age. The rest of them are just engineers who are simply playing out one little aspect of a metaphor, of a visionary experience, that someone had in the past.

INNISFREE: How do you determine whether a person will become psychotic under LSD? Is there any way to tell who had best not participate in this religion? Because surely not everyone can.

LEARY: Who's to decide? I would say that at present our society is so insane, that even if the risks were fifty-fifty that if you took LSD you would be permanently insane, I still think that the risk is worth taking, as long as the person knows that that's the risk.

There is a complete breakdown in assumption here. You're operating from a psychiatric metaphor, and I'm operating from a religious metaphor. I say that the confrontation with divinity is going to change you, and there are some people who are in

such a state of sin that they don't want to confront divinity; they freak out. Such people should be warned that if you come into this temple you're going to face blazing illumination of the divinity. It's going to change you completely; you're never going to be the same. Do you want to do it? That's what they said in the Eleusinian Mysteries. They would always warn people, "If you go in here, you will die. You and all of your past hang-ups, sins and so forth are going to be laid out in front of you. You're going to have to confront them, strip them off and be a changed person. Do you want to do it?" One of the emperors of Rome—I forget which one—came and wanted to be initiated in the Eleusinian Mysteries, and they took him in and said, "This is what's going to happen," and he said, "That's interesting. I approve of what you're doing, but I don't want your experience. I don't want to be changed." As long as the person knows what's involved, whatever he does to his own consciousness is his own business. And the fears of LSD in this society existed before the present psychiatric rumors of brain damage. Everyone is afraid to take LSD, because nobody wants to change. Everyone wants to keep his own little egocentric chess game going. The fear of LSD is the same fear that has led to the persecution of people doing the same thing I've been doing in other centuries and other tribes. It's the ancient game of the law. Three hundred years ago you'd be sitting here talking with me about the devil. In Salem, very close to where you go to college, they were talking about witches. The fear then was in terms of witches. The fear of those who are anti-God—which is what you are—the fear is always expressed in the metaphor of the time: witches, possessions, devils, and so forth.

INNISFREE: You have no fear of LSD?

LEARY: I didn't say that, nor would I. There's everything to fear. You're going to lose your mind.

INNISFREE: Isn't there the fear of taking too much?

LEARY: There is no lethal dose known of LSD. LSD is a trigger mechanism, like a key. So, ten times the normal dose of LSD is like ten keys for one lock. When you get over three hundred gammas of LSD, you can go up to thirty thousand

gammas—the largest dose I know of—and the impact is a little greater: the door swings open a little faster. But it's the same effect. You see, what you're confronting is your own two-billion-year-old equipment of sense organs, cellular wisdom, protein memories. They're the same. Our culture is so hung on the external, playing the numbers game, that 1,000 gammas must be twice as strong as 500 gammas.

INNISFREE: If you cannot get back to the state where you can contemplate on what you have just experienced, wouldn't you consider that bad?

LEARY: The problem with LSD is not enduring change. The problem is that it doesn't last long enough. You see, if LSD really worked the way these fear merchants say it does, it would be easy to use it to change personality. If it changes the normal person and gives him hallucinations afterward, you should be able to take the criminal and the alcoholic, the drug addict, and the generally mean person and change him under guidance. The processes of neurological imprinting and the way we build up our conditioned mental processes is highly resistant to change. If you take LSD, you still come back speaking the English language and knowing how to tie your shoe lace. The problem with LSD is that much too quickly do you slip back into the routine ways of thinking. That's why, if you take LSD, you should take it many, many times, and you should plan to slowly change your environment so that your external commitments are keeping up to your internal achievements. It's very hard work to change the human psychology, even with LSD. That should give comfort to the frightened, and probably anguish to the optimistic like myself. Human nature is so resistant to change.

INNISFREE: Do you think you are being harassed for your unorthodox beliefs?

LEARY: I don't use the term *harassment*, and I have no paranoid theories about conspiracy. The game I am involved in is set out with exquisite precision. What I am doing has been done by people in every generation in the past. It's like the Harvard-Yale game. It's played out every year. Now, Harvard

isn't harassing Yale. The game between those who know that man can change and become divine in this lifetime and want to teach people how to do it completely threatens the establishment. In every generation you say, "No, it's all been done and settled, and just get your good lawyer-priest and do what we tell you to do." And this dialogue between the establishment and the utopian visionaries will inevitably exist in every historical era.

It's played fairly. The fact that they want to hound me out of existence is right. They should, just like the Harvard defensive team wants to throw the offensive's quarterback for a loss. I have no complaint about this; I'm perfectly good-humored about it. The more energy that is directed against me, the more energy that is available for me. It's the perfect physical law of jujitsu—the more government and professional establishment dynamism that is set off against what we're doing is just a sign to us that we're doing fine.

INNISFREE: What are the existing restrictions on LSD by the federal government?

LEARY: The federal law does not forbid the possession and personal use of LSD. It prohibits the manufacture and sale of LSD or the administering of it to someone. There are some states—four or five, of which New York State is one—which outlaw the possession of LSD.

INNISFREE: In your *Playboy* interview you gave the exact number of LSD sessions you had taken. You record each session?

LEARY: Yes, I keep careful record of each session, where, and what was the purpose of the session.

INNISFREE: And do you write down a description of the experience or thoughts that came to you?

LEARY: Yes, most of the time. Not always.

INNISFREE: What do you consider more valuable, the actual trip or the contemplation of it afterward?

LEARY: It goes together. One without the other is rather meaningless. But again, you ask if I write it down. It's more important what you *do* afterward; after a session we may go out and plant a new garden, after a session we may change a room

in the house, after a session we may throw out the television set, after the session I may spend the next five hours talking quietly with my son. The intellectual is so hung up on the disease of words that nothing exists unless he writes it down. The human being has been involved in this adventure for thousands of years before the printing press. As my friend Marshall McLuhan so eloquently pointed out—you see, whatever I say today about words is just what Marshall McLuhan said in his book, *The Gutenberg Galaxie*—the misuse of the printing press is one of the greatest catastrophes to happen to the human nervous system. It has forced man to think in the linear subject-predicate fashion, which is what Marshall McLuhan and I are attempting to do something about, and which modern technical advances, like electronics, and psychochemicals such as LSD, will inevitably change.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

*The Buddha as Drop-Out**

The message of the Buddha, Gautama, is the familiar, ancient always to-be-rediscovered divine instruction:

Drop out

Turn on

Tune in

The avatar, the divine one, is he who discovers and lives out this rhythm during his earthly trip.

The life of the Buddha, Gautama, is simply another case illustration in the venerable library of tissue manuals on "How to Discover Your Own Buddha-hood."

Gautama Sakyamuni was born a prince. His father, the king, and his mother, the queen, were determined that he should carry on the family business and not discover his divinity. According to familiar parental tradition, they attempted to protect their son from confronting the four basic dimensions of the human time span: sickness, age, death, and the existence of

* This article was written in response to a request from *Horizon* magazine, which in the summer of 1967 was planning an issue on the hippies.

The article was penciled hastily and typed by the author's daughter, who at the time was involved in a mystical removal from all human games except the mastery of touch typing.

Horizon sent a check for \$400 along, with a note of puzzling jocularly about my "frankness" and "honesty." It was only after the issue was published (without "The Buddha as Drop-Out") and after reading the introduction to the issue that it became clear that the editors of lost *Horizon* had mirthlessly missed the point of the article. They saw it as confessional rather than satirical. They wanted no part in the strategy to persuade their readers to become Buddhas.

They have a point. Buddhas don't subscribe. They inscribe.

eccentric, barefoot holy men—alchemists who could show him how to solve the time riddle by—

Dropping out

Turning on

Tuning in

The truth of the matter is that the Buddha was born and brought up in Westchester County, educated at an Ivy League college and groomed for that pinnacle of princely success which would allow him in 1967 to subscribe to *Horizon*, a magazine particularly unlikely to confront him with the prospect of his own divinity.

First Gautama dropped out. Horrors! Did he really desert his wife and child? Run out on the palace mortgage payment? Welsh on his commitments to his 10,000 concubines? Leave the Internal Revenue Service holding the bag for the Vietnam War bill? Maybe he just moved with his wife and kids to Big Sur, not even leaving a forwarding address for fourth-class mail. Lost *Horizon*. Or maybe the drop-out was internal (where it always has to be). Maybe he just detached himself invisibly from the old fears and ambitions.

After his drop-out he struggled to turn on. It's never easy, you know, to turn on. He memorized the Vedas. Read the Upanishads and the *Village Voice* and Alan Watts and Krishnamurti. Studied at the feet of gurus. Got the message. "Sorry, young man. We can't teach it. Divinity is a do-it-yourself proposition, located somewhere inside your own body."

So he spent several years practicing lonely austerities. Diet and physical yoga. Gave up smoking. Ate macrobiotic rice. Got thin. Let his beard grow. Looked holy but felt wholly terrible.

One day, as he was sitting under a tree, a dairy maid offered him a bowl of milk and honey, maybe laced with mushroom juice. It was a forbidden, dangerous potion, against all the laws of yoga abstinence.

Then he started his trip. Session delights. The marijuana miracle! Vision! Touch! Smell! Sound! Beautiful! Ecstasy!!! But don't get caught, Buddha! All the manuals warn you! Center your mind! Float to the beginning!

Next came the sexual visions. Mara the devil sent his naked daughters to entrance. The devil, you say? Oh, didn't they tell you in Bronxville Sunday School and the comparative religions seminar at Princeton that the devil is part of your own mind that wants you to cop out and sell short your timeless divinity? You're a junior executive now with the narcotic security needle hooked in your liberal Republican vein, and the secretaries at the office think you're cute Mr. Horizon-reading Buddha. But remember the teachings! Enjoy but don't chase the erotic fantasies. Center!

Then came the terrors. You'll go insane! You'll lose your ambition! Brain damage! Permanent psychosis! Bellevue Hospital! Chromosome destruction! Jump out a palace window! Who are you, anyway? Spoiled prince, arrogant Brooks Brothers Faust, to grab with greedy hands the delicate web of God? You're crazy now and will never get back. Help! Paranoia! Call the court physician! Call a psychiatrist!

But Gautama remembered the prayer. He centered his mind and body. He spun through the thousand past reincarnations. Tumbled down his DNA code and died, merging in the center of the solar, lunar, diamond, peacock eye of fire that men call God. Illumination.

From whence he looked back up and saw the fibrous unfolding of life to come, all past, all future, hooked up, the riddle of time and mortality solved by the unitive, turn-on perspective.

And at that moment of highest Samhadi, Gautama opened his eyes in delight and wonder at the paradise rediscovered by his trip, and looked around and said that great line—"Wonder of all wonders, all men are the Buddha."

He had dropped out and turned on. He had made it to the navel-centered beginning. Realized the Buddha-nature of all creatures. And then what? The crossroads in the heroic-mythic-God trip. Why come down? Once you've seen it all, experienced the divine flash, why return to the frayed uniform and clumsy tools of your earthly games? How can you come down to play out a role in the silly TV drama of American society? How can you come down from the Buddha game? The wholly-man role?

I read the blues today, oh, boy, about a lucky man who great the made.*

Tradition has it that Gautama Buddha after his illumination sat for days under the bo tree, wondering whether he should come back to deal with the pompous Brahmin priesthood and his kindly but myopic parents, the aging king and queen, and the FDA at Benares and the crowd back at the office and the shallow hit-and-run celestial aspirations of his followers. Or even to write articles for the well-meaning editors of very slick magazines. Why bother?

Gautama's question is exactly that anguishing dilemma faced by several million young Americans who have taken the psychedelic trip in the last 5 years. Because, when seen *sub specie aeternitatis*, American society really does appear quite destructive and insane. What can LBJ or Billy Graham offer a dropped-out, turned-on, ill-prepared, confused teen-ager visionary?

Why not stay dropped out?

Perhaps the wisest of our times are the total drop-outs—those eccentrics who look around and fold their hands and quit. The quietly but shrewdly mad who crowd our mental hospitals. The drifting, smiling, welfare checksters.

But the message of the Buddha is to tune in. Glorify! Tune back in, not to the old game. You have to stay dropped out of that. You drop back in to life. You come back down and express your revelation in acts of glory and beauty and humor. Help someone else drop out and turn on.

The Buddha dropped back in with his four noble truths:

All life is suffering.

The suffering is caused by striving.

You can end the suffering by dropping out of the chase.

The dropping out involves an eightfold discipline, hard work, continual attention, constant centering of consciousness.

The term "drop-out" is, of course, deliberately distorted by Brahmins, bureaucrats, moralists, politicians and external power holders. They know that their control will fall apart if people drop out and turn on. The brahminical federal strategy

* Paraphrased from a classic Buddhist text published by the Beatles.

has always been the same. Convince the people that the TV show emanating from Benares, Athens, Rome, London, Saigon, Washington is reality and that the ecstasy is an escape into psychosis and irresponsibility.

The fact of the matter, as Gautama's career makes very clear, is that dropping out is the demanding, arduous road. The lonely, scary confrontation with the evolutionary reality. The narcotic escape is to remain in the system. Be a good king, young Buddha. Raise taxes. Encourage trade. Fight wars to protect your people against the enemy. Be good. Join the Christian meddling, missionary society of your time. Of necessity, be a good rebel and protest, picket, lobby, for the political power of the "outs." The oldest cop-out of history. Nice rebel!

The message of the Gautama Sakyamuni is drop out and turn on. You can't *do* good until you *feel* good. You can't free others until *you* are free.

Gautama, the Nepalese drop-out, is the greatest spiritual master of recorded history. His message is bleak and direct. Each man is Buddha. The aim of human life is to discover your Buddha-hood. You must do this yourself. You can't rely on any of the divine avatars of the past. Jesus is dead. Krishna is dead. Lao-tse is gone. You must retrace the ancient path yourself. Discover your own Christ-hood. Stagger down from the mountain, flipped-out Moses, with your own moral code fashioned in the ecstatic despair of your own revelation. The only help you have is the teaching. Fashion a prayer and keep your sense of humor. Use the guidebooks and manuals left by the inspired drop-outs of the past. The Buddha himself spent forty years teaching the most accurate and detailed psychological system the world has ever known. This was his tuning-back-in exercise. Use it and go beyond it.

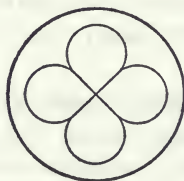
But the old texts mainly tell you what not to do. The timing, the direction, the style, the rhythm, the ritual of your search is for you to evolve. But this much is known. It's all right. It's all worked out. It's all on autopilot. Remember the Buddha message. Turn on, tune in, drop out.

Remember the Buddha smile.

Dear *Horizon* reader, put your finger on this
dot



remember, and smile.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

Homage to Huxley

November 22, 1963, was for Aldous Huxley the time to go.

In paying tribute (a curious word) to a departed luminary, it is customary to appraise his contribution, to wrap up the meaning and message of the hero and to place it with a flourish in the inactive file.

This ceremonial function is notoriously risky in the case of writers. The literary game has its own stock-exchange quotations in which hardcover commodities rise and fall to the irrational dictates of scholarly fashion.

To predict the place that Aldous Huxley will have as a literary figure is a gambling venture we shall leave to the professionals who are paid to do it. They might note that he did not win a Nobel Prize—a good sign, suggesting that he made the right enemies and was properly unacceptable to the academic politicians. They will note also that he was a visionary—always a troublesome issue to the predictor. Since all visionaries say the same thing, they are perennial commodities, difficult to sell short, annoyingly capable of turning up fresh and alive a thousand years later.

But Aldous Huxley is not just a literary figure, and for that matter not just a visionary writer. Which adds to the critic's problem. The man just wouldn't stop and pose for the definitive portrait. He just wouldn't slide symmetrically into an academic pigeonhole. What shall we call him? Sage? Wise teacher? Calypso guru? Under what index heading do we file the smiling prophet? The nuclear age bodhisattva?

Many of the generation of scholars and critics who presently adjudicate literary reputations received their first insights into the snobbish delights of the mind from the early novels of Huxley.

I believe that no one under fifty can quite realize how exciting Huxley seemed to us who were schoolboys or undergraduates in the 'twenties . . . he was a popularizer of what, at the time, were "advanced" ideas . . . he was a liberator, who seemed to encourage us in our adolescent revolt against the standards of our parents.¹

This obituary appraisal, a nice example of the "cracked looking glass" school of literary criticism, continues in the same vein:

I remained under the Huxleyan enchantment well into my twenties. The magic began gradually to fail after *Point Counter Point* (1928); its failure was due partly to my discovery of other contemporary writers (Proust, Joyce, Lawrence), partly to the fact that Huxley himself had by that time lost something of his original sparkle. I felt little sympathy for his successive preoccupations with scientific utopias, pacifism, and Yoga. . . .

Of all the misunderstandings which divide mankind, the most tragic, obvious, and vicious is the conflict between the young and the old. It is surely not Huxley who lost his sparkle but perhaps the quoted critic, who graduated from "adolescent revolt" (a dubious, ungracious, middle-aged phrase) to a static "postadolescent" fatigue with new ideas. Huxley continued to produce prose which sparkled, to those who could transfer their vision from the mirror to the events which were occurring around them.

I believe that no one over fifty can quite realize how exciting

¹ Jocelyn Brooke, "The Wicked Uncle: An Appreciation of Aldous Huxley," *The Listener*, Vol. LXX, No. 1811 (December 12, 1963), p. 991.

Huxley seems to the generations which followed their own. The early Huxley was the urbane sophisticate who taught naïve youngsters that parental notions about sex and society left something to be improved. The early Huxley was an exciting coach in the game of intellectual one-upmanship, wickedly demonstrating how to sharpen the mind so that it could slice experience into categories, how to engage in brilliant, witty repartee, how to be a truly sophisticated person.

But "then came *Brave New World* (1932), an entirely new departure, and not, I think, a happy one. . . ." Yes, indeed. Then comes the grim new world of the 1930's and a new generation who were less concerned with sparkling conversation than with trying to figure out why society was falling apart at the seams. The game of polishing your own mind and developing your own personality (although kept alive in the rituals of psychoanalysis) starts to look like narcissistic chess. Huxley was one of the first men of his times to see the limitations of the obsession with self and never again wrote to delight the intellectual.

But old uncles are supposed to keep their proper place in *my* picture album. They have no right charging off in new directions. Investigating meta-self social ideas and meta-self modes of consciousness. No right to calmly ask the terrible new questions of the mind: Is this all? Shakespeare and Joyce and Beethoven and Freud—is there no more? Television and computers—is this all? Uncle Aldous, who taught us how to be clever, rational, individualistic, now claims that our sharp minds are creating air-conditioned, test-tube anthills. "As Mr. Cyril Connolly put it, 'Science had walked off with art,' and a latent streak of vulgarity found expression. . . ." Yes, the specific prophecy is vulgar.

And what is even more tasteless—to be so right. Within 15 years the ludicrous, bizarre mechanization of new world fantasy had become a reality. The conventional artistic response to automation is the nihilist protest. But again Aldous Huxley refuses to play the literary game, insists on tinkering with evolutionary resolutions. Some of us forgot that Uncle Aldous was also grandson. The extra-ordinary, dazzling erudition which

spun out *bons mots* in the early novels is now sifting through the wisdom of the East.

Huxley's diplomatic journey to the East brings back no final answer but the right questions. He seeks the liberating seed while avoiding the deciduous underbrush of ritual.

The first question: Is there more? Need the cortex be limited to the tribal-verbal? Must we use only a fraction of our neurological heritage? Must our minds remain flimsy toys compared to the wisdom within the neural network? How to expand consciousness beyond the learned mind? How to find and teach the liberation from the cultural self? Where are the educational techniques for exploiting the potentials? Here again Huxley avoids doctrinaire digressions into mood, authority, semantics, ritual. He keeps moving, looking for the key which works.

In 1954 he announces the discovery of the Eastern passage: *Doors to Perception, Heaven and Hell*. Psychedelic drugs can provide the illumination, the key to the mind's antipodes, the transcendental experience. You may not want to make the voyage. You may have no interest in transcending your cultural mind. Fine. Don't take LSD. Or you may want illumination but object to the direct, shortcut approach. You prefer the sweat-tears of verbal exercises and rituals. Fine. Don't take LSD. But for those who can accept the "gratuitous grace," there it is.

The age-long problem of how to "get out" has finally been solved. Biochemical mysticism is a demonstrated fact. Next comes the second problem. There is the infused vision of the open cortex, flashing at speeds which far outstrip our verbal machinery. And there is the tribal marketplace which cannot utilize or even allow the accelerated neural energy. How can the gap be bridged?

Aldous Huxley preached no escape from the insanity and semantic madness of the twentieth century. His next message was not one of quietism and *arhat* passivity. No one was more concerned, more engaged, more involved in the active attempt to make the best of both worlds.

To make the best of both worlds—this was the phrase we heard him repeat over and over again during the last years. Of course

most of his readers and critics didn't know what he was talking about. If you don't realize that it is now a simple matter to reach ecstasy, to get out, to have the vision, to reach the other worlds of your own cortex, then technical discussions of "re-entry" problems make little sense to you.

But there it was. The old Mahayana question now made real and practical. How to apply the now available potentialities of the accelerated cortex?

Aldous Huxley's last message to the planet contains the answer to this question in the form of the utopian novel *Island*.²

This book, published in 1962, is the climax of the 69-year voyage of discovery. It is a great book. It will become a greater book.

Like all great books it is misunderstood in its time because it is so far in front of its time. It's too much to take. Too much. *Island* is a continent, a hemisphere, a galaxy of a book.

At the most superficial level it's a science fiction tale with heroes and villains in a fantasy land. It's a satire as well—of Western civilization and its follies. So far, the book can be dealt with.

But it's much more. It's a utopian tract. Huxley's final statement about how to make the best of both worlds. Of individual freedom and social responsibility. Of East and West. Of left and right cerebral hemispheres. Of action and quietism. Of Tantra and Arhat. Of verbal and nonverbal. Of work and play. Of mind and metamind. Of technique and nature. Of body and spirit. Of religion and the secular.

It's a manual on education. A handbook on psychotherapy and mind control. A solution to the horrors of the biparent family, the monstrous father-mother pressure cooker.

Too much, indeed, for one book; but there's more.

Island is a treatise on living, on the living of each moment.

And most important and staggering, the book is a treatise on dying.

The easy intellectual rejection of this wealth of practical, how-to-do-it information is to call it fantasy. Adolescent daydreams

² New York, Harper & Row, 1962.

about how things could be in a society imagined and run by gentle, secluded scholars.

But here is the terrible beauty of Huxley's science-fiction-satirical-utopian manual on how to live and how to live with others and how to die and how to die with others: it's all based on facts. *Island* is a popular presentation of empirical facts—anthropological, psychological, psychedelic, sociological. Every method, every social sequence described in *Island* is based on data. Huxley's utopian ideas can work because they have worked. It's all been done—not in a fantasied future but yesterday.

It has been tried and done by Huxley himself, and by his "Palanese" wife Laura Archera Huxley, who presented many of these intensely practical, down-to-earth ideas in her book, *You Are Not the Target*.³ It's a mistake to think of him as a detached novelist observing and commenting on the scene. Huxley was a tall, slightly stooped calypso singer, intensely topical, strolling nearsightedly through the crowds, singing funny stilted verses in an English accent, singing about the events in which he was participating. He didn't just figure it out—he experienced much of it himself.

Huxley's explorations with psychedelic drugs are an example of his engagement. His willingness to get involved. Remember, every person who can read without moving his lips has heard about what the *Saturday Evening Post*⁴ calls "the dangerous magic of LSD." And despite the controversy, almost everyone knows what is involved—the mind loss and the vision. Everyone has had to come to terms with the new development in his own fashion.

There are as many rational reasons for not taking LSD as there are facets to the human mind—moral, practical, medical, psychiatric, mental. The real reason—however it is expressed—is fear. Fear of losing what we have. Fear of going beyond where we are.

Aldous Huxley had spent years preparing himself for the

³ New York, Farrar, Straus, 1963.

⁴ November 2, 1963.

fearful psychedelic voyage, and he made it without question when it presented itself. Why? Duty? Curiosity? Conviction? Courage? Faith in the process? Trust in his companions—divine or human?

He did it, and the world will never forget it.

But the gamble of the mind was not the last act of faith and courage. Aldous Huxley went on to face death as he had faced the whirling enigma of the life process. He tells us about it with poetic sensitivity and concrete specificity in the fourteenth chapter of *Island*,* his book of the living and the dying.

Rounding a screen, he [Dr. Robert] caught a glimpse . . . of a high bed, of a dark emaciated face on the pillow, of arms that were no more than parchment-covered bones, of claw-like hands. . . . He looked at the face on the pillow . . . still, still with a serenity that might almost have been the frozen calm of death. . . .

"Lakshmi." Susila laid a hand on the old woman's wasted arm. "Lakshmi," she said again more loudly. The death-calm face remained impassive. "You mustn't go to sleep."

. . . "Lakshmi!"

The face came to life.

"I wasn't really asleep," the old woman whispered. "It's just my being so weak. I seem to float away."

"But you've got to be here," said Susila. "You've got to know you're here. All the time." She slipped an additional pillow under the sick woman's shoulders and reached for a bottle of smelling salts that stood on the bed table. . . . Then after another pause, "Oh, how wonderful," she whispered at last, "how wonderful!" Suddenly she winced and bit her lip.

Susila took the old woman's hand in both of hers. "Is the pain bad?" she asked.

"It would be bad," Lakshmi explained, "if it were really my pain. But somehow it isn't. The pain's here; but I'm somewhere else. It's like what you discover with the *moksha*-medicine. Nothing really belongs to you. Not even your pain."

. . . "And now," Susila was saying, "think of that view from the Shiva temple. Think of those lights and shadows on the sea,

* Harper & Row, New York, 1962.

those blue spaces between the clouds. Think of them, and then let go of your thinking. Let go of it, so that the not-Thought can come through. Things into Emptiness, Emptiness into Suchness. Suchness into things again, into your own mind. Remember what it says in the Sutra. 'Your own consciousness shining, void, inseparable from the great Body of Radiance, is subject neither to birth or death, but is the same as the immutable Light, Buddha Amitabha.'

"The same as the light," Lakshmi repeated. "And yet it's all dark again."

"It's dark because you're trying too hard," said Susila. "Dark because you want it to be light. Remember what you used to tell me when I was a little girl. 'Lightly, child, lightly. You've got to learn to do everything lightly. Think lightly, act lightly, feel lightly. Yes, feel lightly, even though you're feeling deeply.' . . . Lightly, lightly—it was the best advice ever given me. Well, now I'm going to say the same thing to you, Lakshmi . . . Lightly, my darling, lightly. Even when it comes to dying. Nothing ponderous, or portentous, or emphatic. No rhetoric, no tremolos, no self-conscious persona putting on its celebrated imitation of Christ or Goethe or Little Nell. And, of course, no theology, no metaphysics. Just the fact of dying and the fact of the Clear Light. So throw away all your baggage and go forward. There are quicksands all about you, sucking at your feet, trying to suck you down into fear and self-pity and despair. That's why you must walk so lightly. Lightly, my darling . . . Completely unencumbered."

. . . He looked again at the fleshless face on the pillow and saw that it was smiling.

"The Light," came the hoarse whisper, "the Clear Light. It's here—along with the pain, in spite of the pain."

"And where are you?" Susila asked.

"Over there, in the corner." Lakshmi tried to point, but the raised hand faltered and fell back, inert, on the coverlet. "I can see myself there. And she can see my body on the bed."

"Can she see the Light?"

"No. The Light's here, where my body is. . . ."

"She's drifted away again," said Susila. "Try to bring her back."

Dr. Robert slipped an arm under the emaciated body and

lifted it into a sitting posture. The head drooped sideways onto his shoulder.

"My little love," he kept whispering. "My little love . . ."

Her eyelids fluttered open for a moment. "Brighter," came the barely audible whisper, "brighter." And a smile of happiness intense almost to the point of elation transfigured her face.

Through his tears Dr. Robert smiled back at her. "So now you can let go, my darling." He stroked her gray hair. "Now you can let go. Let go," he insisted. "Let go of this poor old body. You don't need it any more. Let it fall away from you. Leave it lying here like a pile of worn-out clothes."

In the fleshless face the mouth had fallen cavernously open, and suddenly the breathing became stertorous.

"My love, my little love . . ." Dr. Robert held her more closely. "Let go now, let go. Leave it here, your old worn-out body, and go on. Go on, my darling, go on into the Light, into the peace, into the living peace of the Clear Light . . ."

Susila picked up one of the limp hands and kissed it, then turned. . . .

"Time to go," she whispered. . . .



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE



A public discussion of alternative lifestyles amongst Alan Watts, Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder and Leary was sponsored by the *San Francisco Oracle* (1967).

AVE MARIA

NATIONAL
CATHOLIC
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DECEMBER 17, 1966
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Exclusive:

God and Timothy Leary



"God and Timothy Leary" Cover of *Ave Maria*
featuring Leary interview (1966).

The Mad Virgin of Psychedelia

The psychedelic revolution has (with miraculous swiftness) won the hearts and copped the minds of the American people because (like any religious up-heave-all) it uses the ultimate weep-on, humor.

Psychedelic guerrillas, disorganized bands of wise goof-offs, creative fuck-ups, and comedian chaplains have in 6 quip years effortlessly taken over the most powerful empire in world history.

With music, clowning, laughter, the psychedelic revolution has passed through the classic sociopolitical stages of every great human renaissance:

1. The philosophic preparation (Alan Watts writes the Zen introduction)
2. The underground swell of the masses hungry for freedom (Allen Ginsberg howls)
3. Accidental flareups of trigger incidents (Laredo, Texas: by this rude bridge that arched the flood, their flag to custom's seize unfurled, here the embattled . . .)
4. Widespread guerrilla tactics (Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters)
5. The turning-point victory (the publishers of *Time-Life* get turned on)
6. The mopping-up operations (in charge of Sergeant Pepper)
7. The writing of war memoirs, prayer books, manuals, cate-

chisms, new testaments, grandiose biblical versions in which the accidental-inevitable is made to seem planned blueprint

The evangelists and social historians of the psychedelic revolution have a delightful roster of hero-comedian-clowns available for legendary canonization.

Alan Watts is the smiling scholar of the acid age. For 30 years he has been converting the most complex theories of oriental philosophies into jewellike up-levels, wry epigrams. Cool, gracious, never ruffled, chuckling to share with us his amused wonder at God's plans for the planet and, with quizzical eye, glancing to see if we will catch on.

Allen Ginsberg. The celestial clown. Giggling, posturing with complete insight, histrionic, shamelessly direct. No one, not even J. Edgar Hoover, can be with this nearsighted, rumpled, worried, hysterical, lyrical, furry bear for 10 minutes and not giggle back because he tickles and hugs you when no one else dares.

The Leary-Alpert-Metzner-Harvard-Hitchcock-Mellon-Mexico-Millbrook Circus backed and lurched into history, continuously making every mistake except taking itself too seriously for very long. (Someone was always high enough to laugh.) The name of our prisoner-rehabilitation project was "Break-Out." The Good Friday religious experiment became the Miracle of March Chapel—to the dismay of Boston University. And it worked. The initials of our research organization, the International Federation for Internal Freedom, spelled out the conditional paradox of the atomic age. Institutional titles, creeds, were invented and outgrown monthly. Conversion, excommunications, schisms, could never keep up with the changes at Millbrook. You couldn't resign from the Castalia Foundation and denounce its methods because it had already evolved into the League for Social Disorder, which in turn couldn't be sued for its theatrical proceeds because the money and the slide projectors had been given away and everyone was dropped out, camping in the woods, and how could the police get a search warrant to raid a sacred pine grove or a promontory known as Lunacy Hill?

The psychedelic yoga is the longest and toughest yoga of all, and the only way to keep it going is with a sense of humor. This has been known to seers and visionaries for thousands of years.

For me, the model of the turned-on, tuned-in, dropped-out man is James Joyce, the great psychedelic writer of this century. Pouring out a river-run of pun, jest, put-on, up-level, comic word acrobatics. The impact of Joyce via McLuhan on the psychedelic age cannot be overestimated.

Bill Burroughs is the Buster Keaton of the movement. He was Mr. Acid before LSD was invented. The soft-bodied answer to IBM. Unsmiling comedian genius.

Twenty years ago today Sergeant Pepper taught the band to play. The classic ontological vaudeville routine.

The Buddha smile.

The laughing fat Chinese sage.

The flute of Krishna tickling the cowgirls.

The dance of Shiva.

Om, the cosmic chuckle.

The sweaty belly guffaw of a Hasidic Jew.

Where are the laughing Christians? Something twisted grabbed the Christian mind around the third century. Is there any tender mirth left in the cult of the cross?

Mystics, prophets, holy men, are all laughers because the religious revelation is a rib-tickling amazement-insight that all human purposes, including your own, are solemn self-deceptions. You see through the game and laugh with God at the cosmic joke.

The holy man is the one who can pass on a part of the secret, express the joke, act out a fragment of the riddle.

To be a holy man, you have to be a funny man.

Take for example Lisa Lieberman, founder and chief boo-hoo of the Neo-Marxian Church. Authentic American anarchist, nonconformist, itinerant preacher. A pure-essence eccentric paranoid in the grand tradition of bullheaded, nutty women who stubbornly insist on being themselves and who are ready to fight at the drop of a cliché for the right of others to be themselves.

For five years this Lisa Lieberman has been a wandering guerrilla nun in the psychedelic underground.

When she first showed up at Millbrook in 1963, Lisa was a school psychologist, a big, blond, loud-voiced barroom intellectual. She roved around Castalia one weekend, grandiose, blustering, reverent, intelligent and too drunk to take LSD.

Then this oldest daughter of a Lutheran minister wrote a 1,000-page pilgrim's progress epic about her 3-day nontrip to Millbrook, running off 15 typed pages a day and coming back to Castalia weekends as Christian H. Christian, crawling painfully up the kitchen floor, splashing in the toilet bowls filled with whiskey, throwing out an endless monologue of corny psychological-psychedelic paranoia, and making feeble but mesmeric passes at Castalia's soft-eyed marijuana goddesses whom she hallucinated to be thirteen-year-old virgins. Like Dylan Thomas, so high, so juiced on her own cerebrospinal fluid, she accused us of slipping LSD into her food.

Then she got fired by her school board for some series of honest, rebellious, adolescent antics and, naturally, started her own religion.

WE MAINTAIN THE PSYCHEDELIC SUBSTANCES ARE COMMUNIST, THAT IS, DIVINE SUBSTANCES, NO MATTER WHO USES THEM, IN WHATEVER SPIRIT, WITH WHATEVER INTENTIONS. . . . WE DO NOT EMPLOY SET RITUALS, MAKE CONDITIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP OTHER THAN AGREEMENT WITH OUR PRINCIPLES, OR REGULATE THE FREQUENCY OR INTENSITY OF THE SACRAMENTAL EXPERIENCE. MANY OF OUR MEMBERS ARE DAMNED FOOLS AND MISERABLE SINNERS. MEMBERSHIP IN THE CHURCH IS NO GUARANTEE OF INTELLECTUALITY OR OF SPIRITUAL WISDOM; IT MAY EVEN BE POSSIBLE THAT ONE OR TWO OF OUR BOO-HOOS ARE OPPORTUNISTIC CHARLATANS, BUT WE ARE NOT DISMAYED BY THESE CONDITIONS; IT HAS NEVER BEEN OUR OBJECTIVE TO ADD ONE MORE SWOLLEN INSTITUTIONAL SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIVIDUAL VIRTUE TO THE ALREADY CROWDED LISTS.

Lisa Lieberman, the Martin Luther of the psychedelic movement, even when drunk, spraying blindly from her inkpot, the most courageous theologian of our time.

While the academics play word games about God's medical condition, Lisa, staggering insane in her study at three in the morning, tackles the real gut issues like: are marijuana and LSD really God's sacraments? Then, if yes they are, and Lisa says they are, then anyone who uses them, gives them, is involved in a divine transaction no matter how gamey, how nutty, how sordid his motives, so it doesn't matter who or when or how or why you turn on, it's still a holy cosmic process whether you are a silly thirteen-year-old popping a sugar cube on your boyfriend's motorcycle, or a theatrical agent giving pot to a girl to get her horny, or an alcoholic Catholic priest carrying the viaticum to a hypocritical sinner or even a psychiatrist giving LSD to an unsuspecting patient to do a scientific study. "It's all God's flesh," shouted Lisa, "no matter what your motives may be."

Oh, yes, let Lisa be given the credit. While the rest of us were still involved in research foundations and poetry conferences and trying to demonstrate that LSD was a nice, healthy, productive medicine for virtuous, docile Americans, Lisa was roaring around in a turquoise convertible with a suspended driver's license, drinking bad wine from a bottle and shouting DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO CURRY FAVOR WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT—IT'S A LOSING GAME. WE AREN'T AMERICAN INDIANS WHO CAN BE PATRONIZED AND ISOLATED. CONGRATULATED ON OUR SOBRIETY, AND ALL THAT. WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO PRACTICE OUR RELIGION, EVEN IF WE ARE A BUNCH OF FILTHY, DRUNKEN BUMS. TRY NOT TO DEGRADE RIGHTS INTO MERE CLAIMS BASED ON EVIDENCE OF VIRTUE AND LACK OF VICE. WE DO NOT STAND BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT AS CHILDREN BEFORE A PARENT. THE GOVERNMENT STANDS BEFORE US AS THE CORRUPTOR OF OUR GOD-GIVEN HUMAN RIGHTS, AND UNTIL THE GOVERNMENT GETS ITS BLOODY, REEKING PAWS OFF OUR SACRED PSYCHEDELICS AND CEASES TO HARASS AND PERSECUTE OUR MEMBERS, UNTIL, INDEED, EVERY POOR WRETCH NOW SUFFERING IN PRISON BECAUSE HE PREFERRED THE MYSTICAL UPLIFT OF POT TO THE SLOBBERING ALCOHOLISM OF THE POLITICIANS IS SET FREE, OUR ATTITUDE MUST BE ONE OF UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY.

Pageant magazine reporter: You call your local ministers boo-hoos. Why do you use such a ridiculous title?

Mona Lisa: We realize this title does have its absurd connotations, but we have intentionally chosen something with absurd qualities to remind ourselves not to take ourselves too seriously.

Pageant: You claim to be a church, but you don't take your own religion seriously. What do you take seriously?

Lisa: A lot of things. But one of the things we take least seriously is institutional life, the thing most people take more seriously than anything else. We think this is one of the faults of modern man: elevating institutional forms and structures to the level of eternal verities.

The wit and wisdom of this great psychedelic bovine is collected in a softcover book, *The Neo-Marxian Church Catechism and Handbook*. The Table of Contents reflects the flavor of this mad, disorganized masterpiece:

Pronouncements of the chief boo-hoo on:

LSD

MARIJUANA

SEX

REVOLUTIONARY POLITICS

Articles:

SYNCHRONICITY AND THE PLOT/PLOT

WITH LSD I SAW GOD

THE BOMBARDMENT AND ANNIHILATION OF THE PLANET SATURN

DIVINE TOAD SWEAT

THE REFORMATION OF THE NEW JERUSALEM

MORNING GLORY LODGE AND MILLBROOK

NEO-AMERICAN CHURCH GIVES 'EM HELL

THE 95 ITEM TEST OF NEO-PSYCHOPATHIC CHARACTER

FREE ADVERTISING AT GOVERNMENT EXPENSE

UP-TO-DATE LIST OF BOO-HOOS

CATALOG CARTOONS

Readers of *The Neo-Marxian Church Catechism and Handbook* will learn that the seal of the church portrays a three-eyed, turned-on toad rampant over the motto "Victory Over Sexuality."

Tim Leary: "Lisa, I don't like your motto. It's a whiskey trip. It's not a psychedelic love message. Victory? Over? Sexuality?"

Lisa: "It's my trip. Take it or leave it."

You ask Lisa Lieberman what her goals are, and she tells you, "Money and power." To that silly end the last 20 pages of the catechism are designed as a Monkey Ward catalogue of items available from the Neo-Marxian Church, cash in advance, including for \$30, a destruct box ("if opened improperly, contents go up in flames") and, for \$100, a certificate stating that "the Chief Boo-Hoo never even heard of you and regards you with indifference."

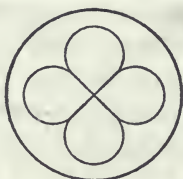
Lisa's *Catechism and Handbook* is that rare commodity, an original, personal, unashamed, naked unveiling of a woman's mind, the Lisa Lieberman head trip. At times padded, at times so involutedly paranoid that you lose the thread, at times sloppily falling down, but always feminine, coarse, shouting, praying, and in touch with Central Broadcasting, the original, 2-billion-year-old Sunday night comedy show.

Lisa Lieberman came on the scene before the cool, gentle loveheads. She can't stand flowers. She hates rock 'n' roll. She has absolutely no sense of beauty. She is a clumsy manipulator, a blatant flatterer, a bully to the willingly weak, the world's most incompetent conman. She is, in short, a sodden disgrace to the movement.

Oh, pilgrim, if you come to visit the chief boo-hoo, you will see a sign on her door, "Parsonage, Neo-Marxian Church, Lisa Lieberman, Chief Boo-Hoo. Art for Art's Sake."

You ring the bell and await your spiritual teacher. The cover of the book flies open and there, reeking the fumes of a smoky, sweaty twenty-first-century Martian waterfront saloon, is the chief boo-hoo herself: glaring, wrinkled shirt, sloppy pants. Reading this book is a revelatory laugh-cry trip for those who are ready for it.

Last night Rosemary was lying by the campfire on a bed of pine needles, reading the *Catechism*. When she finished she looked up, her face beautiful in the red shadows, and said, "Lisa Lieberman is a funny woman." Rosemary is right. Lisa is a not-wholly holy, funny man.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

*Homage to the Awe-full See-er**

At each beat
 in the earth's rotating dance
 there is born . . . " " "
 a momentary cluster of molecules
 possessing the transient ability to know-see-experience
 its own place in the evolutionary spiral.

Such an organism, such an event,
 senses exactly where he is
 in the billion-year-old ballet.

He is able to trace back
 the history of the deoxyribonucleic wire
 (of which he is both conductive element and current).
 He can experience the next moment in all its meaning.
 Million to the millionth meaning.
 Exactly that.

Some divine see-ers are recognized for this unique capacity.
 Those that are recognized
 are called and killed by various names.
 Most of them are not recognized;
 they float through life
 like a snowflake retina

* Reprinted from *Psychedellic Review*, No. 9, 1966.

kissing the earth
 where they land in soft explosion.
 No one ever hears them murmur
 "Ah, there,"
 at the moment of impact.
 These men,
 these " 's"
 are aware of each other's existence
 the way each particle in the hurtling nuclear trapeze
 is aware of other particles.

They move too fast to give names to themselves
 or each other.

Such men can be described in no more precise and less
 foolish terms than the descriptive equations
 of nuclear physics.

They have no more or less meaning in the cultural games
 of life than electrons have in the game of
 chess.

They are present but cannot be perceived nor categorized.
 They exist at a level
 beyond that of the black and white squares
 of the game board.

The " "
 process has no function, but can serve a function in our
 learning games.

It can be used to teach.

Like this.

Take an apple and slice it down the middle.
 A thin red circle surrounds gleaming white meat
 and there, toward the center, is a dark seed.
 Look at the seed.

Its function is beyond any of your games, but you can use
 its properties.

You can use the seed.

The seed can teach you.
 If you knew how to listen
 the seed would hum you a seed song.
 The divine incarnates, " ," teach this way.
 They teach like a snowflake caught in the hand teaches.
 Once you speak the message, you have lost it.
 Once you know the message, you no longer know it.
 The seed becomes a dried pit.
 The snowflake a film of water on your hand.

Wise incarnates are continually exploding in beautiful
 dance form.
 Like the eye of a speckle fish looks at you unblinking,
 dying in your hand.
 Like cancer virus softly fragmenting
 divine beauty in the grasp of your tissue.

Now and then " " flower bursts in song,
 in words,
 "xywprhd,"
 "P-8g @ cap,"
 "evol."

The message is always the same
 though the noise,
 the scratched rhumba of inkmarks is always different.

The message is like Einstein's equation felt as orgasm.
 The serpent unwinds up the spine and mushrooms
 lotus sunflare in the skull.
 If I tell you that the apple seed message hums the
 drone of a Hindu flute, will I stop the drone?
 The secret of " " is that it must always be secret.
 Divine sage recognize,
 message is lost.
 Snowflake caught, pattern changed.
 The trick of the divine incarnate can now be dimly
 understood.

He dances out the pattern without ever being recognized.
As soon as he is caught in the act, he melts in your hand.

(The message is then contained in the drop of water,
but this involves another chase for the infinite.)

The sign of " " is change and anonymity.

As soon as you try to glorify,

sanctify,

worship,

admire,

deify,

an incarnate,

you have killed him.

Thus the Pharisees

were performing a merry-holy ballet.

All praise to them!

It is the Christians who kill Christ.

As soon as you invent a symbol,

give " " a name,

you assassinate the process

to serve your own ends.

To speak the name of Buddha,

Christ,

Lao-tse,

(except, maybe as an ejaculation,

a sudden ecstatic breath like,

"Ooh!"

"Wow!"

"Whew!"

"Ha, ha, ha")

is to speak a dirty word,

to murder the living God,

fix him with your preservative,

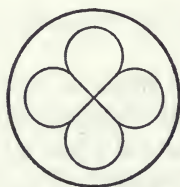
razor him into microscope slides,

Sell him for profit in your biological supply house.

The incarnate has no function.

But his effect is to produce the ecstatic gasp.

Wow!
Whew!
God!
Jesus!
The uncontrollable visionary laugh.
Too much!
So what!
The stark stare of wonder.
Awful!
Awe-full!



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

*The Molecular Revolution**

Happy Thoughts

I am happy to be here tonight in what I feel to be a historic meeting of thoughtful and visionary people.

I am happy tonight because I just got word that my eighteen-year-old daughter Susan, who is in Laredo, Texas, today to be sentenced on a marijuana charge, received a suspended sentence and will not have to go to jail for 15 years. [*Applause*]

Salute to Allen Ginsberg

I have more reasons to be a happy man. It is good that Allen Ginsberg is here. Allen Ginsberg joined us at Harvard during the first two or three months of our research back in 1960 and along with Aldous Huxley can be considered as an early guru and architect of our work. He spent many hours sitting with us, telling us about what he had learned in Peru about how

* Transcript of a lecture delivered at an LSD conference sponsored by the University of California, June 1966. Because of hand-wringing on the part of university officials, the conference was moved from the Berkeley campus to an uncomfortable building in San Francisco operated by the University Extension. The small size of the hall limited attendance to 500 persons, about a third of whom were scholars, a third psychedelicists and a third police officers. Allen Ginsberg, who had accepted an invitation to the conference, was unceremoniously disinvented about a week before the opening on the grounds that "poets" have nothing to say about psychedelic drugs! Allen attended the conference, and almost every speaker opened his remarks with a tribute to the disinvented guest.

Curanderos ran yajé sessions. He told us about the drug scene in New York and in Berkeley and in Morocco. Allen is a walking encyclopedia of psychedelic lore. Above all, Allen taught us courage—taught us not to be afraid in facing those unknown realms of consciousness which are opened up by psychedelic drugs.

Beloved guru, I salute you. [*Applause*]

I am also happy that this conference was moved from the Berkeley campus to University Extension here in San Francisco. This is where it is, and this seems to be where it belongs.

University Extension and University Contraction

I would like to make a comment on the move, a piece of wisdom which comes from my cells. My cells tell me that at every level of energy there is a dialogue between structure and process, between free energy and the organization that contracts or controls the free flow of energy. It is necessary with every form of life and every level of energy to have to have this incessant dialogue of the surging outward, the extension, if you will, and the contraction, the control. Apparently this dialogue even exists at the level of the University of California, where we are led to believe that the opposite of University Extension is University Contraction.

The Department of Internal Chemistry

However, I respect both sides of this dialogue. Both contraction and expansion, both control and freedom are necessary. Without control we have chaos, void. Without expansion we have robot structure and death. If history teaches us anything, it teaches us that in every generation the surging energy of the new development, the thrust of the young idea, batters against the aging structure and then inevitably, within one or two generations, becomes part of the old static structure. Therefore, I predict that within one generation we will have across the bay in Berkeley a department of psychedelic studies. There will

probably be a dean of LSD. When students come home for their vacation, Mother and Father will ask not, "What book are you reading?" but "Which molecules are you using to open up which Library of Congress inside your nervous system?" And the bureaucratic requirements will still be with us. You will have to pass Marijuana IA and IB to qualify for an introduction to LSD 101. Meanwhile, down on Telegraph Avenue, or over on North Beach, there will be the growing black market in RNA, and voices of alarm will be raised at the new chemical instruments for accelerating consciousness, enhancing memory, speeding up learning.

The same cycles repeat. Structure versus process. Young versus old. We are participating this week in a very ancient ritual.

The Old Movie—the Same Old Hopes, the Same Old Fears

For thousands of years, men and women have been meeting to do exactly what we are doing here in this room—to study consciousness. It's the oldest subject matter of all. How many levels of reality are there? How can we reach them? How can we go beyond symbols? In every tribe in human history there have been men who have specialized in these questions, and the entire tribe awaits their answers. There has always been this tension between the shaman and the war chief. I am sure that secret service agents of the Roman legions sneaked into the catacombs, waiting for the psychedelic services to start. The turn-on instruments, the cross and the chalice, were quite illegal in those days, you know. And later, Turkish Janissaries nervously watched the Sufi dervish dancers working out their elaborate and precise methods for getting high, for whirling beyond the mind through music and dance. And papal commissioners squirmed in Rome while Galileo turned them on in Florence with his telescope. It's one of the oldest games in history and sometimes I feel as though I am taking part in one of those old, old, late-night rerun movies. The same cast of characters, the same debate, the same fears, the same hopes.

But here we play out the drama in an awkward stage setting—

large hall made of metal. Spotlights and microphones. It would be easier and more orthodox if we were meeting in small groups on a hillside, or in a sacred grove someplace, because of the subject matter. It's a complicated procedure, this talking about the psychedelic experience to a psychedelic audience. There are many levels of consciousness, and actually, right at this moment, different members of this audience are vibrating at several of these levels.

Lecturing to a Straight Audience Is Simple

Now the typical, nonpsychedelic lecturer has to worry about only two levels of consciousness. His job is to hold the attention of the audience to the level of symbolic logic. He spins out one symbol after another. His main task is to stimulate. To keep the audience from falling into the two lowest levels of consciousness—stupor or sleep. The psychedelic lecturer faces a more awesome task. As I look around this lecture hall, I suspect that some of you are mildly stupefied by alcohol. If you have had two or three drinks before dinner, at some moment during my lecture, as I push symbols at you, one after another, your attention may start to waver and your eyelids flicker a little.

Many of you are stimulated by caffeine and ready to follow the sequence of symbols.

But I suspect that some of you here tonight are at a more expanded level of consciousness.

Compared to Lecturing to a Turned-on Audience

If any of you have smoked marijuana in the last 2 hours, you are listening not just to my symbols. Your sense organs have been intensified and enhanced, and you are also aware of the play of light, the tone of voice. You are aware of many sensory cues beyond the tidy sequence of subjects and predicates which I am laying out in the air. And there may even be some of you in the audience who decided that you'd put over your eyes that more powerful microscope and find out, "Well, where is this fellow

at, anyway?" Perhaps you have taken LSD tonight, in which case my task is not to wake you up but rather *not to pull you down*. I have often had the experience in lecturing to psychedelic audiences of having my eyes wander around the room and suddenly be fixed by two orbs, two deep, dark pools, and realize that I am looking into someone's genetic code, that I have to make sense not to a symbolic human mind, nor to a complicated series of sense organs, but I have to make sense to many evolutionary forms of life—an amoeba, a madman, a medieval saint.

Now another problem of communication tonight is that there are many professional and age groups present. We have just had a list of the many disciplines attending this conference, including the young and the nonprofessional. I would like to be able to speak directly and to make contact with every person representing every social and professional group that is here tonight. That is my goal. But the problem is that you speak so many dialects.

I often feel in this situation like a United Nations interpreter trying to translate at many different levels the message I am trying to get across. You see, if I were to talk just to the young LSD users in the room, almost anything I chanted would probably get the message across. I could read the San Francisco telephone book and be greeted with enthusiastic applause.

Now, that's really not such a far-out idea. You see, the white section of the telephone book has a labeling and a space-time location of every ego game in San Francisco, and the yellow section has a listing, from Abbey Rents to Xerox, of every social game in San Francisco, and the turned-on person who listens to a simple recital of that gamut of game labels would get the entire evolutionary message.

So I'm not worried about the young and the turned-on. I am more concerned about the law-enforcement agents in this room, those whose job it is to turn us off. It is probable that there has never been a scientific, scholarly meeting in the history of our country which has had the benefit of so many law-enforcement officers present. Why are there so many secret police agents at these meetings? There is certainly no threat posed to property

or person by the gentle people who comprise this audience. What is the threat that attracts the police? Perhaps it is the danger of new ideas. History teaches us that at other times and in other countries, police agents swarmed to meetings where ideas were discussed which challenged the power of the rulers. How does a discussion about the psychedelic experience threaten the power holders of this country? Is it because LSD and marijuana and the other psychedelic drugs may enhance individual freedom? Is our government afraid of internal freedom? I ask the police agents in this hall to listen to these lectures with an open mind. You may be learning about the future. You may even decide to join us.*

I Want to Talk About Two Things

First of all, I want to talk about the anatomy and pharmacology of consciousness. There are many levels of consciousness, and if we are going to make any sense of the LSD crisis or the drug controversy which is sweeping America today, we have to understand there are many levels of consciousness, many drugs which trigger off these levels and different social solutions for legalizing and controlling each of these chemicals. Second, I want to talk about the politics of ecstasy and to suggest a course of social action for these controversial times.

The Eerie Power of the Word "Drug"

We live, of course, in a drug-happy culture. There are very few Americans over the age of sixteen who don't use some dope to alter consciousness. Apparently we all agree that chemicals can change consciousness, but each of us tends to have his drug of choice to move to his favorite levels of consciousness. A tremendous breakdown in communication exists as soon as we use this

* At this point the lecturer waved merrily to two federal agents sitting in the third row, who smiled and waved back. Thus was affectionately celebrated the reunion with the two cops who busted the lecturer, his wife and his two children at Laredo, Texas, less than 30 months before.

word "drug." Drug! Drug! Now what is drug? It is a little four-letter phonetic burst—DRUG! Spelled backward, it is "gurd." It is one of the most powerful syllables in America today. For many people, for most people over the age of forty, the word "drug" means one of two things: doctor-disease. Drug-prescription-doctor-disease-medical control-doctor-disease. Or drug means dope-crime-dope fiend-drug-orgy-drug-crime. These are symbols, but they are powerful symbols, and I don't know how to change them.

Confident Youth and Fearful Age

Bernie Ganser, a reporter for Associated Press, told me a story today which depressed me. He said that on the plane coming out here, he decided to do a little consumer research survey. He asked the stewardess to ask the pilots and the other stewardesses and some of the passengers on the airplane what they thought of LSD and what questions they would like to be raised at a LSD conference of this sort. The pilot sent back the message, "How do you kick it?" The main concern of these middle-aged persons was how punitive should the laws be to control it. But to young people the word "drug" means something quite different. If you say "drug" to a young person, he says, "What kind? You mean alcohol that my parents lush up on every weekend? Do you mean heroin, that hang-up? Do you mean pep pills that I use before exams? Do you mean pot to make love?" The word "drug," of course, refers to an enormous range of human experience, from the Buddhist despair of the drug addict, from the hopelessness of the alcoholic, through a wide variety of positive terms—energy, fun, religious revelation, sexual enhancement, aesthetic kick, ecstasy, accelerated learning, and so forth. There is one factor in the formula to predict a person's reaction to LSD and marijuana. There is one variable which, if known, will predict better than anything else a person's reaction. It is age.

About 6 weeks ago I was on a Boston radio program. I talked for a while, and then people phoned in questions. The station

censored the calls to a certain extent. They wanted to keep a balance of positive and negative questions. The first 10 callers were all positive. They were all young people, and they were asking serious, jolly questions about dosage, about oriental philosophy and psychology, about pharmacology, about scientific aspects of treatment and so on, except for one of these 10, who was an Indian philosopher from Boston University who said, "What the hell is going on in this country?" I couldn't answer that question.

But then, after a short break, the unfriendly and critical calls came. It was very obvious, the difference in ages. Tremendously concerned and deeply sincere quavering voices of the middle-aged and the elderly accused me of being a devil. A father of teen-age children said (in a heavy whiskey voice) that the station's license should be taken away. It was a rather eerie moment, and for the first time in the 6 years that I had been working with psychedelic drugs, I felt an animal sensation of fear running along my back at the anguish and the panic and the anger that was aroused in these aging minds.

The Eerie Power of Drugs

Now, why is there this fear, concern and hope centered on the word "drug"? I want to suggest some answers.

Consciousness is a biochemical process. The language of our nervous systems, the language of our sense organs, the language of our cells, the language of the genetic code, the language of memory, is chemical. We all instinctively know this. Somewhere deep in our DNA memory banks there is this intuitive knowledge that chemicals are powerful, that chemicals can change, that chemicals are the key. I think it's no accident that in so many myths passed down from generation to generation there is this theme of the magic potion. The myth is, of course, cellular wisdom. Symbols change, cultures rise and fall, but as long as human beings have had these kinds of bodies, living on a planet of this sort, certain myths keep appearing and reappearing. And many of them refer to the magic and wonder of the sacred drug.

At some point in the historic quest there comes the old crone with the potion. The old wizard with the elixir of life. Or it may be a frog or an animal or a witch with a cauldron or maybe a fruit or vegetable or a root or vine.

Corollary to this is the fact that control of chemicals which change the mind has always been a source of social tension. He who controls the mind-changing chemicals controls consciousness. He who controls the chemical can twist your mind, can alter your personality, can change you and your concept of the world. That's why there has always been this tension throughout history. The alchemist in his laboratory was a source of both wonder and fear. The man who can turn you on always stands there in the background of history. The aged kings of Europe sent their vessels out looking for that chemical. Ponce de León in Florida, seeking the elixir of life.

Everyone Wants to Control LSD

In our time the straight fact of the matter is that everyone wants to control LSD for his own purpose. The researchers will tell you, "Yes, LSD is a promising drug but clearly should be the property of investigators only." The physician will say, "Well, as a physician I will say that only the medical profession has the experience and responsibility to prescribe these chemicals for other people."

Then the religious people (and there are thousands of them who are involved in psychedelic drug research) tell you, "Well, there's no question that the psychedelic experience is basically a religious experience, but I'm concerned about all these youngsters taking it, because it's got to be given only by people with the most serious and religious motives in a place which is designed for the sacred experience."

Or the hippy looks at the scientists with amazement and says, "What are you trying to map and study and predict all this stuff for? Just turn on, man! Enjoy it!"

Of course, even the people who do not want to use LSD want to control it and want no one else to use it.

About two months ago I was in Washington testifying before a Senate committee. I was preceded on the stand by one Captain Trembly, who is head of the narcotics bureau of the Los Angeles Police Force. Captain Trembly is a good man and a sincere man, but he doesn't know what he is talking about. He is a classic example of the communication barrier between the generations. Let me give you three examples of the breakdown in communication.

Did You Say, Give LSD to Her Mother?

I came to Washington on this occasion with my two teen-age children. Captain Trembly told a story of a bizarre and dangerous LSD experience that went something like this. "On February 18, our agents arrested seven teen-agers taking LSD. We took them to the station. One fifteen-year-old girl wished to go home in order to give LSD to her mother in her coffee cup so that they could reach a higher level of communication." MOTHER! DRUG! Senator Dodd looked agape at Senator Kennedy. "Did you say, 'Give a drug to her mother?'" "Drug. Dope. Drug. Doctor. Disease. Drug. I looked over at my son and daughter, and we nodded. The person who has had a positive LSD experience naturally wants to share it with his loved ones. Of course this daughter wants to turn on her mother.

In Defense of Eating Bark off a Tree

Captain Trembly told a second story. He said his agents arrested two men on a lawn in Hollywood. They were eating grass and bark off a tree. Senator Dodd said, "Eating grass! Bark off a tree!" Captain Trembly said, "Yes, and one of them was a Princeton man." Well, I know that to any of you who have not taken LSD this sounds pretty bizarre. You think of these two men with a knife and fork and a plate dining on grass and bark. Actually, anyone who has been in communication with his cells realizes that from the standpoint of your DNA code this business of eating meat is really a fad that has just developed in the

last few hundred generations, and that actually the DNA code in every cell in your body has been designing grass and bark eaters for about a million generations, that plastic steaks from Safeway still don't make sense to my cells. Very often during an LSD session a person does take a flower, take grass, take bark and reflectively chew it and relive the past. It looks bizarre, but it makes a lot of sense to your cells.

The Fuzz Holds the Drug

Captain Trembly then did a third thing which was extremely interesting. At one point he reached in his bag and he held out a bottle and he said, "This is LSD." Perhaps some of you saw the UPI wirephoto picture. As he did that, I was led to speculate. The facts of the matter are that Captain Trembly was the only man in the room who was legally allowed to do that. There were no doctors in the room with that special public health permit to give LSD in a mental hospital with a government grant. There was no one in the room with a legal right to stand there and hold that bottle. Senator Dodd could not do it. Even Senator Kennedy! Police power!

Anything which changes consciousness is a threat to the established order. This is one issue on which the entire spectrum of political opinions agrees. There's one place where you can get a John Bircher to vote side by side with a Communist. There's one place where right and left agree. Anything which expands consciousness is out! You have the strange phenomenon in California of both Governor Brown and Ronald Reagan rushing over each other to be the first to denounce our current key to the spiritual experience.

Chemicals Are the Keys to Changing Consciousness

Before you can understand or discuss the politics of ecstasy, you have to understand the anatomy and pharmacology of the different levels of consciousness. Consciousness is energy received and decoded by a structure. There are as many levels of

consciousness in the human body as there are anatomical structures to receive and decode energy. Since consciousness is a biochemical process, chemicals are the keys to the different levels of consciousness.

This is the dizzying discovery of the psychedelic age. There are as many distinct levels of consciousness as there are neural, anatomical, cellular, subcellular structures within the human body. And chemicals to turn them on.

The mystical visionary experience no longer need be ineffable, undescribable. Consciousness (energy) is based on physical and physiological structure.*

The explosion of the psychedelic age is directly symmetrical with the multidimensional expansion of external science. Five hundred years ago man's perspective of the outside world was unidimensional—the macroscopic world of the naked eye, clearly visible or dimmed by fog or smoke. Then the invention of magnifying lenses brought into focus new levels of reality. Each new magnification structure required a new science, a new language to deal with the new level of reality (formerly invisible to the naked eye). Microscope, telescope, electron microscope, radio telescope.

Psychedelic chemicals perform exactly the same function for inner vision. Each class of drug focuses consciousness on a new level of energy. Each level of drug defines a new science and requires a new language.**

I have suggested in an earlier chapter that there are 7 broad levels of consciousness, each brought into focus by specific chemicals and each centered on structures within the body.

1. *Solar (soul)*: Awareness of energy transactions among

* My equating consciousness with energy is based on my own psychedelic laboratory observations. I have been interested to note that in Tantric Buddhism and Tantric Hinduism the key term *vnām par ses pa* (or *vijnana*) can be translated "consciousness," "energy," "discrimination." Cf. Agehananda Bharati's profound text, *The Tantric Tradition*, pp. 84–85.

** It will be obvious to the alert reader that this is a restatement of the ancient Hermetic-alchemical formula—"What is without is within." Each level of energy which man has discovered outside exists within his body and is available to conscious discrimination.

molecular structures inside the cell—triggered off by large doses (300 gammas) of LSD.

2. *Cellular*: Awareness of energy transactions within the cell—triggered off by moderate doses of LSD, large doses of mescaline, peyote, psilocybin.

3. *Somatic*: Awareness of energy transactions within the neural plexes mediating organ systems—triggered off by moderate doses of mescaline, psilocybin, MOA, small doses of LSD, large doses of hashish.

4. *Sensory*: Awareness of energy transactions within endocrine systems and neural networks concerned with sense organs—triggered off by marijuana.

5. *Symbolic*: Awareness of energy transactions within the endocrine systems and cortical areas mediating conditioned learning—triggered off by serotonin, coffee, tea, nicotine, methamphetamines.

6. *Stupor*: Awareness of energy transactions within the endocrine systems and precortical CNS areas mediating affect and emotion—triggered off by alcohol.

7. *Silence-sleep*: Unconsciousness triggered off by chemicals (narcotics) which affect endocrine systems and precortical CNS areas mediating sleep and coma.

Seven new sciences of psychedelic psychology are thus defined:

1. Molecular psychology (psychophysics)
2. Cellular psychology (psychobiology)
3. Somatic psychology (psychophysiology)
4. Sensory psychology (sensory physiology)
5. Learning psychology (psychoengineering)
6. Emotional psychology (psychopolitics)
7. Psychology of the unconsciousness (psychoanesthesiology, psychoeschatology)

These levels of consciousness and the relationships between certain drugs and each level of consciousness are, of course, hypothetical. Psychedelic pharmacology and psychedelic neurology will refine and revise these speculations. The value of these hypotheses is that they are cast in operational, concrete,

objective language. Take, for example, the statement: "Marijuana alters the biochemistry of the neural plexes mediating sense organs." This is a heuristic statement, i.e., it suggests a specific set of experiments. My language and my hypotheses are superior to the current language of psychopharmacology, which is bogged down in vague prescientific abstractions such as "Marijuana is an intoxicant" or "Cannabis is a euphoriant."

I don't care if my hypotheses are confirmed. I do care that pharmacologists and neurologists abandon their superstitions, moralistic language, and start studying the specific relationships between neural centers and different psychedelic drugs.

My task is not to be found "right" but to found the right sciences with appropriate linguistic sophistication to relate external events to systematically defined inner observations.

In the near future, each of these psychedelic sciences will be as complex and will involve as many scholars, technicians, educators as biology, physics, engineering.

Molecular psychology, studying the interactions between the nervous system and molecular events inside the body, will be as important as physics.

Each of these seven broad classes of inquiry will be divided into the obvious subclasses. Sensory psychology, for example, will include the following divisions:

psychedelic—optics

psychedelic—acoustics

psychedelic—tactics

psychedelic—olfaction

psychedelic—gustation

psychedelic—kinesthetics

Students will specialize in these fields. Enormous industries will be devoted to the production of the precisely formulated external energies which are required by the tutored sense organs of a turned-on populace.

In our present primitive state we have industries devoted to the production of the state of consciousness which I call level 6: emotional stupor. The liquor industry manufactures the chemicals and then sponsors the appropriate art form—TV shows

which are perfectly tuned to emotional stupor. Aggressive, competitive athletic and political spectacles comprise the art form for the stuporous level of consciousness. The consumer is guaranteed a show of violence—heady sadistic victory for the winners, masochism for the losers, and another beer all around.

Is it, therefore, so far out to predict that in the near future a billion-dollar marijuana industry will sponsor art spectacles which will stimulate and coordinate with level 4—sensory awareness? The sensor-consumer will light up and then be entranced by mixed-media television art shows with erotic-meditative-Zen patterning designed for level 4 reception.

The cellular level of consciousness tapping the 2-billion-year-old pool of DNA memories will involve the most complex form of intellectual challenge and artistic involvement. You pop your level 2 pill, turn on your genetic memories, and take a specified reincarnation trip guided by a carefully worked out, multi-channel, multisensory, MV (multivision) show, sponsored, of course, by the Minnesota Mescaline Company.

Each level of consciousness will require its own art form. The 7 fine arts of the future will be:

1. Soletics—atomic-nuclear dramas
2. Genetics—evolutionary dramas
3. Som-aesthetics—bodily dramas
4. Aesthetics (erotics) —sensory dramas
5. Ascetics—intellectual dramas
6. Athletics (politics) —emotional dramas
7. Anesthetics—escape dramas

Psychedelic Science

During the next few hundred years the major activity of man will be scientific exploration of and education in the many new universes of awareness which have been opened up by psychedelic drugs. Man's inner fabric, his moist cellular terrain, his 2-billion-year-old unfolding pattern, is exactly as complex as the outer world.

Just as the instruments of external discovery have revolutionized society, so will the instruments of inner discovery.

Psychedelic Work

The key concept of the psychedelic revolution is work—ecstatic work. This central point is missed by enthusiastic acidheads as well as horrified burghers, each deluding the other with the notion of escape and naughty pleasure.

The ancient paradox remains. The more freedom, the more responsibility. The more energy released, the more structure is required.

Psychedelic drugs require much more discipline and know-how than turn-off drugs.

Narcotics are escape drugs. They require no disciplined training. Anyone can shoot up and nod out. Narcotics are blindfolds.

Alcohol requires little training. Very quickly each person learns what booze can do, where it can take him. Each person develops a crude emotional repertoire tied to his drinking. In any case, drink a quart of whiskey and you'll be flat on your back. There are 7 million alcoholics in the United States and 14 million more Americans who lurch through each evening in a heavy emotional stupor. Alcohol is like dark glasses.

Coffee, tea, nicotine, methamphetamine require no training for use. These drugs do provide more physical energy to play the conditioned chess game of reward and punishment. Heavy use of stimulants produces a jagged, irritable state of mild paranoia. The coffee-drinking, chain-smoking housewife paces the floor, twisting, twisting the black threads of her mental marionettes. "Speed" guns the heavy mental truck faster, faster down crowded highways to the next empty city.

The Discipline of Marijuana

Marijuana requires extensive training. You don't get the automatic chemical hit from grass. The marijuana high involves a subtle interplay between the turned-on sense organ and the

external stimuli that bombard it. To learn how to use marijuana, you have to learn to use your sense organs. To listen to music behind grass, you have to log as much training time as would be required to understand and build a hi-fi audio system.

Few nonsmokers understand the sensory training necessary to groove with grass.

For the average adult, sense organs are game-playing cameras to pick up the cues of the game—red or black pieces on the checkerboard. The eye is clearly made to read the newspaper and the ear is clearly made to listen to the telephone. The atrophied sense of taste is connected with the fueling process of the robot. The body itself is a machine to move you through the sequence of chess game movements that make up your symbolic day.

The neurological fact of the matter is that the eye is a multi-layered swamp of millions, hundreds of millions, of rods and cones, each one of which is equipped to receive light waves and to fire off an orgiastic belt when it gets hit by a light wave. You never see any “thing” or any object. From the standpoint of your retina there is just light bouncing off my face, off the microphone, off the blackboard. Light! Light, hurtling into the retina of your eye, the soft naked swamp of rods and cones, at the speed of 186,000 miles a second! Wow!

That’s why artists enjoy using cannabis. Because they are not just seeing things. They are aware of and alert to this play of light. One of the first reactions to the psychedelic experience is, “Why, colors are so bright! The world seems alive! I’m seeing for the first time! It’s alive! It’s alive!” Well, of course it’s alive! Your eye knew that all along. It’s alive because it’s nothing but pure light energy smashing into your retina. And those of you who have seen a psychedelic light show have some idea of what the psychedelic visual experience is. It’s not just a sequence of tidy symbols one after another but an inundation, a Niagara of light energy.

There is no optical instrument that man will ever make that is so delicate and intricate as the retina of the eye. And the challenge is, can you learn how to use it? The same thing is true of the ear. The same thing is true of all the sense organs. The

human body, as a matter of fact, is a collection of billions and billions of cameras, all ready to be focused, all ready to be turned on, to be harmonized and symphonized by the skillful user of this machine. I am convinced that very few people in the United States know how to use marijuana.

The use of the senses or the enhancement of the senses comes as a shock in our puritan American culture. We are a prudish people. It may surprise many Americans to learn that sensual training has for many thousands of years been a key spiritual technique in almost every religion in the world. If it sounds strange to you that the road to God comes through the senses, think about the Gothic cathedral. Consider the sequence of behavior that the medieval person went through when he walked in a Gothic cathedral, that glorious instrument for turning on. First he centered his eye on that rose window, a mandala. Then the incense began exploding like grenades in the olfactory bulbs in his nose with that one key message—it's not food, boy, it's not business, this is incense, the smell of God. The arrangement of the posture of the body, the mudra, the genuflection, or gesture of prayer, is a kinesthetic sign that you are centering your sensual energies to look within. The Gregorian chant, like the classic religious music of India and Persia, gets that drone going to remind you that this is a nongame process. That you are going within. If it seems surprising to you that marijuana can be considered as a key to the spiritual experience, don't forget that there are 200 million people in the world today who use marijuana regularly in their spiritual life or in their pursuit of serenity.

In terms of the optical metaphor, marijuana is the corrective lens which returns vision to sharp, clear focus.

The Discipline of Somatic Ecstasy

As one moves up the psychochemical continuum away from narcosis, more training is required. Thus the drugs which turn on the somatic level of consciousness (level 3) demand more psychedelic work than marijuana (level 4).

Hashish, MDA, moderate doses of mescaline and psilocybin

open awareness to messages from the autonomic nervous system, signals from the great organs and tissue centers within the body.

The average Westerner is aware only of the grossest emergency messages from within. Hunger! Pain! Suffocation! And Western psychology is equally ignorant of the long tradition of empirical investigations of psychedelic somatics by oriental psychologists. Tantric scholars (Hindu and Buddhist) have been describing and mapping somatic sensations for thousands of years. Elaborate and highly sophisticated manuals teach the science of somatic ecstasy. Tantrics call the centers of bodily consciousness *cakras*. The student is taught methods for turning on to this level of consciousness and systematic languages of color, sound, posture and symbol to communicate his observations.

Modern neurology confirms the psychedelic scientific explorations of the Tantrics. The brain, through the mediation of the autonomic nervous system, is in constant communication with somatic events. Your brain receives second-to-second teletype messages from your respiratory and circulatory systems. It is ironic that we seem to require the external probing of physicians to guess at diagnoses which are already coded by our own brains.

It is quite possible that within a decade, turned-on doctors will be giving level 3 psychedelics (like hashish) to patients, who will then be taught how to diagnose their own somatic ailments.

The Highest Kick Requires the Most Work

The sensory level of consciousness is limited to the few sense organs by means of which man makes his fumbling contact with the external world. The somatic level of consciousness is limited to the organs and tissue centers of the body.

The cellular level of consciousness puts man in touch with the DNA chain, which goes back to the origins of life. It is possible for man to tap into the unbroken wire of evolution, to decode fragments of the coiling blueprint. Most people who

have taken large doses of mescaline or moderate amounts of LSD have clicked into the reincarnation line. The response to this experience is usually awed reverence, expressed in vague and corny religious mottoes. "We are all one!" "We are all leaves on the tree of life!"

Few hippies have understood the genetic implications of this experience and have realized that a new science of internal paleontology, ecstatic archaeology, has begun.

When I hear worried speculations about how man will use his leisure time in the automation age, I fail to alarm. The retracing of genetic memories back down through the myriad, multi-webbed fabric of RNA-DNA memories will be the major intellectual-ecstatic task of the future. The time will come within a century when an educated man will be he who knows who he is and where he comes from. Knows on the basis of direct psychedelic experience.

The level 2 psychedelic chemicals are the microscopes of internal biology.

The use of level 1 drugs—LSD and STP—involves the knowledge of the advanced nuclear physicist. While almost everyone who ingests 500 gamma of LSD gets the solar vision, there is probably only one person in a thousand with the diligence and courage to understand and control the internal nuclear fission released by this miraculous chemical. LSD is the electron microscope of psychology.

The "My God Is Better Than Your God" Game

One of the vexing social problems in the expansion and exploration of consciousness is this: everyone has his favorite level of consciousness. One naturally locates God and all virtue in one's own favorite level of consciousness. The junkie does it at the level of complete void. The symbol-addictive person locates God and the meaning of everything in the center of his mental chessboard.

Many religions have been founded on revelations from the

sensory level of consciousness. Certain forms of Zen, the Hindu and Tibetan Tantra, early Christianity, frankly and studiously used the senses to find inner meaning and divinity. And most of these God seekers criticize, condemn, and imprison those who do not follow their favored turn-on method.

The classic Buddhist, of course, says frankly and straight off that he is not interested in the senses, that he is not interested in the symbol game, that he is not interested in the cellular transformations of the DNA code and that long, repetitious spinning out of bodies. He wants to get off the wheel of life. The goal of the Buddhist is the white light of the void, level 1, the silent prelife, preorganic off.

The "White Light of the Void" Game

One time we were running a training center in Mexico. That year we were using a Buddhist text, the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, as our psychedelic map. The aim of the game was to move from stupor to symbol to sense to cell and finally to arrive at home base, the white light of the void. So we proceeded to do as human beings always do; we set up a hierarchical game. All sorts of invidious, competitive distinctions developed. "Well, I was in the white light 3 hours in my session last night." "Oh, you didn't make it at all?"

We are a species endowed and equipped with incredibly soft machinery which has taken the DNA code 2 billion years to develop, and we live on a planet with an enormous range of energies, light, sound, chemical, around us. The aim of human education, it seems to me, is to learn how to use all of these levels of consciousness, just as the person skilled in optics is able to shift focus from the dark glasses to the cellular microscope to the electron microscope, which reduces everything to a dancing mosaic of vibrations, and then slip on his corrective lenses to drive home.

Be very careful about locating good or God, right or wrong, legal or illegal, at your favorite level of consciousness.

The Politics of Ecstasy

This mention of good, right, and legal brings me to the final part of my essay, the politics of ecstasy.

To understand the current controversy over LSD and marijuana, I think you have to realize that we are right in the middle of that most amazing social phenomenon, a religious renaissance. The LSD experience is, and the marijuana experience can be, a deeply spiritual event. The LSD kick is a spiritual ecstasy. The LSD trip is a religious pilgrimage. The LSD gamble is that risk that men have faced for thousands of years if they wished to pursue what lay beyond their minds. The LSD psychosis is a religious confusion, an ontological confusion, a spiritual crisis. What is real? Who am I? Where do I belong? What's the real level of energy? Can I go back? Should I go back? Should I go on? How many of you can answer those questions?

When you hear about or read about a lurid account of an LSD psychosis, keep this hypothesis in mind. It may be pathology, but it might be divine madness.

Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out

My advice to people in America today is as follows: If you take the game of life seriously, if you take your nervous system seriously, if you take your sense organs seriously, if you take the energy process seriously, you must turn on, tune in and drop out.

Turning On

By "turn on" I mean get in touch, first of all, with your sense organs (not as instruments to be used in some secular game, but as cameras to put you in touch with the vibrant energies around you). Get in touch with your cellular wisdom. Get in touch

with the universe within. The only way out is in. And the way to find the wisdom within is to turn on.

Now turning on is not an easy thing to do. In the first place, it takes courage to go out beyond your mind. The psychedelic yoga is the toughest, most demanding yoga of all. The easy thing to do is to stay with your addiction, stay with the symbol system you have. As you expand your symbol system from year to year by building up a few conditioned reflexes, you learn a few new words, a few new techniques each year. You will say, "Well, I'm growing. I'm learning." But you are still caught in symbols. The psychedelic road to divinity is neither a royal nor an easy one. As I said earlier, to learn how to use your sense organs with the help of marijuana is a very exacting discipline. The discipline of LSD is without doubt the most complex and demanding task that man on this planet has yet confronted. I often tell college students, "If you want to get a Ph.D., count on 4 years after you graduate. If you want to get an M.D., count on 6 or 8 after your A.B. But for your LSD, count on 30 years at least."

Tuning In

By "tune in" I mean harness your internal revelations to the external world around you. I am not suggesting that we all find a desert island and curl up under a palm tree and take LSD and study our navels. As I look around at the people who have taken LSD, far from being inactive, lazy and passive, I see them in every walk of life and in every age group, struggling to express what they are learning. The hippy movement, the psychedelic style, involves a revolution in our concepts of art and creativity which is occurring right before our eyes. The new music, the new poetry, the new visual art, the new film.

Dropping Out

"Dropping out" is the toughest pill to swallow. Whenever I give a lecture and tell people to drop out, invariably I alarm many listeners, including my friends, who say, "Now listen,

Timothy, tone it down. You can't go around telling students to drop out of school, telling middle-class men with mortgage payments to drop out of their jobs. That's just too much! You can't do that in a technological society like this!" Of course, this message, *turn on, tune in and drop out*, just happens to be the oldest message around—the old refrain that has been passed on for thousands of years by every person who has studied the energy process and man's place in it. Find the wisdom within, hook it up in a new way, but above all, detach yourself. Unhook the ambitions and the symbolic drives and the mental connections which keep you addicted and tied to the immediate tribal game.

Is our American society so insecure that it cannot tolerate our young people taking a year or two off, growing beards, wandering around the country, fooling with new forms of consciousness? This is one of the oldest traditions in civilized society. Take a voyage! Take the adventure! Before you settle down to the tribal game, try out self-exile. Your coming back will be much enriched.

The Psychedelic Migration

Today we face a problem which is unique in man's history. Due to the population explosion, there is no place for people like us to go. During the summer of 1963 a group of us were deported from 3 countries to which we had gone to find a quiet place where we could teach ourselves and a small group of other people how to use our nervous systems. We made no demands on these countries. We actually brought money into these shaky economies, but we were barred. So as we looked around this planet, pored over maps and atlases that summer, it dawned on us that today, for the first time in human history, there was no place for people like us to go.

A hundred years ago, people who believed as we do in the spiritual life would get into covered wagons and move across the prairie. The Mormons did it. Or 300 years ago, people like us got into leaky boats and sailed for Plymouth Rock. And the fact of the matter is, there are many more people today who wish to

follow a psychedelic way of life than there were Puritans in England who colonized this country. There are probably more in the city of San Francisco.

External migration as a way of finding a place where you can drop out and turn on and then tune in to the environment is no longer possible. The only place to go is in. And that's the fascinating thing about this new and indigenous religious movement which is springing up in this country today. It is interesting, too, that the psychedelic religious movement uses the same chemical aids or sacraments as the first American religion—the peyote religion of the native American Indians. I wonder if this is an accident or rather, perhaps, a curious game of the DNA code.

The characteristics of the psychedelic-spiritual quest are these: it's highly individual, highly personal. You will find no temples, you will find no organized dogmas; you will find instead small groups of people, usually centered on families, making these voyages together. We have discovered, as men have discovered for thousands of years, that the only temple is the human body and the place of worship is the shrine within your own home, prepared and lovingly designed for your spiritual procedure. The growth of LSD use in this country in the last few years is, if I dare say so, a minor miracle in itself. It has grown without any institutional backing or even recognition or approval. For the first 3 or 4 years it grew silently, person by person, cell by cell, husband and wife, you and your friends. My cells tell me that that's how everything durable grows. That's how it's always been.

When I say that the LSD movement is highly individual, I do not want you to think that I am talking about individuality in the personality sense. John Doe. Or Timothy Leary. I am saying rather that it's all located inside.

My Nervous System and Yours Is the Hinge of Evolution

From the genetic point of view, your nervous system and my nervous system is a hinge, a curious cellular hinge on which all of evolutionary history pivots. The cosmic Fox Movietone

newsreel camera. Turn your nervous system on and focus it outside and you're tuning in on all sorts of messages and energy constellations that are out there, here and now. But if you focus your nervous system within, you will decode the cellular script and discover that the entire string of evolution on this planet is writ in protein molecules inside the nucleus of every cell in your body.

Be God and the Universe

Now here is the challenge. And it's the toughest and the most exciting challenge that I can think of. It is possible for you (in a way, you might say it is your duty) to recapitulate personally the entire evolutionary sequence. In other words, you can flash through the whole cycle yourself because the whole thing is buried inside your body.

Every generation lives the old drama out over and over again. Every person can. The challenge is for you to become your own priest. For you to become your own doctor. For you to become your own researcher on consciousness. Researcher. Now there's a tricky symbol. Research. The cop-out cliché is to say that research is needed in LSD. Who dares to say he is against research in LSD? Should LSD be turned over to the research scientists to study the implication and possibility of the experience? Nope. You cannot get off that easy. No government research project, no medically controlled scientific study, is going to solve your spiritual or emotional problems. And remember: the textbooks only tell you what you have to discover yourself. Have you ever personally experienced that the world is round and whirls around the sun? Please do not wait around in the hope that others will do it for you. The medical profession has had LSD for 23 years. And it has not come up with a use for it yet. And I do not blame the doctors. The psychedelic chemicals which expand consciousness are just not medical problems. LSD has nothing to do with disease or sickness.

When people talk about research on LSD, I have a little formula I go through in my mind. Talking about LSD is like talking about sex. Now I am not against research on LSD and I

am not against research on sex. If some scientists want to hook people up and study the external manifestations of their internal experiences and if some people are willing to be hooked up and be studied by scientists during sexual or psychedelic moments, fine. But the psychedelic experience is an intimate, personal, and sacred one. And you, and you, and you, the individual man and woman, are the only one to do this research. And we cannot wait around, dealing with energies which are so insistent and important, until scientists or government agencies tell us that we can take that risk.

Drop Out into What?

Turn on, tune in and drop out. I want to be very clear about the term "drop out." I don't mean external dropping out. I certainly don't mean acts of rebellion or irresponsibility to any social situation you are involved in. But I urge any of you who are serious about life, who are serious about your nervous system or your spiritual future, to start right now planning how you can harmoniously, sequentially, lovingly and gracefully detach yourself from the social commitments to which you are addicted.

Well, what do you do after you drop out? This question was asked. A young man in the audience said, "Well, it's all right for you older, middle-aged fellows to go around lecturing on LSD, but what do we young people do?" There's so much you can do that it makes me dizzy to think about it. First of all, if you are serious about this business, you should find a spiritual teacher. Find someone that knows more about consciousness than you and study with him. And if he is a good teacher, he will teach you all he knows and tell you when he cannot teach you any more, and then maybe you can start teaching him or you will both go on your separate ways. But there's a tremendous amount of information which has been stored up for the last 3,000 or 4,000 years by men who have been making this voyage and who have left landmarks, guidebooks, footsteps in

the sand, symbols and rituals which can be learned from and used.

Another thing you can do is to be careful with whom you spend your time. Every human interaction is an incredible confrontation of several levels of consciousness. The average civilized human confrontation is, "I bring my checkerboard to you, and you bring your chessboard to me, and we start moving pieces around. If we are cultured and civilized, I will let you make a few moves on your board, and then you will watch me play for a while. If we get very, very intimate and have a deep relationship, we might get to the point where I'll put some of my symbols on your board and you will put some of your symbols on my board."

Anyone you meet is automatically going to come on to you with a fierce symbol system. And tremendous neurological inertia takes over. There is a conditioned-reflex training which pulls you into the other person's game at the same time that you are pulling him into your game. The more I study the neurology of the psychedelic experience, the more awed and amazed I am at what we do with and to each other's nervous systems.

Only a Tiny Bit of You Is Policeman

Well, what happens if you drop out and leave school and leave your jobs? (And by the way, I address here not just the young people, but the researchers and the doctors and the police investigators here in the audience. You know, only a tiny bit of you is policeman, only a tiny bit of you is doctor.) If you want to drop out of your nonlove game and tune in to life and take some of these questions seriously, you do not have to go on welfare or go around with a begging bowl. The odd thing about our society today is that in the mad lemminglike rush to the urban, antilove power centers and the mad rush toward mechanical conformity, our fellow citizens are leaving tremendous gaps and gulfs which make economic bartering very simple. For the first thing, consider moving out of the city. You'll find ghost towns empty and deserted 3 or 4 hours from San Francisco

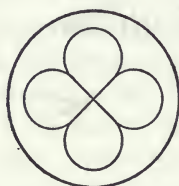
where people can live in harmony with nature, using their sense organs as 2 billion years of evolution had trained them to.

To make a living these days for a psychedelic person is really quite easy. How? There's one thing that our mechanized society cannot do and that is, delight the senses. Machines can make things go faster and move more efficiently, but machine-made objects make no sense to your cells or your senses. Our countrymen are fed up with plastic and starved for direct, natural sensory stimulation. As you begin to drop out, you will find yourself much less reliant on artifactual symbols. You will start throwing things out of your house. And you won't need as much mechanical money to buy as many mechanical objects. When you go home tonight, try a psychedelic exercise. Look around your living room and your study and dining room and ask yourself the question which might be asked by a man who lived 3,000 years ago, or a man from another planet: "What sort of a fellow is this who lives in a room like this?" Because the artifacts you surround yourself with are external representations of your state of consciousness.

It's All Going to Work Out All Right

And now, a final word of good cheer, directed especially to those who are concerned about the psychedelic revolution. This revolution has just begun. For every turned-on person today I predict that there will be 2 or 3 next year. And I'm not at all embarrassed about making this prophecy because for the last 6 years Dr. Alpert and Dr. Metzner and I have been making predictions about the growth of the new race, and we have always been too conservative. Let no one be concerned about the growth and the use of psychedelic chemicals. Trust your young people. You gotta trust your young people. You had better trust your young people. Trust your creative minority. The fact of the matter is that those of us who use LSD wish society well. In our way we are doing what seems best and right to make this a peaceful and happy planet. Be very careful how you treat your creative minority, because if we are crushed, you

will end up with a robot society. Trust your sense organs and your nervous system. Your divine body has been around a long, long time. Much longer than any of the social games you play. Trust the evolutionary process. It's all going to work out all right.



SEAL OF THE LEAGUE

Neurological Politics

Declaration of Evolution

When in the course of organic evolution it becomes obvious that a mutational process is inevitably dissolving the physical and neurological bonds which connect the members of one generation to the past and inevitably directing them to assume among the species of earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent concern for the harmony of species requires that the causes of the mutation should be declared.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:

- That all species are created different but equal;
- That they are endowed, each one, with certain inalienable rights;
- That among them are Freedom to Live, Freedom to Grow, and Freedom to pursue Happiness in their own style;
- That to protect these God-given rights, social structures naturally emerge, basing their authority on the principles of love of God and respect for all forms of life;
- That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty, and harmony, it is the organic duty of the young members of that species to mutate, to drop out, to initiate a new social structure, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its power in such form as seems likely

to produce the safety, happiness, and harmony of all sentient beings.

Genetic wisdom, indeed, suggests that social structures long established should not be discarded for frivolous reasons and transient causes. The ecstasy of mutation is equally balanced by the pain. Accordingly all experience shows that members of a species are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, rather than to discard the forms to which they are accustomed.

But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, all pursuing invariably the same destructive goals, threaten the very fabric of organic life and the serene harmony on the planet, it is the right, it is the organic duty to drop out of such morbid covenants and to evolve new loving social structures.

Such has been the patient sufferance of the freedom-loving peoples of this earth, and such is now the necessity which constrains us to form new systems of government.

The history of the white, menopausal, mendacious men now ruling the planet earth is a history of repeated violation of the harmonious laws of nature, all having the direct object of establishing a tyranny of the materialistic aging over the gentle, the peace-loving, the young, the colored. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to the judgment of generations to come.

—These old, white rulers have maintained a continuous war against other species of life, enslaving and destroying at whim fowl, fish, animals and spreading a lethal carpet of concrete and metal over the soft body of earth.

—They have maintained as well a continual state of war among themselves and against the colored races, the freedom-loving, the gentle, the young. Genocide is their habit.

—They have instituted artificial scarcities, denying peaceful folk the natural inheritance of earth's abundance and God's endowment.

—They have glorified material values and degraded the spiritual.

—They have claimed private, personal ownership of God's land, driving by force of arms the gentle from their passage on the earth.

—In their greed they have erected artificial immigration and customs barriers, preventing the free movement of people.

—In their lust for control they have set up systems of compulsory education to coerce the minds of the children and to destroy the wisdom and innocence of the playful young.

—In their lust for power they have controlled all means of communication to prevent the free flow of ideas and to block loving exchanges among the gentle.

—In their fear they have instituted great armies of secret police to spy upon the privacy of the pacific.

—In their anger they have coerced the peaceful young against their will to join their armies and to wage murderous wars against the young and gentle of other countries.

—In their greed they have made the manufacture and selling of weapons the basis of their economies.

—For profit they have polluted the air, the rivers, the seas.

—In their impotence they have glorified murder, violence, and unnatural sex in their mass media.

—In their aging greed they have set up an economic system which favors age over youth.

—They have in every way attempted to impose a robot uniformity and to crush variety, individuality, and independence of thought.

—In their greed, they have instituted political systems which perpetuate rule by the aging and force youth to choose between plastic conformity or despairing alienation.

—They have invaded privacy by illegal search, unwarranted arrest, and contemptuous harassment.

—They have enlisted an army of informers.

—In their greed they sponsor the consumption of deadly tars and sugars and employ cruel and unusual punishments for the possession of life-giving alkaloids and acids.

—They never admit a mistake. They unceasingly trumpet the virtue of greed and war. In their advertising and in their manipulation of information they make a fetish of blatant falsity and pious self-enhancement. Their obvious errors only stimulate them to greater error and noisier self-approval.

- They are bores.
- They hate beauty.
- They hate sex.
- They hate life.

We have warned them from time to time to their inequities and blindness. We have addressed every available appeal to their withered sense of righteousness. We have tried to make them laugh. We have prophesied in detail the terror they are perpetuating. But they have been deaf to the weeping of the poor, the anguish of the colored, the rocking mockery of the young, the warnings of their poets. Worshiping only force and money, they listen only to force and money. But we shall no longer talk in these grim tongues.

We must therefore acquiesce to genetic necessity, detach ourselves from their uncaring madness and hold them henceforth as we hold the rest of God's creatures—in harmony, life brothers, in their excess, menaces to life.

We, therefore, God-loving, peace-loving, life-loving, fun-loving men and women, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the Authority of all sentient beings who seek gently to evolve on this planet, solemnly publish and declare that we are free and independent, and that we are absolved from all Allegiance to the United States Government and all governments controlled by the menopausal, and that grouping ourselves into tribes of like-minded fellows, we claim full power to live and move on the land, obtain sustenance with our own hands and minds in the style which seems sacred and holy to us, and to do all Acts and Things which independent Freemen and Free-women may of right do without infringing on the same rights of other species and groups to do their own thing.

And for the support of this Declaration of Evolution with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, and serenely confident of the approval of generations to come, in whose name we speak, do we now mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honor.

The Constitution of Life

WE, THE FREEMEN AND FREEWOMEN OF THE PLANET TERRA, IN ORDER TO FORM A MORE PERFECT UNION, REESTABLISH SPECIES HARMONY, PROVIDE FOR THE PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL SUSTENANCE, PROMOTE THE GENERAL WELFARE OF ALL LIVING FORMS, INSURE A CLIMATE OF ECSTATIC PRAYER, AND SECURE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY TO ALL CREATURES NOW LIVING AND THEIR POSTERITY, DO ORDAIN AND ESTABLISH THIS CONSTITUTION FOR THE UNITED TRIBES OF EARTH.

ARTICLE I: LAWS

Section 1: The Laws of God as expressed in the evolving principles of Biology and Physics are the Only and Supreme Power of the Planet.

Section 2: The governing of human affairs shall be based on this basic principle: Love God and every living creature as thyself. LOVE-EVOLVE.

Section 3: No rules shall be established by man which interfere with the harmonies and rhythms of nature or the rights of other men or other species to evolve according to the Divine Plan.

ARTICLE II: TRIBES

Section 1: The organization of Freemen and Freewomen into small social units for the purpose of physical and spiritual growth is recognized as a basic part of the unfolding Law of Nature.

Section 2: Tribes are defined by territory collectively leased from God and by an individual tribal style of life and worship freely chosen.

Section 3: Tribes shall establish game rules governing their own style of life and worship. Such rules shall have authority

only within the tribal territory and shall not interfere with the physical and spiritual growth of other species in their territory and other species and tribes outside their territory.

Section 4: The territory and natural resources leased by any Tribe shall be proportional to the numbers of tribe members.

Section 5: No tribe shall number more than 360 persons over the age of fourteen and under the age of fifty years.

Section 6: While each tribe shall evolve its own style of self-government, the following seed principles shall not be violated:

a. No tribe shall manufacture or possess weapons (mechanical, electrical, or chemical) designed to maim flesh, cripple health, wage war against or coerce other sentient beings.

b. Police shall function as unarmed umpires to supervise tribal games and to isolate violence in emergencies. No person shall exercise police or judicial authority for more than three years.

c. No secret police. No secrets about other sentient beings.

d. Each tribe shall guarantee free and equal access to life-giving energies. Competition and artificial scarcities shall be allowed only in the case of nonessential things. Competitive and greed games shall be considered as therapeutic expressions of archaic impulses, throwbacks to earlier, prehistoric epochs.

e. The exercise of tribal authority—voting and rule making—shall be considered burdens assigned by God and the DNA code to the tribal seed bearers, those between the ages of fourteen and forty-nine years. Persons under the age of fourteen and over the age of forty-nine, in consonance with the obvious directives of the DNA code, shall be relieved of all secular obligations and be free to laugh, learn, play, love God and exist as Holy Children of the Divine Parents.

f. No tribe shall allow invasion or restriction of private behavior within the dwelling places, shrines, or bodies of Freemen and Freewomen.

g. No tribe shall compel or restrict the mode of education, free movement, or free communication within and between individuals and tribes.

ARTICLE III: ALL-LIFE COUNCIL

Section 1: Planetary affairs and interplanetary relations shall be governed by an ALL-LIFE COUNCIL. The ALL-LIFE COUNCIL shall protect the freedom of all species and individuals within the territories of the participant tribes and shall negotiate on behalf of Freeman and Freewomen with nontribal governments.

Section 2: The deliberations and legislations of the ALL-LIFE COUNCIL shall be binding on all tribes.

Section 3: The ALL-LIFE COUNCIL shall be composed of one representative, democratically elected, from each tribe. Tribal representatives can be organized into regional groupings. The deliberations and votings of the ALL-LIFE COUNCIL shall utilize all available technical means for enhancing communication and coordinating information.

Section 4: The ALL-LIFE COUNCIL shall also include representatives of every other species of life on the planet and representatives from future generations. These spokesmen for infrahuman and superhuman evolutionary forms shall be selected by the ALL-LIFE COUNCIL from among scientists who have exhibited concern for and knowledge of the needs of infrahuman and superhuman generations.

Section 5: The ALL-LIFE COUNCIL shall coordinate and harmonize the physical and spiritual growth of each tribe and species and shall not establish any law which favors the growth of any species or tribe at the expense of others. Human beings now living who do not belong to tribes of Freeman and Freewomen shall be considered and honored as belonging to a different species.

Section 6: A founding assembly of the ALL-LIFE COUNCIL shall be convened at the call of forty-nine tribes of Freeman and Freewomen who have maintained territorial harmony under a tribal constitution for a period of one year.

MAY THE WISDOM AND BLESSING OF THE DIVINE PARENTS GUIDE US.

Reader—Write Your Own

The inflexible, dogmatic teachings of our League for Spiritual Discovery (which naturally change every few weeks) hold that every human being is born divine and that the purpose of life is to rediscover your forgotten divinity.

Specifically, to relive, to regenerate, to reenact all the classic spiritual dramas in your own seed style and to add a few flourishes of your own to the good old double-helical fleshly prayer wheel.

Thus we suggest that anyone who takes the Divine Plan seriously will inevitably spend some time and energy attending to the ancient tasks.

Start Your Own Religion

(Sorry, baby, no one else can do it for you)

Write Your Own Bible

The Old Testament is exactly that. Old. The garbled trip diary of a goofy bunch of flipped-out visionaries. Don't you know that God's revelation comes to us today clearer and more directly than it did to Elijah, Abraham, Isaiah, Jeremiah? To deny this is to say that God and the DNA code haven't been busy perfecting the means of communication, the cellular receiving sets. Everything you ever write in your life ends up as your Bible. The record of your voyage.

Write Your Own Ten Commandments

The ethical dilemmas you face each day are similar to but different from those of Moses. His tortured hang-ups are not exactly yours.

Start Your Own Political System

On earth as it is in heaven.

The standard operating procedure for designing a life of ecstatic prayer and exultant gratitude is to write your own Declaration of Independence and constitute your own vision of the holy life.

You declare why and how you must drop out. The DNA code does it at every moment of moist, electric fusion. We were all conceived in orgasm.

The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution written by rebellious American colonists expressed, in 1776, some far-out notions. But there have been eight generations since then.

Today these two powerful documents are dangerously out of date. Dead parchment. You can't preserve Jefferson's seed under glass in the Library of Congress.

The Declaration and the Constitution reflect the vision of a mechanical, Newtonian clockwork universe. A static, Darwinian view of organic evolution. Survival of the fittest. Pick that cotton, black boy! A bullet in your head, Sitting Bull! The horrid assumption that the white Protestant human being is the center and measure of all things. Anthropocentric myopia. No planetary perspective.

The obsession with property, possessions, secular power.

Do you really want to live out the trip of bourgeois, slave-holding, puritanical Calvinists?

A basic exercise for the Freeman and the Freewoman is to declare and constitute your own righteous way.

On June 6, 1966 (the day on which the Sacrament LSD was declared illegal in the State of California), three young holy men in the city of St. Francis got high and declared their version of the vision: Ron Thelin, Michael Bowen, Allen Cohen.

A Prophecy of A Declaration of Independence

*When in the flow of human events it becomes necessary for the people to cease to recognize the obsolete social patterns which have isolated man from his consciousness and to create with the youthful energies of the world revolutionary communities of harmonious relations to which the two-billion-year-old life process entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind should declare the causes which impel them to this creation * We hold these experiences to be self-evident, that all is equal, that the creation endows us with certain inalienable rights, that among these are: the freedom of body, the pursuit of joy, and the expansion of consciousness * and that to secure these rights, we the citizens of the earth declare our love and compassion for all conflicting hate-carrying men and women of the world.*

We declare the identity of flesh and consciousness; all reason and law must respect and protect this holy identity.

This chapter presents another version of the *City of God*, written in those last days of the empire when assassination ruled the land and when gun-collecting hunters, themselves beneficiaries of the sharpshooters' aim, looked out the bullet-proof windows of the executive mansions in Sacramento, California, and Montgomery, Alabama, and Washington, D.C., and denounced the gentle blacks, the graceful browns, the laughing students, the gentle longhairs.

Reader, write your own *Politics of Ecstasy*.

The Politics of Ecstasy

by Timothy Leary, PhD



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"*The Politics of Ecstasy* provides a more accurate picture of the brave neuronaut whom I believe to be the Galileo of our age, albeit a Galileo possessed of considerable Irish blarney (which makes him all the more agreeable). Of more importance, perhaps, is the light this book casts on the century's outlaw decade at a time when Sixties revisionism is epidemic."

—**Tom Robbins**

The Politics of Ecstasy is Timothy Leary's most significant work on the social and political ramifications of psychedelics. First published in 1968, this collection spans the period from research at Harvard to the San Francisco Summer of Love. Included are: The Seven Tongues of God, The Fifth Freedom—The Right to Get High, Ecstasy Attacked—Ecstasy Defended, The Magical Mystery Trip, She Comes in Colors, Hormonal Politics: The Menopausal Left-Right and the Seed Center, Poet of the Interior Journey, A Trip with Paul Krassner, Start Your Own Religion, American Education as an Addictive Process and Its Cure, Soul Session, God's Secret Agent A.O.S.3, M.I.T. is T.I.M. Spelled Back-wards, The Budha as Drop Out, The Mad Virgin of Psychedelia, and more. Much of *The Politics of Ecstasy* appeared in a variety of publications including *The Psychedelic Review*, *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, *Esquire*, *Harvard Review*, *Playboy*, *The Realist*, *Evergreen Review* and *The San Francisco Oracle*.

"Dr. Leary is a hero of American consciousness. He began as a sophisticated academician, he encountered discoveries in his field which confounded him and ... he pursued his studies ... beyond the boundaries of public knowledge."

—**Allen Ginsberg**

This edition has an introduction by Tom Robbins, a new essay by Timothy Leary about youth revolutions in the 20th Century, and illustrations and historical notes from Michael Horowitz, Timothy Leary's archivist and bibliographer.

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